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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

After the Fall—Even the performances of a number of distinguished actors, among them Frank Langella, Dianne Wiest, Henderson Forsythe, Mary-Joan Negro, and Laurie Kennedy, cannot rescue this revival of Arthur Miller's dull play about a guilt-ridden, introspective lawyer, much given to endless soliloquies. John Tillinger directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/15/84.) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Alone Together—A comedy by Lawrence Roman, with Janis Paige and Kevin McCarthy. Arnold Mittelman is the director. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 20. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct 21. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A...My Name Is Alice—A musical revue conceived and directed by Joan Micklin Silver and Julianne Boyd. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Balm in Gilead—This revival of a play that Lanford Wilson wrote in 1965 is a joint effort of the Steppenwolf Theatre Company of Chicago and the Circle Repertory Company of this city. There are twenty-nine characters—seedy denizens of an all-night coffee shop on upper Broadway. The script—good and bad—foreshadows much of Mr. Wilson's later work. The performance, under the direction of John Malkovich, is electric, to say the least. (6/11/84) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Benvenuto Festival—The last in a series of productions by three Italian avant-garde theatre companies is La Gaia Scienza's **torn hearts.** (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Nightly at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Oct. 21.)

Between Rails—In this monologue, Thelma Louise Carter is a black woman, aboard a train, returning to the South after many years as a domestic servant in this city. Under Hal Scott's direction, Miss Carter holds our attention, beginning to end. (Reviewed in this issue.) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

Blue Window—Craig Lucas's engaging, plaintive comedy about a dinner party in this city, with an assortment of guests of assorted sexes, is well acted by The Production Company, under Norman René's direction. With Christine Estabrook, Matt Craven, and Randy Danson, among other good actors. (9/3/84) (Theatre Guinevere, 15 W. 28th St. 686-1470. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 4:30.)

Cap and Bells—A comedy by Luigi Pirandello, in an English translation by Norman Bailey. (Judith Anderson Theatre, formerly the Lion Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

Circle Repertory Company—This production of **love's labor's lost** is cloudy when it should sparkle, and the poetry goes for almost nothing. Nevertheless, Michael Higgins is very good as Holofernes and so is Edward Seamon as Boyet. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

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The Country Girl—A revival of a play by Clifford Odets, with Hal Holbrook, Christine Lahti, and Jeffrey DeMunn. Previews Wednesday, Oct. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Oct. 18, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 23. (Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. 243-0992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.)

Death of a Salesman—Dustin Hoffman gives a performance as Willy Loman every bit as impressive as the one that Lee J. Cobb gave back in 1949. The Arthur Miller play continues to possess an uncanny power to move us to tears. (4/9/84) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Monday, Oct. 22, at 7:30.)

Design for Living—Noël Coward wrote this rather nasty comedy for him and his friends the Lunts to romp about in; it was a hit in their day and it deserves to be a hit today. With Raul Julia, Frank Converse, and Anne Swift. (7/2/84) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Endgame—A revival of a play by Samuel Beckett, directed by and with Alvin Epstein. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

Glengarry Glen Ross—A play by David Mamet that says, in effect, that real-estate salesmen are rascals and so perhaps are all the other entrepreneurs in our contemporary society. Funny and harsh in the writing and acted to perfection. (4/2/84) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Hurlyburly—David Rabe's wry, brilliant comedy about la vie de bohème in Hollywood is very well performed under Mike Nichols' dynamic direction. William Hurt, Ron Silver, Judith Ivey, Sigourney Weaver, Jerry Stiller, Cynthia Nixon, and Harvey Keitel make up the first-rate cast. Starting Tuesday, Oct. 23, Candice Bergen will replace Miss Weaver. (7/2/84) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Kipling—A fine actor, Alec McCowen, goes largely to waste in this ineptly put together one-man show about one of the

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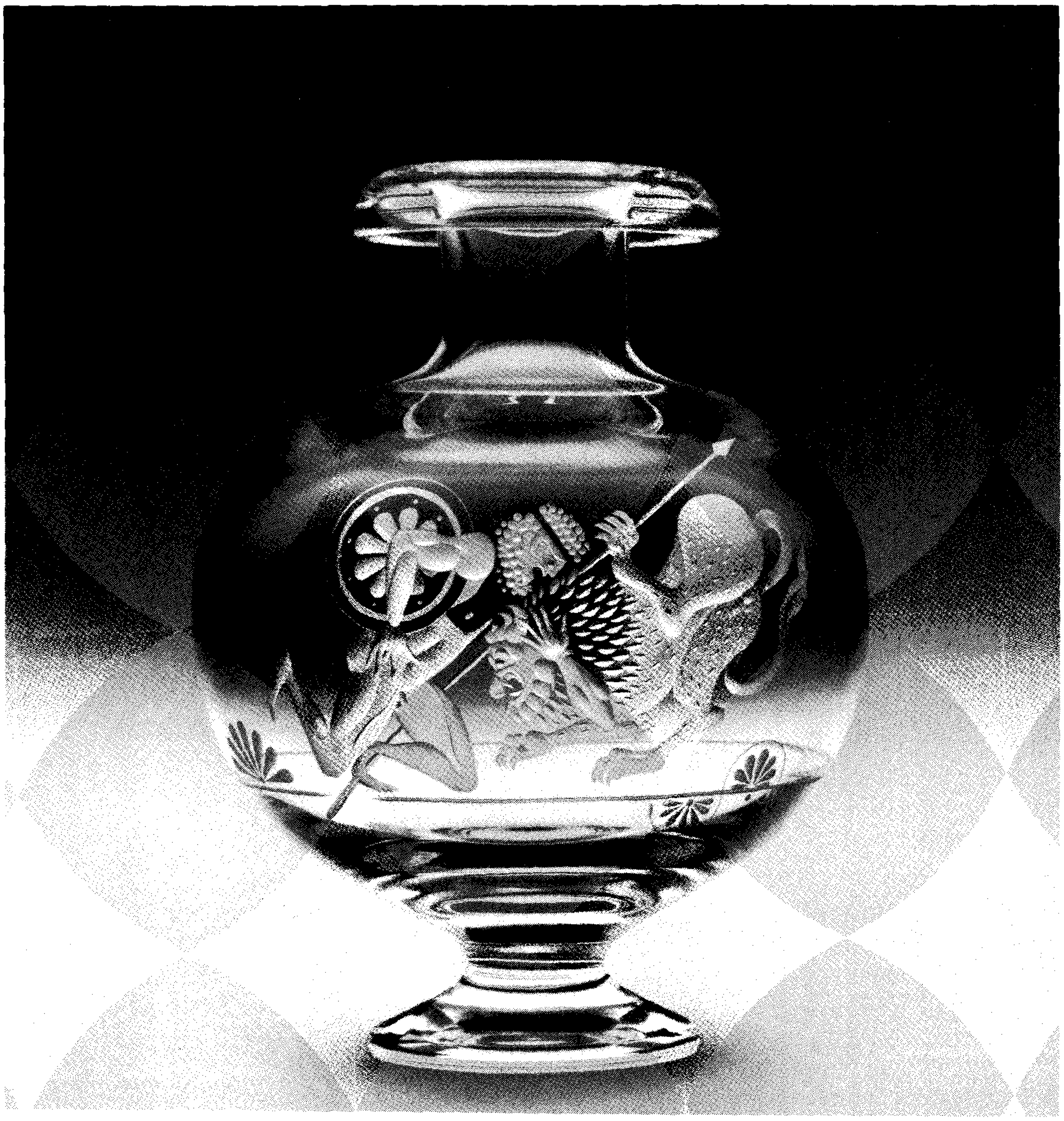

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STEUBEN GLASS

least penetrable authors who ever lived. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Kuni-Leml—A musical based on a Yiddish play written in 1880 by Avrom Goldfadn, with a book by Nahma Sandrow, lyrics by Richard Engquist, and music by Raphael Crystal. Performed in English. (Audrey Wood Theatre, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—Jeffrey Sweet's play **porch**, with Jill Eikenberry, is the first in this season's series of four productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Sigmund Romberg's **the new moon.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

Ma Rainey's Black Bottom—A first-rate play by August Wilson, about some black performers of the blues in Chicago, fifty-odd years ago. Sometimes funny and, at the end, terrifying, its well-drawn characters and eloquent street language provide an exceptionally robust and rewarding evening in the theatre. Lloyd Richards directed the fine cast. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Medea and the Doll—A drama by Rudy Gray. (Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Miss Firecracker Contest—Beth Henley's play about a beauty contest in a small Mississippi town hasn't quite the finesse of her "Crimes of the Heart," but it is just as original and humorous and talented. Holly Hunter gives a beguiling performance as the contestant. (6/11/84) The same production was recently seen at the Manhattan Theatre Club. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Presenting two plays in alternating repertory. Rostand's **cyrano de bergerac**, in a translation by Anthony Burgess: Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 2 and 8; Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8; Friday, Oct. 26, at 8; and Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's **much ado about nothing:** Friday, Oct. 19, at 8; Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3; Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8; Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 2 and 8; and Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Through Sunday, Dec. 16.)

She Stoops to Conquer—The Roundabout Theatre Company production of Oliver Goldsmith's play, with Kaye Ballard, Tovah Feldshuh, and E. G. Marshall. Opens Wednesday evening, Oct. 17, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 11. (Triplex, 199 Chambers St. 420-1360. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Sunday in the Park with George—Robert Westenberg and Bernadette Peters as Georges Seurat and his model/mistress, as Seurat brings into existence his painting of Parisians taking the air on the island of La Grande Jatte. Music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by James Lapine. An odd and endearing work, based on a notion that would be inapplicable to the Sistine Chapel. (5/14/84) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Through the Leaves—A two-character play by Franz Xaver Kroetz, seen Off Off Broadway last season. Frederick Neumann and Ruth Maleczech re-create their original roles. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Oct. 28.)

Long Runs—**brighton beach memoirs:** Neil Simon's reputedly autobiographical comedy. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **la cage aux folles:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. Everybody else in New York intends to see the show, so why not you? (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **cats:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **dreamgirls:** Michael Bennett's whiz-bang and totally synthetic musical about show biz. The breeze is terrific. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 10,184 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **fool for love:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Frances Fisher and David Andrews have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42nd street:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **isn't it romantic:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **little shop of horrors:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **my one and only:** Tommy Tune and Twiggy make a pair of delightful lovers in a musical whose book, by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer, succeeds in embracing half a dozen classic Gershwin songs. An irresistible show. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **noises off:** Michael Frayn has written a farce that ought to be capable of entertaining our great-great-grandchildren well into the twenty-first century. The subject . . . but who cares about the subject? Not to be missed. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **oh! calcutta!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **the real thing:** A characteristically lively gavotte by Tom Stoppard, though intellectually much less interesting than usual. The author appears to believe he is writing about love, but he is really writing about selfishness, which proves epidemic in the playwriting and acting community that he examines. John Vickery and Caroline Lagerfelt head the cast. Mike Nichols is the director. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **the tap dance kid:** A charming, diligent cast can do little to bring life to this conventional examination of a black family's ambitions. The dancing is splendid. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **torch song trilogy:** Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Donald Corren as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Philip Astor substitutes for Mr. Corren at the matinée performances. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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MISCELLANY

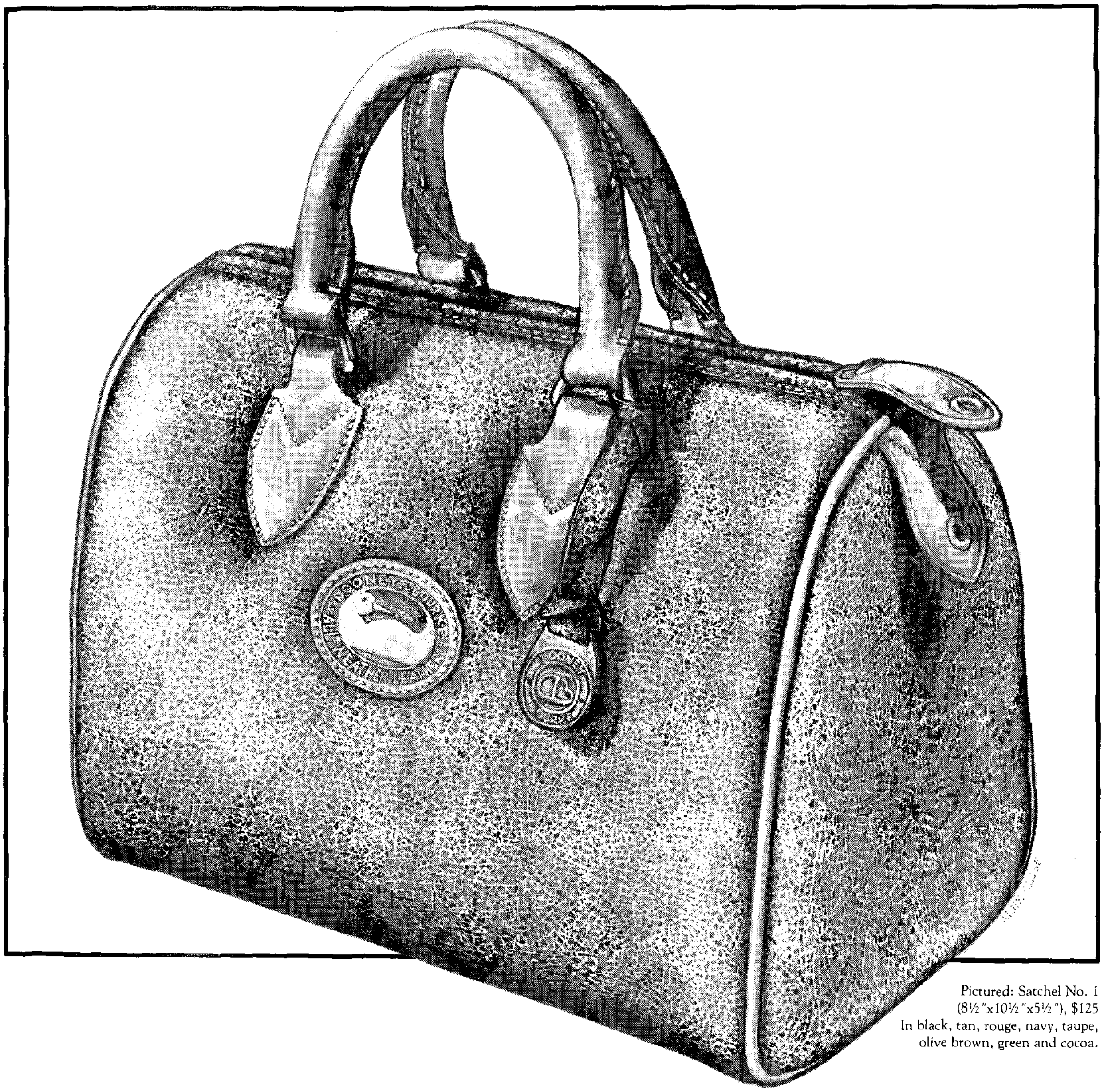
Whoopi Goldberg—A one-woman show. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 23. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 6:45. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Avner the Eccentric—Avner Eisenberg is a merry, good-natured clown with the knack of making split-second feats of juggling and acrobatics look easy. A one-man show. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway '84—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

Erick Hawkins Dance Company—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Summer-Clouds People." . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Agathlon," "Trickster Coyote," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Plains Daybreak,"



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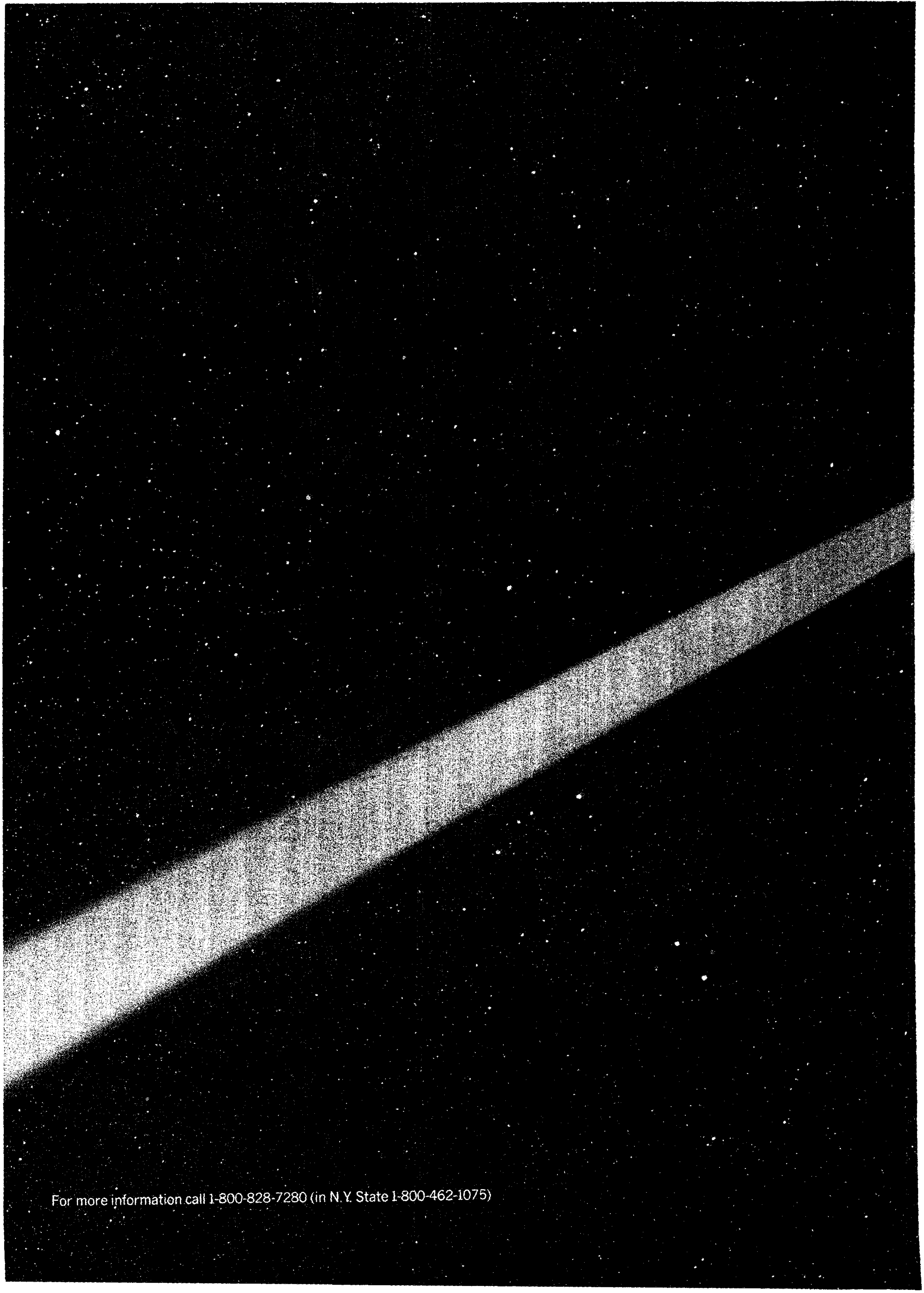
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and "Heyoka." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "Summer-Clouds People," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," and "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc." . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "Trickster Coyote," "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc.," and "Summer-Clouds People." . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2: "Agathlon," "The Joshua Tree, or, Three Outlaws," and "Hurrah!" . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7:30: "Angels of the Inmost Heaven," "God's Angry Man—The Passion Play of John Brown," "Parson Weems and the Cherry Tree, Etc.," and "Heyoka." (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

SATORU SHIMAZAKI—"Monologues," "The Seasons," "Tango," and "Journeys with Satie." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 17-20, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3 and 8. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

RITHA DEVI—The first two of three performances of a program of new and classical dances of India. (Lillie Blake School Theatre, 45 E. 81st St. Saturday, Oct. 20, and Saturday, Oct. 27, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 988-7697.)

MOLISSA FENLEY AND DANCERS—Presenting "Hemispheres," a new full-length work. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday through Saturday, Oct. 23-27, at 7:30, and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 3.)

SIN CHA HONG'S LAUGHING STONE DANCE THEATRE—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Oct. 25, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 27-28, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**STEVE ROSS** is at the piano, singing vintage popular tunes in the Oak Room Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Buck Buchholz presides over the Rose Room keyboard Sundays from five-thirty to eleven. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** teams up with bassist **MARC JOHNSON** and drummer **JOE CHAMBERS**; on Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, pianist **JAKI BYARD** heads up a trio. Shows at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BITTER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, formerly just-folkies club where now you can hear occasional jazz and large helpings of rock. The current roster: Thursday, Oct. 18, Wild Weekend, the Detours, and Cardinal Aire; Friday, Oct. 19, Pep in the Cat, Bill Block & the Big Bang, and Jack O'Hara; Saturday, Oct. 20, Dean Friedman, the King Crabs, the Secret Lovers, and Au Touch; Sunday, Oct. 21, Kimboto, Mad Otty, and J. C. Chen; Monday, Oct. 22, comedy night; and Tuesday, Oct. 23, Jeff Horn and a covey of comics. Shows start at ten and twelve-thirty weeknights and at nine on Sundays. Dining and dancing. Closed Wednesday, Oct. 17.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large, carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **MORGANA KING** sings here through Sunday, Oct. 21; on Monday, Oct. 22, guitarist Sal Salvador's quartet will drop in; and on Tuesday, Oct. 23, the singing **CALLOWAYS, CAB** and his daughter **CHRIS,** will arrive. Sets begin after nine. And trumpeter **TED CURSON** leads after-hours (way past two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied lineup: Wednesday, Oct. 17, the Schemers, the Mosquitos, and the Smithereens; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, Bruce Cockburn; Sunday, Oct. 21, DO'A World Music Ensemble (an all-percussion ensemble), bluegrassers Marty Cutler & Charged Particles, and jazz violinist **MICHAL URBANIAK;** Thursday, Oct. 25, Sheryl Lee Ralph; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, the Fugs, with Ed Sanders and Tuli Kupferberg. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A sophisticated New York bar; it has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some very good piano-bass teams. The lineups: **MIKE ABENE** and **MICHAEL MOORE** through Saturday, Oct. 20, and **JOHN HICKS** and **WALTER BOOKER** starting Monday, Oct. 22. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON** plays piano here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT,** the invigorating singer and pianist, has returned to his elegant old stamping grounds, the Café Carlyle, along with his trusty sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **ROBBIE SCOTT.** Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Sundays and Mondays from nine to one, **VINCE GIORDANO** & the Nighthawks provide dance music. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist-singer **BARBARA CARROLL** has begun another season in the Bemelmans Bar. Her sets get going at nine-forty-five Tuesdays through Saturdays.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ** is at the piano nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Oct. 17, the Egyptians, J. C. Chen, Tribal Rites, and Skunkedelique; Thursday, Oct. 18, Glass Hands, Bicycles for Afghanistan, the Four Hundred, and Jing Machine; Friday, Oct. 19, 10,000 Maniacs; Saturday, Oct. 20, Raunch Hands, Ben Vaughn, and Lone Cowboys; and Tuesday, Oct. 23, Impatience. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Non-designer jeans and T-shirts, and bluegrass, old-time, and Irish music predominate in this rustic corner of the city where just about the only frills are found in mandolin solos. Wednesday, Oct. 17, Nancy Crutcher; Saturday, Oct. 20, the Otis Brothers; Wednesday, Oct. 24, members of Stockton's Wing; Thursday, Oct. 25, Darol Anger & Mike Marshall; and Saturday, Oct. 27, Walt Michael & Company. There is Irish music on Mondays and Fridays. Music from eight on Wednesdays and Thursdays and from nine Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Midtown's traditional-jazz outpost: Wednesdays belong to the Hot Club of 54th Street, and Thursdays through Saturdays to the house sextet; Mondays and Tuesdays Ed Polcer's band has the floor. On Sunday, Oct. 21, drummer **RAY ALEXANDER** guides a quintet. Music from eight-thirty. On Wednesdays, the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet plays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

EDWARDIAN ROOM, in the Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (759-3000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI,** who occasionally lets loose with hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string guitar, guides a trio Fridays and Saturdays from ten-thirty until one-thirty. Dining and dancing.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. Singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** is here through Sunday, Oct. 21; on Tuesday, Oct. 23, the Carla White–Manny Duran Band will take over. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL** and his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining.

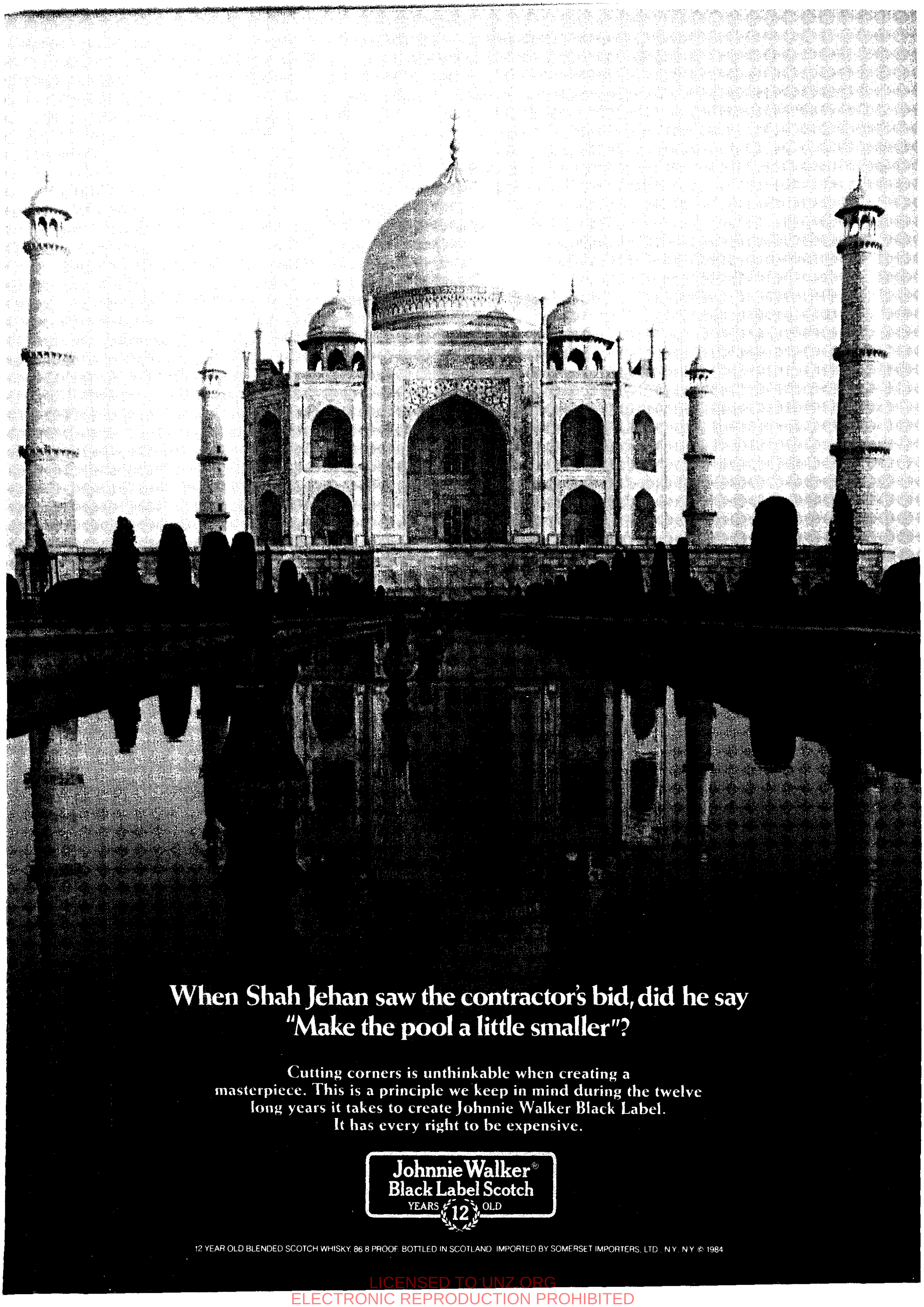
FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Mostly a folk schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 17, at nine and eleven, John Lurie; Thursday, Oct. 18, Andy Pasternak; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, Dan Hicks; Sunday, Oct. 21, Mary Ellen Banisch; Tuesday, Oct. 23, Jeff Sumerel; Wednesday, Oct. 24, at nine and eleven, Hoy Boy & the Doys; Friday, Oct. 26, Celtic Thunder; and Saturday, Oct. 27, Carolyn Hester and Steve Gillette & Linda Low. Mondays are hootenanny nights.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, echoing, soundstage-size space that presents drummerless music to dine to. The roster of real good pianists: Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 17-18, **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS;** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, **KIRK LIGHTSEY'S** trio; Sunday and Monday, Oct. 21-22, **RONNIE MATHEWS;** and Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 23-25, **HILTON RUIZ.** Music Mondays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one; and Sundays at seven, eight-thirty, and ten.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Sundays, Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran trio, and Tuesdays **CHUCK WAYNE,** a Swing Street-veteran guitar soloist, leads a trio. These groups begin at about ten. On Sunday, Oct. 21, from five to ten, singer-pianist Sorrow Astrasa will be on hand, and on Monday, Oct. 22, pianist Baba Motta performs with bassist John Belzaguy from ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) The pianists—they're neatly dressed, too—are **DICK WELLSTOOD** through Saturday, Oct. 20, and **BEN ARONOV** starting Tuesday, Oct. 23. **JIMMY LYON** operates on the dining-room grand every Sunday, and **DICK HYMAN** is in charge on Mondays. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of



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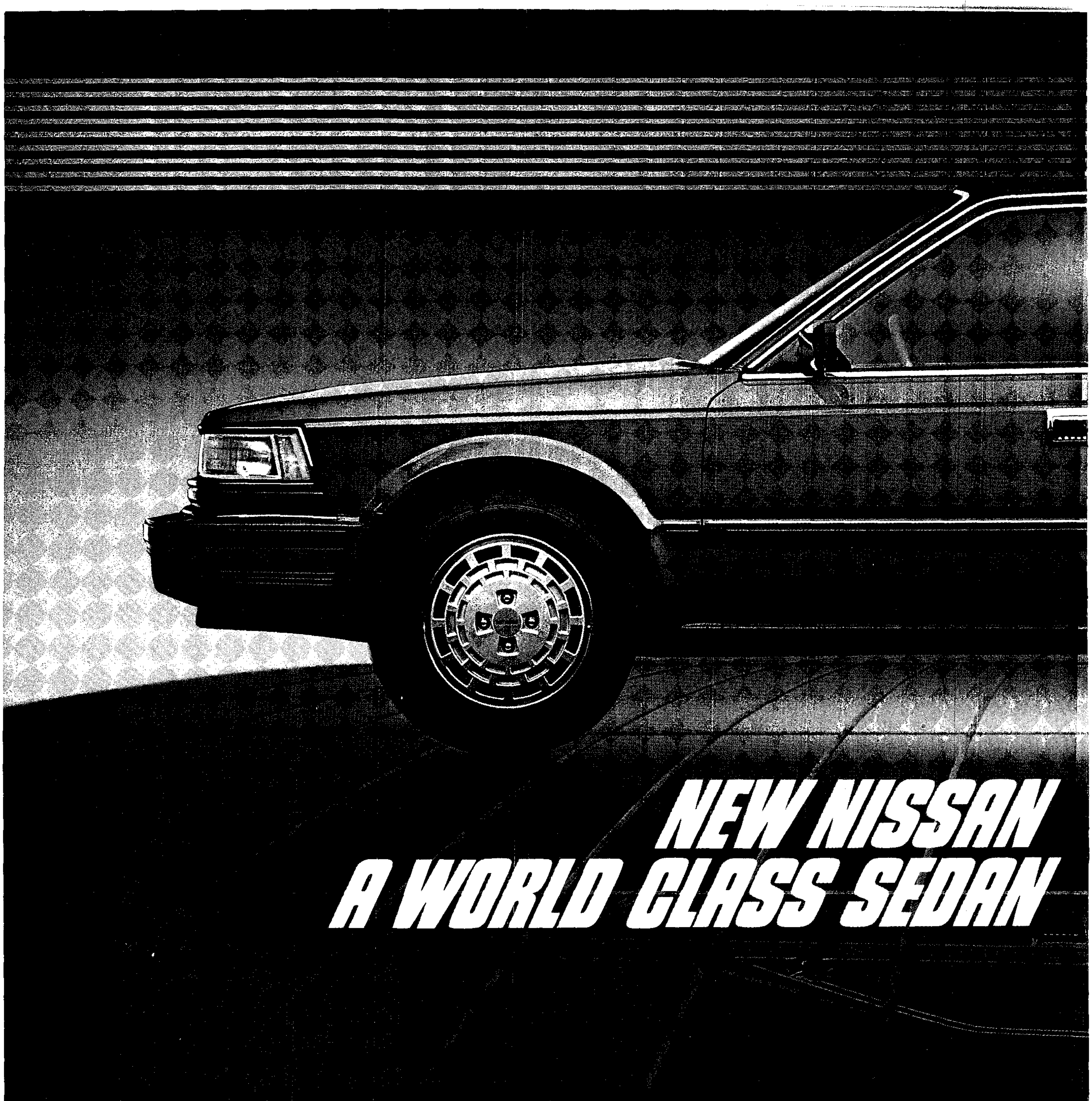

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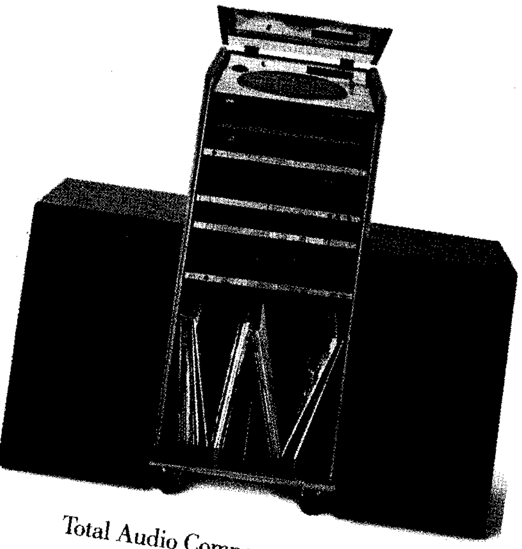

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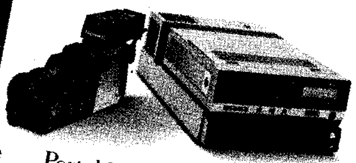
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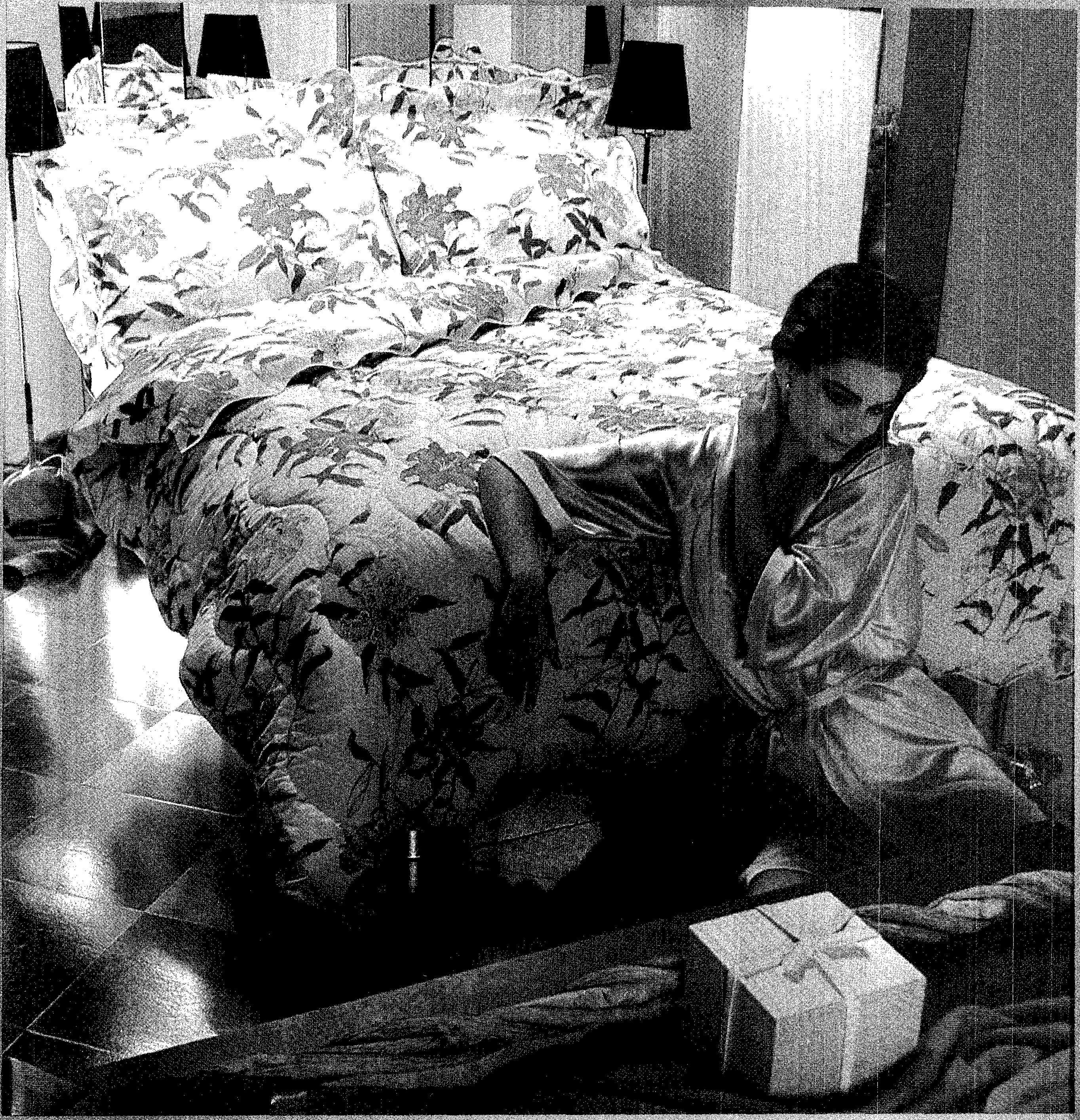

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 17-18, bluesy rockers **PAUL BUTTERFIELD** and **RICK DANKO**, along with Gene Clark & the Firebyrds; Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 23-24, **COMMANDER CODY & THE LOST PLANET AIRMEN**; and Thursday, Oct. 25, **JUNIOR WALKER** & the All-Stars. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A nice, comfortable, unpretentious jazz club. Altoist **PHIL WOODS** leads a quintet through Sunday, Oct. 21; on Tuesday, Oct. 23, tenor saxophonist, flutist, singer, and humorist **JAMES MOODY** will bring in his quartet. On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA** swings, wails, waxes trancelike and lyrical, sets bebop melodies to Motown rhythms, and generally stirs up audiences. Sets begin at eight-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine on Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—English singer and actress **ANNIE ROSS**, who came up with Lambert, Hendricks, and Ross a couple of decades back, is performing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Wednesday, Oct. 17, Latin-jazz pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** and his quartet; Thursday, Oct. 18, trumpeter **LEW SOLOFF** and saxophonist **LOU MARINI**; Monday, Oct. 22, **JUMP STREET**, a moving, adept R. & B. band; Tuesday, Oct. 23, trumpeter **BRUCE PURSE**; Wednesday, Oct. 24, Diane Green; Thursday, Oct. 25, singer **CARMEN LUNDY**; and on Fridays and Saturdays singer **JON LUCIEN**. Music from ten until two. Dining.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll into the night. Saturday, Oct. 27, the Vipers and the Chesterfield Kings. Live music from after eleven-thirty. Dancing.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—Such a nice view from the sixty-fifth floor, unless you're socked in by clouds or a fog bank. The Bill Lombardo Orchestra is on the bandstand Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at eight. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The rock-and-roll roster: Friday, Oct. 19, the Burns Sisters, the Antoinettes, and Jail Bait, and Saturday, Oct. 20, the dB's and Glass Hands. Shows usually begin after midnight. Dancing.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—One of the prettiest hotel lobbies in the city leads to one of the most stunning hotel night spots in the city, the King Cole Room. Pianist and composer **JOE BUSHKIN** and his band present a salute to Fats Waller Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and eleven. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club. Wednesday, Oct. 17, **JUMP STREET**; Thursday, Oct. 18, Vladimir Horunzhy & the Central Committee; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, saxophonist **BOB BERG**; Sunday, Oct. 21, Tet Rabo; Monday, Oct. 22, the Everyman Band; Tuesday, Oct. 23, guitarist **BILL CONNORS**; Wednesday, Oct. 24, **ARMEN DONELIAN**; Thursday, Oct. 25, Michael Dolan; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, trumpeter **RANDY BRECKER**, singer **ELIANE ELIAS**, and saxophonist **MICHAEL BRECKER**. Music from ten.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Nigerian drumming legend **OLATUNJI** through Saturday, Oct. 20; Sunday, Oct. 21, Kenia; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 24-26, **SONNY OKOSUN** and his Nigerian **OZZIDI BAND**; and Saturday, Oct. 27, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

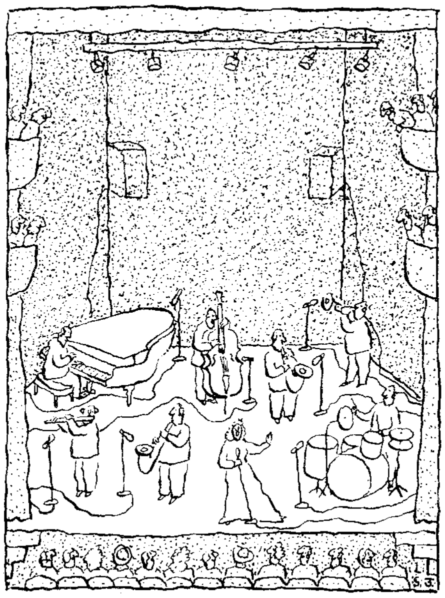
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. Super bassist **RON CARTER'S** quartet performs through Sunday, Oct. 21, and on Tuesday, Oct. 23, the **ART FARMER—BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET**, with **CURTIS FULLER**, **MICKEY TUCKER**, **RAY DRUMMOND**, **RUFUS REID**, and **MARVIN (SMITTY) SMITH**, will take over. On Mondays, the **DAVID MURRAY BIG BAND** plays wonderful avant-swing music. Shows from ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Your simple, basic blues and R. & B. hangout. Thursday, Oct. 18, the Delancey Street Hawaiians; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 19-20, rock guitarist **ELLIOTT MURPHY**; Monday, Oct. 22, Loup Gurou, a Cajun group. Music after ten.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on Oct. 22, **LUIS (PERICO) ORTIZ** and pianist **JORGE DALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND** will be present along with guest jazz soloist **RANDY BRECKER**. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace after nine-thirty, the music is handled by a good, driving pianist, **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ**, through Sunday, Oct. 21, and by a good piano-bass duo, **KENNY BARRON** and **RAY DRUMMOND**, starting Tuesday, Oct. 23. And, in addition, each Tuesday jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays with her combo.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world. Trumpeter-composer **WOODY SHAW** heads his sextet through Sunday, Oct. 21, and on Tuesday, Oct. 23, pianist **AHMAD JAMAL** will bring in his trio. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band nights. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The musicians: Kuni Mikami on Wednesday, Oct. 17; Ted Chavis and Bob Hobson Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 18-21; Leslie Pintchik Monday through Wednesday, Oct. 22-24; and Tom Charlap and Charles Blenzig Thursday through Sunday, Oct. 25-28. Music from eight-thirty until two. Dining.



WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-and-bebop admirers and players. **DAKOTA STATON** sings blues and ballads through Saturday, Oct. 20, and trumpeter **BILL BERRY** will begin leading a quintet on Sunday, Oct. 21. Music from nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. The current roster: bluesy pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, Oct. 20, and starting Tuesday, Oct. 23, pianist **BOBBY ENRIQUEZ** and a bassist. Sundays are given over to the chamber jazz of guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Mondays belong to pianist Jim Roberts and bassist Brian Torff. Music from eight.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

HOLLY NEAR AND RONNIE GILBERT—Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8.

LOU REED—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 17-19, at 8.

RON CARTER AND ROLAND HANNA—New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 6. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.

GEORGE WINSTON—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.

PAPA ZAKA—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8.

EARTH MUSIC—With Joe Passaro, Glen Velez, Steven Gorn, and Mike Richmond. (Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. 966-4444. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

VIENNA ART ORCHESTRA—Public Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.

ANDREAS VOLLENWEIDER & FRIENDS—Beacon Theatre. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.

ELTON JOHN—Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 23-24, at 8.

BROADWAY MUSICAL THEATRE—The first in a series of programs saluting Broadway composers, this one featuring Arthur Siegel and Sandy Stewart in an evening devoted to Jerome Kern's music. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS—Beacon Theatre. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.

ANDY LAVERNE—Carnegie Recital Hall. 247-7800. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8.

CHRIS ANDERSON TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-0997. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

ABDULLAH IBRAHIM—With Ekaya. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

GROVER WASHINGTON, JR.—With Pieces of a Dream. (Beacon Theatre. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

IRVING PLAZA—Friday, Oct. 19: Flesh Tones, Mad Violets, and Ice 9. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20: Lyres and Meat Puppets. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27: Flying Pickets and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728. Shows start about 11:30.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

NICOL ALLAN / GWEN JOHN (1876-1939)—Small, neatly contrived collages in muted colors. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. / Small works on paper, many of them sketches of women in church. Through Nov. 10. (Davis & Langdale, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

Horst Antes—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. The Guggenheim Museum is currently showing sculptures by Antes.)

Herbert Bayer—A three-gallery exhibit of paintings, works on paper, and photographs by an artist who taught at the Bauhaus. Through Nov. 3. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. . . . ¶ Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays. . . . ¶ Browne, 16 E. 78th St.)

Tony Berlant—Colorful found-metal collages on plywood. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Michael Byron—Nightmarish scenes painted in lurid colors on unstretched canvas, with altarlike arrangements of candles in front of them, plus a series of drawings borrowed from a tattoo artist's stylebook. Through Nov. 10. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Loren D. Calaway—Finished wood-and-metal sculptures resembling small-scale, unorthodox furniture. Through Nov. 3. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Jon Carsman—Watercolors and oils inspired by Monet's home and gardens at Giverny. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

Mary Cassatt (1845-1926)—A benefit loan show of about thirty pastels and paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero—Large, colorful paintings in the funky manner. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Robert Cronin—Tabletop-size stabiles made of painted tinplate and wire, all with a roller-coaster gaiety. Through Nov. 3. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Luise Kaish—Collage paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Aristodimos Kaldis (1899-1979)—Semi-abstract landscape paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Kouros, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Le Corbusier (1887-1965)—Paintings, drawings, and collages. Through Dec. 21. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon.)

Robert Michel (1897-1983)—Works on paper by a Bauhaus-influenced German artist who seldom exhibited here. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Henry Moore—Three exhibits. Drawings, sculptures, and prints. Through Oct. 31. (Silberberg, 16 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ More of the above. Through Nov. 9. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.) . . . ¶ Ditto. Through Dec. 1. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Motherwell—A new set of collage paintings. Through Thursday, Oct. 25. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Clark Murray—Life-size bronze torsos, plus related drawings done in exceptionally thick black pencil lines. Through Oct. 31. (McCoy, 19 E. 71st St.)

Joe Neill—Wall sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

John Parks / Tim Prentice—English landscape paintings. / Sculptures of musical instruments which can be played. Through Oct. 31. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

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Max Pechstein (1881-1955)—Nearly thirty paintings, drawings, and prints dating from his connection with the German Expressionist Die Brücke group, some of whose work is also on view. Through Dec. 28. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

Susan Roth / Reginald Marsh (1898-1954)—New paintings. / Paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Kit-Yin Snyder—A sculpture installation built with wire-mesh bricks that are used as if they were clay bricks. Through Tuesday, Oct. 23. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Cy Twombly—Paintings and drawings dated 1952 to 1983. Through Nov. 3. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

Herk van Tongeren—New bronze sculptures. Through Nov. 10. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.) . . . ¶ Two large-scale bronzes. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

African Art—A hundred elegant examples of tribal African art and artifacts on loan from the Musée de l'Homme in Paris—figures, spoons, grave markers, masks, whistles. They add up to a sort of postgraduate course after the "Primitivism" show at the Modern. Through Jan. 22. (Center for African Art, a new establishment at 54 E. 68th St. Open Sundays.)

Mexican Folk Art—About a tenth of the collection of Nelson A. Rockefeller has been selected for a show of more than three hundred pieces—birdcages, swords, needlework, masks, whirligigs, figurines, paintings, and saddles inlaid with ivory. Through Sunday, Oct. 21. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Works on paper by twentieth-century Australian artists from three generations, plus five aboriginal bark paintings; a complementary show is at the Guggenheim Museum. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **ERICSON,** 23 E. 74th St.: Abstract paintings by Stan Gregory, Robert Quijada, and Christopher White. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . **MAZOH,** 13 E. 76th St.: Paintings by Pissarro, Noland, Twombly, and others, and sculptures by Matisse and Noguchi. Through Nov. 30. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Josef Albers (1888-1976)—Sixty-five paintings and fifteen works on paper, all but one carrying the title "Homage to the Square." Through Nov. 3. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Arman—Life-size bronzes cast from badly charred Louis XV furniture that was set afire by the artist for this sobering installation entitled "The Day After." Through Nov. 3. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Will Barnet—For many of these twenty-two new paintings the artist used family members and pets as his models. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Natvar Bhavsar—Color-field paintings on paper. Through Nov. 17. (Getler Pall Saper, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Bosman—Paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Claudio Bravo—Realist paintings and works on paper, with subjects as varied as a Crucifixion scene and a contemporary soccer game. Through Nov. 3. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Ernest Briggs (1922-84)—A memorial show of paintings which underscores the wide range of styles he mastered in addition to the Abstract Expressionism he is best known for. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Arthur B. Carles (1882-1952)—A sampler of paintings by this pioneer modernist. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Richard Crozier—Virginia landscapes by an artist who lives there. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Michael Eisenman—Recent landscape (the Berkshires and Utah) paintings. Through Nov. 3. (Haber Theodore, 24 W. 57th St.)

Helen Frankenthaler / David Hockney—Abstract works on paper. / Several new panoramic paintings, smaller-scale paintings, drawings, and photocollages. Through Nov. 3. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jedd Garet—Large, dramatic paintings, mostly composed of unlikely juxtapositions depicted in unlikely colors; the images include stone figures, flames, dead tree branches, sunsets. Through Nov. 3. (Robert Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Leon Goldin—Abstract oil paintings and charcoal drawings. Through Nov. 10. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Raymond Han—Oil-on-canvas still-lifes. Through Oct. 31. (Schoelkopf, 50 W. 57th St.)

Will Insley—Six painted geometric sculptures entitled "Wall Fragments." Through Nov. 3. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. A complementary exhibition is at the Guggenheim Museum.)

Richard Kalina—Recent paintings in which an animal of some sort—a dog, a pig, a cow—is the focal point of an otherwise abstract composition. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

Brice Marden / Henri Matisse (1869-1954)—New Minimalist paintings and works on paper. / Aquatints. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

André Masson—Paintings and works on paper from 1925-45. Through Nov. 3. (Herstand, 24 W. 57th St.)

Sam Messer—Large paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Alfonso Ossorio—Recognizable images lurk in the coils of these labyrinthine abstract works on paper; two of his assemblages are also here, one of them incorporating the upper half of a human skeleton, a clock, a lamp, several pairs of antlers, and other whatnot relics. Through Nov. 3. (Oscarsson Hood, 41 W. 57th St.)

Miklos Pogany—Abstract paintings and works on paper by an artist who uses dry acrylic

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EXXON

pigments, which give his works a rubbed-in, pastel look. Through Oct. 31. (Munroe, 56 W. 57th St.)

Katherine Porter—The artist now lives in Maine but the suggestions of Mexican sunbursts, adobe walls, and barbed wire that appear in her latest abstract paintings still reflect the years she spent in the deep Southwest. Through Nov. 10. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

Peter Poskas—Painstakingly detailed oils of rural Connecticut and upstate New York. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (French, 41 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

David Schofield—Pen-and-ink drawings of city architecture, minutely recorded by a twenty-six-year-old artist. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Iolas-Jackson, 52 E. 57th St.)

Susan Shatter / Maurice Grosser—Large landscape paintings of rocky coastlines and of the Grand Canyon. / Realist still-lifes and landscapes. Through Oct. 31. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Osamu Shimoda—Geometric painted-iron sculptures. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Janet Stayton—Monotypes and small ink drawings. Through Nov. 21. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Trusttum—Paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Kim Whanki—A loan show of works on paper and oil-on-cotton paintings done between 1969 and 1973. Through Nov. 1. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

John Wilde—Small oils in the tradition of Magic Realism. Through Nov. 3. (David Findlay, Jr., 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joe Zucker—New paintings, mostly in stark black and white, some portraying Joseph Smith, the Mormon leader, and some portraying Kung Fu action. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Holly Solomon, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **BELLMAN,** 41 E. 57th St.: Two works apiece by John Kessler, Scott Richter, Richard Milani, Lydia Dona, David Humphrey, and Michael Byron. Through Nov. 3. . . . **GALERIE MAEGHT LELONG,** 9 W. 57th St.: A small, elegant show of comfortably sized works by eight prominent abstractionists—LeWitt, Judd, and Ryman, for instance. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St.: American folk-art paintings by Grandma Moses, Edward Hicks, Ammi Phillips, and others. Through Nov. 3. . . . **MARIAN GOODMAN,** 24 W. 57th St.: Gallery artists Broodthaers, Kiefer, and Cragg, among others, marking the inaugural exhibition in new quarters. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Open Mondays.) . . . **MARKEL,** 50 W. 57th St.: "How I Spent My Summer Vacation," paintings and sculptures by sixteen Post-Vacationists, among them Elena Borstein, Barton Lidicé Beneš, and Pat Lasch. Through Nov. 3. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings of Maine by Edward Betts, Hans Moller, Jason Schoener, Bernarda Bryson Shahn, and William Thon. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American prints. Through Nov. 30.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Ida Applebroog—Serial-strip paintings, among other works, by an artist whose work is rooted in social commentary. Through Nov. 24. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Alice Aycock—A series of four large metal sculptures, consisting of revolving blades, sweeping arms, blinking lights, and a general air of industry, which the artist calls "Time-Creation Machines." Also, drawings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

John Bellany—Expressionist paintings. Through Nov. 8. (Esman, 121 Spring St.)

Max Cole / Alan Wolfson—Abstract paintings. / Dioramas depicting scenes of New York City. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Chuck Connelly—Carnival rides and carnival gambling games provide some of the themes for paintings done in strong colors but somehow sombre in mood. Through Oct. 31. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Fred Escher—Paintings. Through Nov. 3. (112 Greene Street Gallery.)

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Eric Fischl—Frankly naked people in high-rent quarters—at the seaside, in apartments, in the bathroom, in the suburbs—caught in large and often disturbing paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

Vernon Fisher—Large, enigmatic paintings, accompanied by lengthy texts printed on them and sometimes by pieces of related sculpture on the floor. Through Oct. 30. (Gladstone, 152 Wooster St.)

Joan Gardner / Stefany Blyn—Paintings, usually showing several figures, by an artist who often bases her work on front-page news photographs. / Emblematic oils. Through Nov. 3. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Paul Georges—Large paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Manhattan Art, 81 Greene St.)

Mary Ann Gillies (1935-84)—Thirty-one paper bags stiffened with water putty and arranged in groups. The sculptor prepared this show before her death in July. Through Oct. 31. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon.)

Judith Godwin—More or less representational paintings of animals by an artist better known as an Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Mary Grigoriadis—Abstract geometric oils. Through Nov. 3. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Jan Hashey—A measuring cup, a celery dish, a rice bowl, and a lacquered box are greatly enlarged and given star billing in these big, semi-abstract paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 3. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Michael Lucero—Larger than life-size sculptured heads, some ceramic and some bronze. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Sculptures from 1979-83. Through Nov. 4. (Sharpe, 328 E. 11th St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at 1.)

George McNeil—A retrospective of works by an Abstract Expressionist now in his seventies. Through Nov. 10. (Artists' Choice, 394 West Broadway. Open Sundays.)

Claudia McNulty—Paintings of bison, cows, deer, by an artist who works on pieces of burlap sacking sewn together, sometimes in the rough outline of an animal's hide. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings and drawings. Through Nov. 3. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Elizabeth Murray—Large abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

Bruce Nauman—Sculptures in neon tubing, stone, plaster, and steel. Through Nov. 3. (Castelli, and Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Peter Plagens—Abstract acrylic paintings. Through Oct. 31. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Yhuda Porbochrai—Large acrylic paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Concord, 451 Broome St.)

Garry Rich—Large semi-abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

Charles Simonds—Clay sculptures of genitalia. Through Nov. 10. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

D. Jack Solomon—New paintings. Through Nov. 10. (Pam Adler, 578 Broadway.)

Imants Tillers—Very large canvases made up of smaller compositions fitted together like a mosaic, with wholesale borrowings from leading mainstream painters. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Cutler, 164 Mercer St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Max Coyer—Figurative paintings combining images borrowed from sources as disparate as commercial advertisements and Ingres portraiture. Through Nov. 10. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Keith Haring—The artist's drawings seen on the walls of the Semaphore East Gallery and in photographs by Tseng Kwong Chi. Through Oct. 28. (Semaphore East, 157 Avenue B, at 10th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Hunt Slonem—Two related exhibits. Oil paintings in a new series called "The Peaceable Kingdom." Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Braathen, 76 Duane St., between Broadway and Lafayette St. Opens at noon.) . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings. Through Nov. 11. (Dramatis Personae, 25 E. 4th St. Thursdays through Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Krzysztof Wodiczko—Photographs of exhibitions of the artist's work, which consists of photographic slides projected on large buildings. Through Nov. 10. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

Group Shows—At **THE CLOCKTOWER,** 108 Leonard St., five blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Science fiction is the theme of paintings and sculptures by more than thirty artists from San Francisco. Through Oct. 28. (Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . **SIX,** 51 St. Marks Pl.: A sort of preëlection, post-Olympics motif is embraced by patriots Judy Rifka, Futura 2000, David Wojnarowicz, and Rich Colicchio in paintings and installations. Through Sunday, Oct. 21. (Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.) . . . **GREENWALD,** 181 Mott St.: William Fares, Mary Heilmann, and Lynton Wells are among thirty contemporary New York artists showing mostly paintings. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. . . . **OIL & STEEL,** 157 Chambers St.: Four sculptures by Mark di Suvero in a show of paintings and sculptures by nine artists. Through Nov. 3. . . . **PARSONS SCHOOL OF DESIGN,** 2 W. 13th St.: "Art from *The New Yorker*"—cartoons and covers by about sixty contemporary artists. Through Friday, Oct. 26. (Open Mondays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Louise Dahl-Wolfe—Fashion photographs seen originally in the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*, among other prints. Through Saturday, Oct. 20. (Staley-Wise, 177 Prince St. Opens at noon.)

Trude Fleischmann—Portraits of Kokoschka, Einstein, Eleanor Roosevelt, and others by an eighty-nine-year-old photographer who was at the top of her profession in Vienna before coming here in the thirties. Through Nov. 15. (Pfeifer, in a new SoHo location at 568 Broadway.)

Horst / Ansel Adams (1902-84)—A retrospective that includes recent portraits of Paloma Picasso, Andy Warhol, and Diana Vreeland. / Twenty-five of his favorite prints. Through Nov. 4. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Arnold Kramer—Informal portraits and landscape photographs. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. (Sander, 51 Greene St.)

Irving Penn—A retrospective has been mounted at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . ¶ Levy, 40 Great Jones St., between Lafayette St. and the Bowery, has an additional ten prints. (Opens at noon.)

Theodore Roszak—Photograms that coincided with and alluded to the Constructivist sculptures he did in the thirties. Through Nov. 10. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Joel Sternfeld—Recent photographs. Through Nov. 3. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Weegee (1898-1968)—Prints by a New York photojournalist. Through Oct. 31. (Ledel, 168 Mercer St. Opens at noon; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The van Gogh show: a canvas-by-canvas chronicle of his months in Arles, February 1888 to May 1889, with a few works by Gauguin painted during his brief stay with van Gogh. Starts Thursday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ The John M. Crawford, Jr., collection of Chinese painting and calligraphy is being shown in two parts, this first part containing about eighty hand-scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans. . . . ¶ The first large-scale exhibit of Maori tribal artifacts to leave New Zealand consists of close to two hundred objects, such as house posts, canoe prows, ceremonial sculptures, musical instruments, weapons, and jewelry—carved in wood, stone, jade, ivory, and shell. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Primitivism in 20th Century Art," a show of a hundred and fifty paintings and sculptures and two hundred tribal objects which demonstrates the critical influence of tribal art, mainly African and Oceanic, on the development of Western modernism. Among the works are Picasso's "Les Demoiselles d'Avignon," Brancusi's "Madame L.R.," Klee's "Mask of Fear," and Robert Smithson's "Closed Mirror Square." Through Jan. 15. . . . ¶ Alvar Aalto's glass objects and furniture, ubiquitous in his native Finland, form an exhibit mounted by the Department of Architecture and Design. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Photography:** About two hundred works by Irving Penn. Through Nov. 27. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Will Insley: an exhibit of documents, from models to a drawing on the floor of the museum's rotunda, delineating an imaginary society in an imaginary city. Through Nov. 25. A complementary show is at Max Protetch, 37 W. 57th St. . . . ¶ Paintings, photographs, and works in mixed mediums by eight contemporary Australian artists. Through Nov. 25. A complementary show (ending Saturday, Oct. 20) is at the CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St. . . . ¶ A show of nearly forty sculptural environments that Horst Antes has devised for the severe, truncated figures that identify his paintings. Through Nov. 25. A complementary exhibit is at Lefebre Gallery, 47 E. 77th St. . . . ¶ A small display of drawings and prints by Norris Embry (1921-81). Starts Friday, Oct. 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A show that revives the New York art world of 1958-64, via, for example, re-creations of Claes Oldenburg's tableaux "The Street" and "The Store" and two of Allan Kaprow's found-object environments. Other artists include Rauschenberg, Johns, Lichtenstein, and Morris. Through Dec. 2. . . . ¶ More than two hundred prints added to the museum's collection during the past decade, ranging from John Marin's 1911 "Brooklyn Bridge" to lithographs completed this year by Susan Rothenberg and by Terry Winters. Through Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Robert Kushner's paintings on paper are on view in the lobby gallery. Through Dec. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and fifty-four pieces of ceramic tableware by industrial designer Eva Zeisel, in a retrospective spanning more than fifty years. Through Nov. 16. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Asante: Kingdom of Gold," eight hundred objects from Asante, a colony of the west African Gold Coast now part of modern Ghana, have been assembled from the British Museum's collection and arranged to simulate festival day in a king's court. Gold objects, wood sculptures covered in sheet gold, jewelry, textiles, carved furniture. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A survey of Japanese calligraphy from the eighth century to the nineteenth, jointly organized by the Asia Society and Japan House (see below). This section has works by scholars and artists, including eight decorated poem pages from a set of thirty-six by Hon'ami Koetsu. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Jewelry from the prodigious collection of Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery, whose founder purchased precious objects that range from the Egyptian amulets commonly sewn into mummy wrappings to the "Tiffany Iris" brooch, whose petals are made of a hundred and twenty sapphires set in oxidized silver. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A show of color stencil illustrations, best demonstrated by Paul Nash in Sir Thomas Browne's 1932 "Urne Buriall," of which there are two copies on display. Through Dec. 1. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Japan House, 333 E. 47th St.—A show of Japanese calligraphy, including the ornate Buddhist text "Lotus Sutra." A joint exhibit with the Asia Society, this section is devoted to calligraphers from the court and the temple. Through Jan. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Watercolors and drawings primarily by European artists, including Raphael and Picasso, in a selection from the National Gallery of Ireland. Also, Irish manuscripts from the library's collection—"The Picture of Dorian Gray" and a page of "Ulysses," for example. . . . ¶ "William Morris: The 150th Anniversary of His Birth"—autograph manuscripts, illuminated manuscripts, photographs, pamphlets, and rare printed editions from his private library, as well as works published by him, including a copy of the Kelmscott "Chaucer." . . . ¶ Landscape etchings by Rembrandt. All shows through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—"The World of Grandma Moses": more than fifty paintings, plus source materials, in an exhibit that points up her stylistic and technical development. Through Oct. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—Forty-one paintings by Leon Golub, spanning nearly as many years of his career, including early works depicting heroic figures, the "Vietnam" series, and his more recent paintings of mercenaries. Through Nov. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, noon to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 8, when there is no admission fee after 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of traditional African art and of nineteenth- and twentieth-century African-American paintings, sculptures, and photographs

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put together from the collections of the museum, the Schomburg Center, and the Adam Clayton Powell, Jr., State Office Building. Through Jan. 1. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

Alternative Museum, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Large wall constructions by Ed Epping. Through Nov. 3.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Mineo Aayamaguchi (video-performance), Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Tom Murrin, better known as the Alien Comic (performance), Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. . . . ¶ An installation by Kendall Buster. Through Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ A group show of works in several mediums, all incorporating a text. Through Saturday, Oct. 27.

P.S. 1, at 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, noon to 6.—The curator, Henry Geldzahler, has pulled together a show of a hundred paintings by twelve artists whose work he feels deserves wider recognition. Among the twelve are Sally Hazelet Drummond, Joan McLaughlin, and Walter Murch. Through Dec. 9.

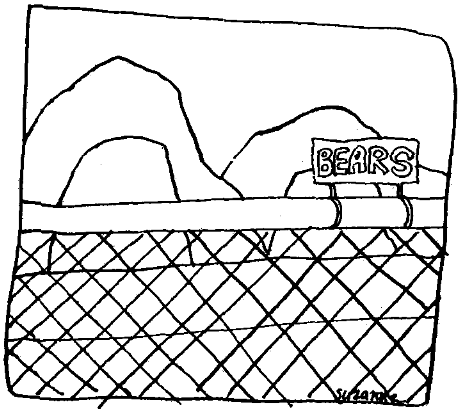
MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7800; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Ariel Bybee, Neil Shicoff, and Richard Fredricks; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: The company's première of Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Barbara Conrad, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 1: "Lohengrin," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Eva Marton, Edward Sooter, and Franz-Ferdinand Nentwig; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Kay Griffel, Cleopatra Ciurca, Vladimir Popov, and Victor Braun; Neeme Järvi. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 22, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gwendolyn Bradley, Claudia Catania, William Lewis, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Cleopatra Ciurca, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8: "La Bohème," with Eugenia Moldoveanu, Myra Merritt, Giuliano Ciannella, and Pablo Elvira; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "La Clemenza di Tito," with Renata Scotto, Tatiana Troyanos, Ann Murray, and Kenneth Riegel; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Rigoletto," with Mariella Devia, Cleopatra Ciurca, Dano Raffanti, and Louis Quilico; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Catherine Malfitano, Claudia Catania, Neil Shicoff, and James Morris; Julius Rudel.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Sheryl Woods, Janis Eckhart, Richard Leech, and Frederick Burchinal; conducted by Mark Flint. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8: "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Lamy, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Sally Wolf, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Nancy Shade, Alteouise DeVaughn, Harry Theyard, and Adib Fazah; and "Pagliacci," with Marianna Christos, Jon Fredric West, and Frederick Burchinal; Klaus Weise conducting both. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 1: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Robert Grayson, and Samuel Ramey; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7: "Carmen," with Diana Walker, Susanne Marsee, Riccardo Calleo, and Scott Reeve; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Stephanie Sundine, Robert Grayson, and Samuel Ramey; Bruce Ferden. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26, at 8: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Kaaren Erickson, Sally Wolf, Jon Garrison, and Stephen Dickson; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 2: "Lakmé," with Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Barry McCauley, and Harry Dworchak; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8: "La Traviata," with Catherine Lamy, Richard Leech, and Adib Fazah; Klaus Weise. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 18.)



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"Trio"—The New York première of a contemporary chamber opera by Noa Ain. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 17-19, at 8, and Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2 and 9.)

Bel Canto Opera—James Richman conducting the first of three performances of J. C. Bach's "Amadis des Gaules," staged by Michel Beretti. (Joan of Arc Junior High School, 154 W. 93rd St. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the performance.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Myung-Whun Chung conducting—Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8; Friday, Oct. 19, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8; and Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: A Mozart-Dvořák-Prokofieff program, with Kyung-Wha Chung, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8; Friday, Oct. 26, at 2; and Saturday, Oct. 27, and Tuesday, Oct. 30, at 8: An Earle Brown–Tchaikovsky–Prokofieff program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin.

Cleveland Orchestra—At Carnegie Hall, Christoph von Dohnányi conducting—Wednesday, Oct. 17: A Schoenberg–Richard Strauss program, with Celina Lindsley and Helga Pilarczyk, sopranos; William Johns, Jaroslav Kachel, and Richard Brunner, tenors; Julian Patrick and Oskar Hillebrandt, baritones; Andrew Foldi, bass; and the Cleveland Orchestra Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19: A Bach-Beethoven-Dvořák program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20: A Mozart-Berg-Schumann program, with Itzhak Perlman, violin. (Evenings at 8.)

Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig—Kurt Masur conducting the first two of five all-Beethoven concerts presenting, in sequence, the symphony cycle. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3: Overture to "Egmont," Symphony No. 1, and Violin Concerto. With Salvatore Accardo, violin. . . . ¶ Monday, Oct. 22, at 8: Symphony No. 2 and Symphony No. 3. *(Carnegie Hall.)*

Pittsburgh Symphony—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8, a Barber-Prokofieff-Sibelius program, with Viktor Tretyakov, violin. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8, a Britten-Haydn-Berlioz program, with Wynton Marsalis, trumpet.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa conducting a Brahms–Richard Strauss program, with Yo-Yo Ma, cello, and Burton Fine, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 24-25, at 8.)

Montreal Symphony—Charles Dutoit directing, a Schumann-Shostakovich program, with Martti Talvela, bass, and the Montreal Symphony Orchestra Men's Chorus. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Scandinavian American Chamber Orchestra—Goran Staxang conducting, with Leif Roar, baritone; Varda Shamban, piano; and Rolf Smedvig, trumpet. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elly Ameling, soprano, and Gary Steigerwalt, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

Rebecca La Brecque and the American Composers Orchestra—Larry Newland conducting a program that will feature Miss La Brecque as soloist in piano concertos by Roger Sessions, Daniel Brewbaker, and Joseph Maneri. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider conducting a chamber orchestra in an all-Haydn program, with Peter Serkin, piano. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting a Mozart-Bach program, with Ilana Vered, piano. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Monday, Oct. 22, at 7. No tickets necessary.)

Camerata Bariloche—An Argentine chamber *orchestra, with Guelfo Nalli, horn.* (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Sidney Harth conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Hamao Fujiwara, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Grande Bande—A program of music by members of the Bach family, with Julianne Baird, soprano, and the Gleemen. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

Musica Sacra "Basically Bach" Festival—Richard Westenburg directing the last in a series of concerts honoring the tercentennial of the composer's birth. **ALICE TULLY HALL.** Wednesday, Oct. 17: A performance of Handel's oratorio "Israel in Egypt," with Janice Dixon and Dawn Upshaw, sopranos; Janice Taylor, mezzo-soprano; Constantine Cassolas, tenor; Kevin Deas and Bruce Kramer, basses; and the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra. . . . **CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,** Park Ave. at 64th St. Saturday, Oct. 20: A Handel-Bach program, with Raymond Gniewek, violin; Martin Berinbaum, trumpet; Judith Mendenhall, flute; Ronald Roseman, oboe; and the Musica Sacra chamber ensemble. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL.** Wednesday, Oct. 24: A performance of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with Marvis Martin, soprano; Judith Malafronte, mezzo-soprano; Stanley Cornett, tenor; William Parker, baritone; and the Musica Sacra chorus and orchestra. (Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 873-9546.)

RECITALS

Beaux Arts Trio—Presenting the first in a series of three programs, each of which will be performed twice. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 18-19, at 8.)

North/South Consonance—Victoria Bond conducting an ensemble in a program of music by New York composers which includes one of her own works. With Judith Otten, soprano. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Thursday, Oct. 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Lyra—A program of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century music for two bass viols and a harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Friday, Oct. 19, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Anner Bylsma—Baroque cello and cello piccolo, in two programs of Bach suites. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2:30 and 8.)

Muir String Quartet—With Raphael Hillyer, viola, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

Winterfest Concerts—The first in a series of six concerts, this one performed by Sheila Schonbrun, soprano, and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Michael's Church Recital Hall, 225 W. 99th St. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

Trio di Milano—Chamber music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Oct. 20, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2.)

Mirella Freni—Soprano, with Paola Molinari, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of concerts, this one performed by Les Filles de Sainte Colombe, with Ellen Hargis, soprano. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

New York Consort of Viols and the New York Cornet and Sacbut Ensemble—A joint concert presenting a program of late-Renaissance and early baroque music from Italy, England, and Germany. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 4. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—A program that includes the première of Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Double Quartet for Strings. With Robert Routch, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 22-23, at 7:30.)

Vivian Taylor—Piano, with Robert Honeysucker, baritone. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 5:30.)

Grant Johannesen—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8.)

Sylvan Wind Quintet—With the American Brass Quintet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Steven Kimbrough and Rosemarie Landry—Baritone and soprano, in a program of songs by Korngold and Poulenc. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Monday, Oct. 22, at 8.)

Chamber Music at the Y—A Mozart-Bartók-Mendelssohn program performed by, among others, Hermann Baumann, horn, and the Tokyo Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Oct. 23-24, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—With David Oei, piano, and Bob Mintzer, tenor saxophone. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8.)

Kronos Quartet—A program of twentieth-century music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8.)

Cameron Grant and James Winn—Duo-piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Oct. 25, at 8.)

Stefani Starin—Flute, in a one-hour concert, with assisting artists. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Friday, Oct. 26, at 6. Tickets at the door on the evening of the concert.)

James Galway—Flute, with Philip Moll, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The first in a series of six concerts, each with a guest violist, this one featuring Ida Kavafian. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Friday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—In a program that includes the American premières of four-part songs by Richard Strauss and Schubert. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 3.)

Daniel Barenboim—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Oct. 27, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Next Wave Festival—At the Brooklyn Academy of Music, the second annual presentation of a series of programs of contemporary works of dance, music, theatre, and visual effects: In the Opera House. Wednesday, Oct. 17, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 18-20, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 21, at 2 and 7: Remy Charlip and his company in the première of a full-length dance work, TEN MEN, with music by Stuart Dempster. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 7, and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 26-27, at 8: Michael Tilson Thomas conducting the American première of Steve Reich's THE DESERT MUSIC, an orchestral work set to poetry by William Carlos Williams. With Mr. Reich and his musicians, and the chorus and members of the Brooklyn Philharmonic. . . . ¶ In the Lepercq Space. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 7; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, at 8; and Sunday, Oct. 28, at 2 and 7: The première of Tim Miller's multimedia work DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. (30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Festival runs through Sunday, Dec. 23.)

Sounds American—A series of six concerts in which composers will perform their own works. Tuesday, Oct. 23: Anthony Davis, piano. Mr. Davis will also perform a work by Earl Howard. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 24: Robert Dick, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25: Pauline Oliveros, accordion. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 26: Bob Telson, electronic keyboards and vocals, with Sam Butler, singer-guitarist. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 27: Elliott Sharp, guitar, bass, soprano saxophone, and bass clarinet. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 28: Three electronic works by Chris Janney, which are activated by voice or the movements of a dancer. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Tuesday through Saturday at 9:30, and Sunday at 7:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Atlanta vs. Washington and Knicks vs. Chicago (exhibition games), Thursday, Oct. 18, at 6. . . . ¶ Milwaukee vs. Detroit and Knicks vs. Nets (exhibition games), Saturday, Oct. 20, at 6. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Detroit, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 7:35. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, Oct. 26, at 7:30.

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 20: Army vs. Pennsylvania, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Brown, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Harvard, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Manhattan vs. Eastern Connecticut State, at John F. Kennedy Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Navy vs. Princeton, at Annapolis, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Louisville, at Piscataway, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 27 (all games at 1:30): Boston College vs. Rutgers, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Holy Cross, at Providence. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Colgate, at Baker Field. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Army, at Syracuse.

Professional Football—Sunday, Oct. 21: Jets vs. Kansas City Chiefs, at Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, at 4. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, at Philadelphia.

Gymnastics—Bart Conner, Tim Daggett, Mitch Gaylord, Julianne McNamara, and other medal winners from the Los Angeles Olympic Games. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday, Oct. 21, at 1.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Islanders, Sunday, Oct. 21, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Oct. 20, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Vancouver Canucks, Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, Oct. 27, at 7:05 (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Toronto Maple Leafs, Friday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Rangers, Thursday, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Oct. 27. (Games begin at 7:35.)

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1 and Sunday at 1:05; through Monday, Oct. 22. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, the Vosburgh, and the Kelso Handicap, Saturday, Oct. 20, and the Beldame, Sunday, Oct. 21 (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Wednesday through Friday and Monday between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturday and Sunday between 11 and 1:19.) . . . AQUEDUCT: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30, from Wednesday, Oct. 24, through Monday, Dec. 31. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 27. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Monday, Dec. 31. The Young America, Thursday, Oct. 18; the Queen Charlotte, Saturday, Oct. 20; and the Gardenia, Friday, Oct. 26.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 3.

ET ALIA

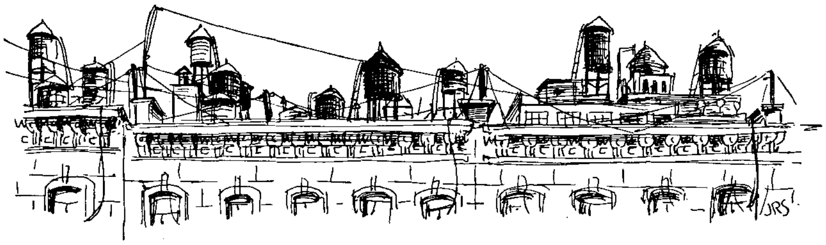
Poetry Readings—Derek Walcott reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Oct. 22, at 8.) . . . ¶ Alfred Corn and Robert Pinsky reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 6. No tickets necessary.)

Discussions—A conversation between Umberto Eco and Susan Sontag. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Wednesday, Oct. 24, at 8:30. Tickets at the door on the night of the discussion.)

The Art of Penjing: Miniature Landscapes from China—A hundred and fifty examples of Chinese rockery *penjing*, arranged to represent mountain peaks, caves, and other natural formations. A loan show celebrating the bicentennial of the opening of trade relations between the United States and China. Opens Sunday, Oct. 21, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 4. (Brooklyn Botanic Garden, 1000 Washington Ave. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 4; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 4.)

Antiques Shows—NEW YORK ARMORY ANTIQUES SHOW, 7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St.: Wednesday, Oct. 24, from 4 to 9; Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, noon to 9; and Sunday, Oct. 28, noon to 6. . . . FALL ANTIQUES SHOW, New York City Passenger Ship Terminal, Twelfth Ave. at 50th St.: Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 25-27, noon to 10, and Sunday, Oct. 28, noon to 6.

Auctions—At Sotheby's, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)—Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 17-18, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 18, at 2: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 19, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 20, at 2: English furniture, as well as rugs and decorations. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 23, at 10:15 and 2: English, Continental, and American silver. Exhibition starts Thursday, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 25, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Oct. 26, at 10:15: American Indian art. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 20.



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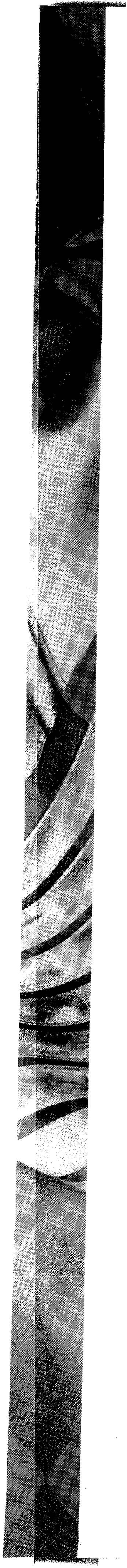

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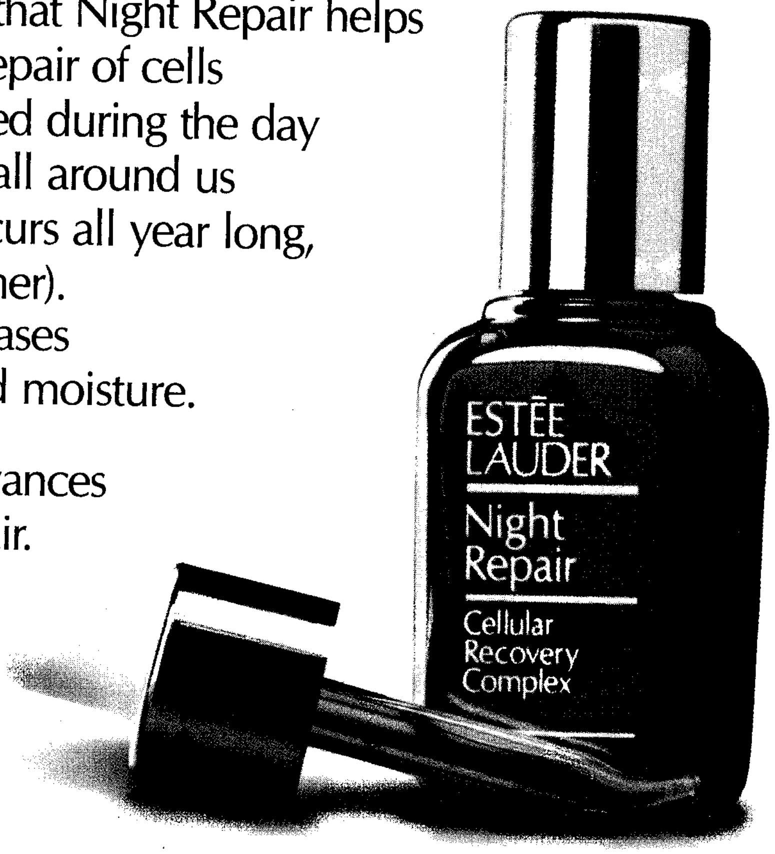

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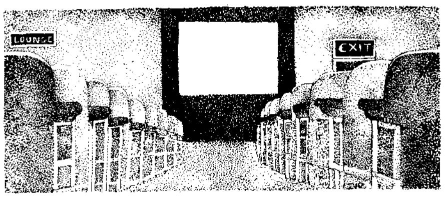

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 28.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Oct. 18: "Scarface" (1932 †).
From Oct. 19: "The Ploughman's Lunch" (directed by Richard Eyre), with Jonathan Pryce, Tim Curry, and Rosemary Harris.

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
Through Oct. 18: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
From Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Oct. 18: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†) and "Trading Places" (†).
Oct. 19-25: "Purple Rain" (†); and "Grandview, U.S.A." (Randal Kleiser), with Jamie Lee Curtis and C. Thomas Howell.
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Oct. 18: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Oct. 19-25: To be announced.
From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Oct. 25: "The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).
From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 18: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. From Oct. 19: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Places in the Heart" (†).

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 18: "Killing Heat" (Michael Raeburn), with Karen Black.
From Oct. 19: "All of Me" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Oct. 25: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Impulse" (Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Comfort and Joy" (Bill Forsyth), with Bill Paterson and C. P. Grogan.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin. From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer. Oct. 19-25: "The Bostonians" (†). From Oct. 26: "Body Double."

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.
Theatre 2: "Places in the Heart" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Cal" (Pat O'Connor), with Helen Mirren and John Lynch.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "The Bostonians" (†). From Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 18: "All of Me" (†). From Oct. 19: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: "Once Upon a Time in America" (Sergio Leone), with Robert De Niro and James Woods. The full three-hour-and-forty-five-and-a-half-minute version.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Country" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams. No performances on Tuesday, Oct. 23.)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"Careful He Might Hear You" (Carl Schultz; an Australian film), with Wendy Hughes and Robyn Nevin.

U. A. 85th St. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Oct. 25: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "Savage Streets" (Danny Steinmann), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From Oct. 19: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 25: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 18: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore. From Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: A program of eight recent Czech animated films.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "First Name: Carmen" (†). Oct. 19-25: "The Ballad of Narayama" (Shohei Imamura; in Japanese). From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Through Oct. 25: A two-week program of documentary and short films on Central America and the Caribbean Islands.
From Oct. 26: To be announced.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "The 4th Man" (†). From Oct. 26: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "Another Country" (directed by Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett. Oct. 19-25: "Crimes of Passion." From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 18: "The Bostonians" (†). From Oct. 19: "Country" (†).
Theatre 2: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 18: "Entre Nous" (†). From Oct. 19: "Metropolis" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 18: "All of Me" (†). From Oct. 19: "The 4th Man" (†).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"A Soldier's Story" (Norman Jewison), with Howard E. Rollins, Jr., and Adolph Caesar.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Oct. 18: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 19: "The Razor's Edge" (John Byrum), with Bill Murray and Theresa Russell.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Children of Paradise" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through Oct. 18: "Metropolis" (†).
From Oct. 19: "Stop Making Sense" (Jonathan Demme), with the Talking Heads.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Swann in Love" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 19: A program called "Independent Feature Film Project."
From the evening of Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Amadeus" (Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Full Moon in Paris" (Eric Rohmer; in French).
Theatre 2: "A Nos Amours" (Maurice Pialat; in French).
Theatre 3: "The Family Game" (Yoshimitsu Morita; in Japanese).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Bizet's Carmen" (Francesco Rosi; in French), with Placido Domingo and Julia Migenes-Johnson.
Theatre 2: "Stranger Than Paradise" (Jim Jarmusch), with John Lurie, Richard Edson, and Eszter Balint.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "A Bigger Splash" (Jack Hazan), with David Hockney. From Oct. 19: "Another Country" (Marek Kanievska), with Rupert Everett.

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Garbo Talks" (Sidney Lumet), with Anne Bancroft and Ron Silver.
Theatre 2: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 18: "Purple Rain" (†). From Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 18: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
From Oct. 19: "Country" (†).

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: "All of Me" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "The Adven-

tures of Buckaroo Banzai" (†). From Oct. 26: "Body Double" (Brian De Palma), with Craig Wasson, Gregg Henry, and Melanie Griffith.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 18: "Tightrope" (†) and "Sudden Impact" (†). From Oct. 19: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Oct. 19: "Metropolis"(†).
Theatre 3: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 25: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey. From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 25: "Impulse" (directed by Graham Baker), with Tim Matheson, Meg Tilly, and Hume Cronyn. From Oct. 26: "Give My Regards to Broad Street" (Peter Webb), with Paul McCartney.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 25: "Purple Rain" (†). From Oct. 26: "Terror in the Aisles" (Andrew Kuehn), with Donald Pleasence and Nancy Allen.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 18: "The First Turn-On!" (Michael Herz and Samuel Weil), with Georgia Harrell. From Oct. 19: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 18: "Revenge of the Nerds" (Jeff Kanew), with Robert Carradine and Anthony Edwards. From Oct. 19: "Savage Streets" (Danny Steinmann), with Linda Blair and John Vernon.
Theatre 5: "The Woman in Red" (Gene Wilder), with Wilder and Charles Grodin.
Theatre 6: "Tightrope" (†).

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through Oct. 24: "Ghostbusters" (†).
October 25: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 26: "Firstborn" (Michael Apted), with Teri Garr and Peter Weller.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 24: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†). From Oct. 25: "Ghostbusters" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 24: "The Karate Kid" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. From Oct. 25: "Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through Oct. 18: "Teachers" (Arthur Hiller), with Nick Nolte, Judd Hirsch, and JoBeth Williams.
From Oct. 19: "Crimes of Passion" (Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 18: Theatre closed. From Oct. 19: "Thief of Hearts" (Douglas Day Stewart), with Steven Bauer and Barbara Williams.
Theatre 2: "All of Me" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Oct. 25: "Irreconcilable Differences" (Charles Shyer), with Ryan O'Neal, Shelley Long, and Drew Barrymore.
From Oct. 26: "American Dreamer" (Rick Rosenthal), with JoBeth Williams and Tom Conti.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
"The Jungle Book" (1967), a Walt Disney full-length cartoon.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Places in the Heart" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Evil That Men Do" (J. Lee Thompson), with Charles Bronson and José Ferrer.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Ninja III: The Domination" (Sam Firstenberg), with Sho Kosugi and Lucinda Dickey.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 18: "Savage Streets" (Danny Steinmann), with Linda Blair and John Vernon. From Oct. 19: "The Little Drummer Girl" (George Roy Hill), with Diane Keaton.

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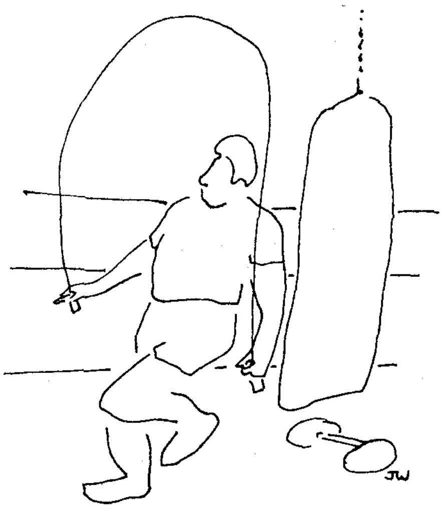
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema 1, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Thursdays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Oct. 18: "Brother Sun, Sister Moon" (1973; directed by Franco Zeffirelli), with Graham Faulkner as Francis of Assisi; and "Romeo and Juliet" (1968; Franco Zeffirelli), with Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey, John McEnery, Michael York, Pat Heywood, and Milo O'Shea.
Oct. 19-20: "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Jabberwocky" (1977; Terry Gilliam), with Michael Palin.
Oct. 21-22: "Swept Away" (†) and "Seven Beauties" (†).
Oct. 23: "A Woman in Flames" (1984; Robert Van Ackeren; in German), with Gudrun Landgrebe; and "Irezumi" (1984; Yoichi Takabayashi; in Japanese).
Oct. 24: "Basileus Quartet" (1982; Fabio Carpi; in Italian), with François Simon; and "Providence" (†).
Oct. 25: "The Man Who Loved Women" (1977; François Truffaut; in French), with Charles Denner, Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron; and "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Claude Jade, Delphine Seyrig, and Michel Lonsdale.
Oct. 26-27: "Eraserhead" (†) and "The Honeymoon Killers" (†).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Through Oct. 25: "Without Witness" (1984; Nikita Mikhalkov; in Russian).
From Oct. 26: "The Times of Harvey Milk" (Robert Epstein), a documentary.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 18: "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru; and "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, Robert Preston, Lesley Ann Warren, and Alex Karras.
Oct. 19-20: "Silkwood" (1983; Mike Nichols), with Meryl Streep, Kurt Russell, and Cher; and "Sophie's Choice" (1982; Alan J. Pakula), with Meryl Streep, Kevin Kline, and Peter MacNicol.
Oct. 21-23: "Emmanuelle" (1974; Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French).



Oct. 24-25: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff.
Oct. 26-27: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Repo Man" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Oct. 17: "Electra Glide in Blue" (1973; James William Guercio), with Robert Blake and Billy (Green) Bush; "In Cold Blood" (1967; Richard Brooks), with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson; and "Tell Them Willie Boy Is Here" (1969; Abraham Polonsky), with Robert Redford, Katharine Ross, Robert Blake, and Susan Clark.
Oct. 18-20: "Zardoz" (1974; John Boorman), with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling; "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975; John Huston), with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer; and "Outland" (1981; Peter Hyams), with Sean Connery, Peter Boyle, and Frances Sternhagen.
Oct. 21-22: "The Hotel New Hampshire" (1984; Tony Richardson), with Jodie Foster and Beau Bridges; and "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Oct. 23-24: "Gentleman Jim" (†); "Body and Soul" (†); and "Champion" (1949; Mark Robson), with Kirk Douglas, Arthur Kennedy, and Marilyn Maxwell.
Oct. 25-27: "I Vitelloni" (1953; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Alberto Sordi, Leopoldo Trieste, Franco Interlenghi, and Franco Fabrizi; and "8½" (1963; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Oct. 18: "Racing with the Moon" (1984; Richard Benjamin), with Sean Penn, Elizabeth McGovern, and Nicolas Cage; and "Fast Times at Ridgemont High" (1982; Amy Heckerling), with Sean Penn.
Oct. 19-20: "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.
Oct. 21: "Rock Around the Clock" (1956; Fred F. Sears), with Johnny Johnston and Alan Freed; "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, Kim Novak, and Susan Strasberg; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando, Mary Murphy, and Lee Marvin.
Oct. 22-23: "The Harder They Come" (1973; Perry Henzell; a Jamaican film, in Jamaican patois), with Jimmy Cliff; and "Land of Look Behind" (1982; Alan Greenberg), with Gregory Isaacs.
Oct. 24-25: "So Fine" (†); "Silver Streak" (†); and "Used Cars" (1980; Robert Zemeckis), with Kurt Russell, Jack Warden, and Gerrit Graham.
Oct. 26-27: "The Brood" (1979; David Cronenberg), with Oliver Reed and Samantha Eggar; "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGoohan; and "Videodrome" (1983; David Cronenberg), with James Woods.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Oct. 18: "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.
Oct. 19-20: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "Liquid Sky" (1983; Slava Tsukerman).
Oct. 21: "The Awful Truth" (†); and "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Oct. 22: "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier

Altdorfer
Fra Bartolomeo
Bellange
Bruegel
Boucher
Carracci
da Cortona
Cranach
Cuyp
Durer
van Dyck
Fragonard
Ghirlandaio
Goltzius
Gossaert
Graf
Greuze
Guardi
Guercino
Holbein
Lorrain
Luini
Michelangelo
Parmigianino
Piazzetta
Pordenone
Poussin
Raphael
Rembrandt
Rubens
Saenredam
Tiepolo
Veronese
Watteau

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Paolo Pasolini; in Italian); and "Medea" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Maria Callas.

Oct. 23: "Tout Va Bien" (†); and "Two or Three Things I Know About Her" (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Marina Vlady.

Oct. 24: "Sabrina" (1954; Billy Wilder), with Humphrey Bogart, Audrey Hepburn, and William Holden; and "Roman Holiday" (1953; William Wyler), with Audrey Hepburn, Gregory Peck, and Eddie Albert.

Oct. 25: "Kings of the Road" (1976; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler and Hanns Zischler.

Oct. 26: "And the Ship Sails On" (1984; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.

Oct. 27: "Zatoichi Meets Yojimbo" (1971; Kihachi Okamoto; in Japanese), with Shintaro Katsu and Toshiro Mifune; and "Yojimbo" (1961; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Oct. 17: "The Loved One" (1965; Tony Richardson), with Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters, and John Gielgud; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, Trish Van Devere, and Ron Leibman.

Oct. 18-20: "Murder, My Sweet" (1945; Edward Dmytryk), with Claire Trevor, Dick Powell, Mike Mazurki, and Anne Shirley; and "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, and Martha Vickers.

Oct. 21-22: "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, Charles Bickford, and Jack Carson.

Oct. 23-24: "Silent Movie" (†); and "Nickelodeon" (1976; Peter Bogdanovich), with Ryan O'Neal, Burt Reynolds, Tatum O'Neal, and Brian Keith.

Oct. 25-27: "Daisy Kenyon" (1947; Otto Preminger), with Joan Crawford, Dana Andrews, and Henry Fonda; and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Oct. 17: "High School Confidential" (1958; Jack Arnold), with Russ Tamblyn and Jan Sterling; "Sex Kittens Go to College" (1960; Albert Zugsmith), with Mamie Van Doren and Tuesday Weld; and "The Beat Generation" (1959; Charles Haas), with Steve Cochran, Mamie Van Doren, Ray Danton, and Fay Spain.

Oct. 18: "Kiss of Death" (1947; Henry Hathaway), with Victor Mature, Richard Widmark, Coleen Gray, and Brian Donlevy; "On Dangerous Ground" (1952; Nicholas Ray), with Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan, and Ward Bond; and "The Hitch-Hiker" (1953; Ida Lupino), with Edmond O'Brien, Frank Lovejoy, and William Talman.

Oct. 19: "His Girl Friday" (1940; Howard Hawks), with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "My Favorite Wife" (1940; Garson Kanin), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, Gail Patrick, and Randolph Scott.

Oct. 20: A program of Betty Boop and Popeye cartoons by Max and Dave Fleischer; and a program of Felix the Cat cartoons by Otto Messmer.

Oct. 21: "Metropolis" (†) and "Spies" (†).

Oct. 22: "The Howling" (1981; Joe Dante), with Dee Wallace and Patrick Macnee; and "Videodrome" (1983; David Cronenberg), with James Woods.

Oct. 23: "Red Desert" (†) and "Il Grido" (†).

Oct. 24: "Testament" (1983; Lynne Littman), with Jane Alexander and William Devane; and "Dark Circle" (1982; Chris Beaver and Judy Irving).

Oct. 25: "Pitfall" (1948; André de Toth), with Lizabeth Scott and Dick Powell; "Angel Face" (1953; Otto Preminger), with Robert Mitchum, Jean Simmons, Mona Freeman, and Herbert Marshall; and "Repeat Performance" (1947; Alfred L. Werker), with Louis Hayward and Joan Leslie.

Oct. 26: "The Compleat Beatles" (1984; Patrick Montgomery), a documentary; and "Magical Mystery Tour" (1969), with the Beatles.

Oct. 27: "Bedazzled" (1967; Stanley Donen), with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron; and "Monty Python's The Meaning of Life" (1983; Terry Jones).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Oct. 17: "The House on 92nd Street" (1945; Henry Hathaway), with William Eythe, Signe Hasso, Lloyd Nolan, Gene Lockhart, and Leo G. Carroll; and "13 Rue Madeleine" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with James Cagney and Annabella.

Oct. 18: "It's Love I'm After" (1937; Archie Mayo), with Bette Davis and Leslie Howard; and "The Bride Came C.O.D." (1941; William Keighley), with Bette Davis and James Cagney.

Oct. 19-20: "Murder She Said" (1962) and "Murder Most Foul" (1965), both films directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford as Agatha Christie's Jane Marple.

Oct. 21: "The Horn Blows at Midnight" (1945; Raoul Walsh), with Jack Benny, Alexis Smith, and Margaret Dumont; and "The Meanest Man in the World" (1943; Sidney Lanfield), with Jack Benny and Priscilla Lane.

Oct. 22: "The Magician" (†) and "The Saga of Gösta Berling" (†).

Oct. 23: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill) and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), both films from the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series.

Oct. 24: "Kipps" (†) and "The Stars Look Down" (†).

Oct. 25: "Ecstasy" (1933; Gustav Machaty; in Czech), with Hedy Lamarr; and "Algiers" (1938; John Cromwell), with Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer.

Oct. 26-27: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Secret Agent" (1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with John Gielgud, Peter Lorre, Madeleine Carroll, and Robert Young.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium 2, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490)—Oct. 18 at 2:30: "Repast" (1951; directed by Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara and Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ Oct. 18 at 6: "Sounds from the Mountain" (1954; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Setsuko Hara, So Yamamura, and Ken Uehara. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 2:30: "Floating Clouds" (1955; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine, Masayuki Mori, and Mariko Okada. . . . ¶ Oct. 19 at 6: "When a Woman Ascends the Stairs" (1960; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine, Masayuki Mori, Reiko Dan, and Tatsuya Nakadai. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 2:30: "The Whole Family Works" (1939; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Musei Tokugawa, Fumiko Honma, and Akira Ubukata. . . . ¶ Oct. 20 at 5: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Chikako Hosokawa, Masako Tsutsumi, and Tatsuko Umezono. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 2:30: "Herringbone Clouds" (1958; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Chikage Awashima, Michiyo Aratama, and Ganjiro Nakamura. . . . ¶ Oct. 21 at 5: "Wife! Be Like a Rose!" (1935; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Tomoko Ito, Sachiko Chiba, and Sadao Maruyama. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 2:30: "Camille" (1936; George Cukor), with Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor, and Lionel Barrymore. . . . ¶ Oct. 22 at 6: A program of works by Holly Fisher, who will be present. . . . ¶ Oct. 23 at 2:30 and 6: A program of works by Geri Ashur. . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 2:30: "Three Sisters with Maiden Hearts." . . . ¶ Oct. 25 at 6: "The Whole Family Works." . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 3: "Wife! Be Like a Rose!" . . . ¶ Oct. 26 at 6:30: "Herringbone Clouds." . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 2:30: "Lightning" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Hideko Takamine, Mitsuko Miura, Chieko Murata, and Kumeko Urabe. . . . ¶ Oct. 27 at 5:30 "Mother" (1952; Mikio Naruse; in Japanese, with English subtitles), with Kinuyo Tanaka, Masao Mishima, Kyoko Kagawa, and Eiji Okada. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

The Adventures of Buckaroo Banzai—A kind of fermented parody of "M*A*S*H," "Star Wars," "Raiders of the Lost Ark," and the TV series "The A-Team," but though the characters don't develop and the laughs don't build or come together, the film's uninflected deadpan tone is somehow likable. Dr. Buckaroo Banzai (Peter Weller), the half-Japanese, half-American hero, is a neurosurgeon, a physicist, a jet-car racer (who goes right through a mountain), and the leader of the Team Banzai—seven dapper whiz-bang Renaissance men. The director, W. D. (Rick) Richter, and the scriptwriter, Earl Mac Rauch, don't seem to have an angle of vision on the interplanetary fantasy world they present; what they've got is an unmoored hipsterism and a lot of inventiveness. As Dr. Lizardo, the mad-genius villain (a comic-strip mixture of Eisenstein, Klaus Kinski, and a Wagnerian tenor), John Lithgow gives the movie the anchor it needs. With Jeff Goldblum, Ellen Barkin, Matt Clark, Carl Lumbly, Christopher Lloyd, Vincent Schiavelli, Rosalind Cash, Ronald Lacey, and the platinum-blond Lewis Smith. The production designer was J. Michael Riva. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/20/84.) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Murray Hill, and New Yorker; through Oct. 25.)

All of Me—Steve Martin is Roger, who hates his job as a lawyer, and Lily Tomlin is Edwina, a rich spinster who has been bedridden since infancy and has never really had a life. Now she is about to die, and Roger's boss has sent him to revise her will. Edwina has imported a Tibetan swami (Richard Libertini), who at the moment of her death is supposed to capture her spiritual substance in a bronze pot and transfer it into the curvy body of the lovely Terry (Victoria Tennant), who has agreed to vacate it. Edwina instructs Roger to arrange for Terry to inherit everything she has, but he thinks she's crazy and refuses. The argument precipitates her demise, and in the confusion her spirit pops into Roger's body, and enters into joint occupancy with him. This is the nifty premise of a romantic comedy about how two antagonists in the same body fall in love and find happiness, and parts of it give viewers the kind of giddy pleasure that is often what we most want from the movies. The director, Carl Reiner, seems to have an intuitive rapport with his funny performers. Reiner's weakness is that the gags aren't thought out visually in terms of the L.A. locations; the camera setups are often klunky, especially in Edwina's mansion, and the film has the bland ugliness of sitcoms. The ingenious script, by Phil Alden Robinson, was adapted from an unpublished novel, "Me Two," by Ed Davis. With Jason Bernard, Madolyn Smith, and Dana Elcar. (9/17/84) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, New Yorker, and Loews State. . . . ¶ Gemini; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Oct. 19.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's in top form here. Joyce Compton plays the night-club performer whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assis-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Metro Cinema; Oct. 21.)

Body and Soul (1947)—Robert Rossen's celebrated prizefighting melodrama, from a script by Abraham Polonsky. It has energy, but it's also rather corny, and when it came out it felt like a thirties movie. John Garfield is the fighter, and Lilli Palmer is the girl who recites Blake to him. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 23-24.)

The Bostonians—Another of the film adaptations of great novels that fail to communicate what's great about the book—in this case, Henry James's liveliest novel, which is set in the period after the Civil War. It must certainly be the best novel in the language about the cold anger that the issue of equal rights for women can stir in a man, but you wouldn't know that from the movie, which was produced by Ismail Merchant and directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala. Although it's not as limp as some of their other collaborations, they don't dramatize the material, and Ivory doesn't shape the performances. As Basil Ransom, who thinks women essentially inferior to men, Christopher Reeve has such a likable, wholesomely romantic presence that he takes the sting out of his lines. And as Verena, the sparkling, flirtatious young girl who has been trained by her mesmerist father to surrender her mind, Madeleine Potter is odd and overcontrolled. The only good reason to see the insignificant, washed-out film is Vanessa Redgrave's performance as the repressed lesbian Olive Chancellor, who grooms Verena to be a spokesperson for the suffragettes. With Jessica Tandy, Linda Hunt, Nancy Marchand, and Wesley Addy in the role of Verena's father. (8/6/84) (Cinema II, and Greenwich Playhouse; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Manhattan; Oct. 19-25.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—This lushly romantic creation, directed by Marcel Carné and written by Jacques Prévert, is a one-of-a-kind film, a sumptuous epic about the relations between theatre and life. At first, it may seem a romance set in the Paris of Balzac; it turns into a comparison of dramatic modes—it includes at least five kinds of theatrical performance. And, encompassing these, it is a film poem on the nature and varieties of love—sacred and profane, selfless and possessive. It was made during the Occupation, and it is said that the starving extras made away with some of the banquets before they could be photographed. With Jean-Louis Barrault as the soulful mime Deburau (the Pierrot; Barrault sucks in his cheeks so much that he sometimes suggests Dietrich) and the incomparable Arletty as Garance; Pierre Brasseur as the Shakespearean actor Lemaître (the Harlequin); Louis Salou as the count; Marcel Herrand as the philosophical murderer; Pierre Renoir as the ragpicker-informer; and Maria Casarès, in the unrewarding role of the theatre manager's daughter, who marries Deburau and becomes the mother of an abominable offspring. (The child is pure Hollywood.) In French. (Festival.)

Country—This film, which stars Jessica Lange, who conceived it and had a hand in producing it, is trying to be a feminist "The Grapes of Wrath," and doesn't succeed at it—awful as that would be. When the Farmers Home Administration moves to foreclose on the family's farm, she's firm in her resolve and she holds on to the land. Working from a script by William D. Witliff, the director, Richard Pearce, gives us standard hokey melodrama, but he doles it out as if it were full of integrity. "Country" isn't a serious treatment of its subject. It's a morally uplifting treatment of its subject. Essentially, this is a movie about Jessica Lange's spirit-of-the-prairie face. With Levi L. Knebel, Sam Shepard, and Wilford Brimley. (10/1/84) (Beekman. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and Loews 83rd Quad; starting Oct. 19.)

Entre Nous—The French actress-turned-filmmaker Diane Kurys tells the story of two young married women (Isabelle Huppert and Miou-Miou) who don't recognize how unfulfilled they have been in their marriages until they meet each other. The women are romanticized and politicized as soul mates;

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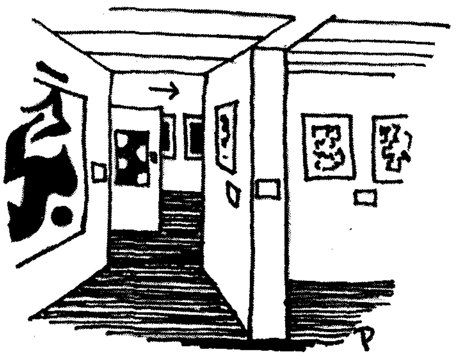
they're turned into feminist precursors, while the husbands (Guy Marchand and Jean-Pierre Bacri), who always seem to need a shave, are treated as lumps. Kurys tells us that the characters played by Huppert and Marchand are her parents, and Marchand, who plays his role superbly, is the only one a viewer is likely to have any feeling for. But Kurys has made a very peculiar kind of memory film: its psychology goes in one direction; its sexual politics take it in another. The picture keeps teetering on the verge of a seduction scene, and that teasing possibility gives many of the scenes their only tension. This is a movie about two women not having a lesbian affair. The only thing that's distinctive about it is its veneer of post-feminism. In French. (3/5/84) (Quad Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

Eraserhead (1977)—David Lynch, who had made short films during his student days at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, worked for five years in Los Angeles to complete this first feature, which was shot (mostly at night) in 35-mm. black-and-white. He was the writer, the director, and the set designer, and was also responsible for the wonderfully grubby special effects. He seems to have reinvented the experimental-film movement; watching this daringly irrational movie, with its interest in dream logic, you almost feel that you're seeing a European avant-garde gothic of the twenties or early thirties. There are images that recall Fritz Lang's "M" and Cocteau's "Blood of a Poet" and Buñuel's "Un Chien Andalou," and yet there is a completely new sensibility at work. Lynch pulls you inside wormy states of anxiety. Time seems to stand still while the hero, Henry (John Nance), whose hair stands on end, as if permanently shocked, in an Afro pompadour that's squared off—it suggests an eraser on the head of a pencil—moves through streets reminiscent of the ones Peter Lorre sidled through in "M." Henry appears to come out of the viewer's subconscious; he experiences a man's worst fears of courtship and marriage and fatherhood (to a whimpering monster). The slow, strange rhythm is very unsettling and takes some getting used to, but it's an altogether amazing, sensuous film; it even has an element of science fiction and creepy musical numbers, and the soundtrack is as original and peculiar as the imagery. There is perhaps nothing else in contemporary films that is as eerily, baldly erotic as the moment when Henry commits adultery with the girl from across the hall and the two lovers deliquesce into their bed—disappearing in the fluid, with only the woman's hair left floating on top. The sound man was Alan R. Splet (who later won an Academy Award for his work on "The Black Stallion"); the cast includes Judith Roberts, Charlotte Stewart, Laurel Near, and Jack Fisk as the deus ex machina. The monsters in the 1979 "Prophecy" were clearly based on Henry's babe. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Oct. 26-27.)

First Name: Carmen—In this modern-day version of the Carmen story, the director, Jean-Luc Godard, looks at the performers with the eyes of an apathetic stranger. From the way the movie is put together, it appears that he is resigned to having to tell some sort of story, but he feels it's an imposition on him—an irritation, or worse. Godard keeps all his sets of images in motion: he's the rare case of an artist whose command of his medium becomes more assured as his interests dry up. Working with Raoul Coutard as cinematographer, he gives you the feeling that he can do almost anything and you'll keep watching it, mesmerized by the rhythms of sound and image. Godard himself plays Uncle Jean, a dotty, broken-down filmmaker who mutters spacey epigrams and whacks himself in the face; his slapstick self-parody makes more connection with the audience than anything else in the shallow, withdrawn movie. The basic feel of this "Carmen" is "What's the use?" Uncle Jean's niece, Carmen, is played by a very pretty young Dutch actress, Maruschka Detmers; Joseph is played by Jacques Bonaffi. In French. (9/17/84) (Film Forum; through Oct. 18.)



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The 4th Man—The Dutch director Paul Verhoeven and his usual scenarist, Gerard Soeteman, are out to give us a shockingly good time in this thriller about a homosexual writer (Jeroen Krabbé) who allows himself to be pampered by a rich blond widow (Renée Soutendijk) because he has a passionate yen for her longtime lover. The film's comic tone depends on our being tickled by the writer's arrogance and mean-spiritedness. What keeps the movie from being any more than a tongue-in-cheek homoerotic fantasy is that the widow, who needs to be a teasingly ambiguous figure—so that we can't tell if the writer is deluding himself that she's a killer who has already dispatched three husbands, or if his hyperactive imagination is alerting him to the truth—is disappointingly placid, a blank. But the film is amusing, and the talented Jeroen Krabbé plays worminess exuberantly. Adapted from a novel by the Netherlands writer Gerard Reve, who lends the writer-protagonist his own name. In Dutch. (7/9/84) (Waverly; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Oct. 19.)

Gentleman Jim (1942)—As the young James J. Corbett, a chipper showoff bank clerk in San Francisco who's loyal to his family and friends, Errol Flynn plays in the quick-witted, cool, and cocky style that he was best at. Narrow-hipped and long-legged, he's fast on his feet; he looks as if he might be able to lick his opponents, or, at least, outdance them. The film, which covers Corbett's transition from amateur boxer to professional, is well paced and has considerable charm, though the Corbett clan, headed by Alan Hale as Jim's father, is Warners' lovable Irish, with hot-tempered and wobbly brogues. As a young society woman who develops a love-hate relationship with Jim, Alexis Smith wears her hair in a thick roll swept up from her forehead, and goofy high hats; she looks like a ship in full sail, but she's quite entertaining. With Ward Bond, as the magnetic John L. Sullivan, and Jack Carson, William Frawley, John Loder, Rhys Williams, Madeleine LeBeau, and Lon McAllister. Directed by Raoul Walsh; one of the scriptwriters was Horace McCoy. (The film straightens out Corbett's life—his marriages have been divided by three.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Oct. 23-24.)

Ghostbusters—Bill Murray, Dan Aykroyd, and Harold Ramis as parapsychologists who try to save New York City from an influx of spooks. Murray is the film's comic mechanism: the more supernatural the situation, the more jaded his reaction. But nobody else has much in the way of material, and since there's almost no give-and-take among the three men, Murray's lines fall on dead air. Playing opposite Murray, Sigourney Weaver is a living zinger; when she stands talking to Murray, she's eye to eye with him and she looks vivid and indestructible. The cast includes Annie Potts, who uses her wonderful self-enclosed quality, and Rick Moranis, Ernie Hudson, William Atherton, and David Margulies. The script is by Aykroyd and Ramis; the cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs. Produced and directed by Ivan Reitman. (6/25/84) (Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ Gramercy; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Oct. 25.)

Il Grido (1957)—Just before his international breakthrough with "L'Avventura," Antonioni made this flawed yet affecting, mournful, wintry film about the neurotic apathy of a working-class man. It's poetic without being believable. The American actor Steve Cochran plays Aldo, a skilled worker in a sugar refinery; when the woman he has been living with (Alida Valli) no longer wants him, he falls into a numb despair, and wanders around with his small daughter. He meets other women, but they don't make enough impression on him for him to get a grip on life. Without the moneyed decadence of the characters in Antonioni's later films, the atmospheric gloom seems less chic, more purely depressive. Set in the muddy Po valley. With Betsy Blair, Dorian Gray, and Lyn Shaw. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 23.)

The Honeymoon Killers (1970)—Based on the lives of the multiple murderers Martha Beck and Raymond Fernandez, who met their victims through Lonely Hearts clubs, and who were put to death at Sing Sing in 1951. This low-budget black-and-white movie is so literal-minded that it resembles a *True Detective* account of the case; it's as if someone recreated the Grade Z pictures of the forties and did so in absolute seriousness. The movie goes through the chronicle of the Beck-Fernandez crimes with pedestrian relentlessness; it's paced as if the actors were walking in lockstep. After the almost incredible lack of depth of the first half hour, the film begins to acquire a fascination *because* of its total superficiality—it becomes something resembling Minimal art. The writer-director, Leonard Kastle, whose first picture this was, keeps the images so brightly lighted and so exactly planned and worked out that every ugly detail is in place—the hammer blow on the head, the trickle of blood, the ludicrous tongues sticking out of dead faces. As the two-hundred-pound Martha Beck, Shirley Stoler is much too shrill at the start but quiets down and improves as the movie plods on; as the sleazy charmer Ray Fernandez, Tony Lo Bianco is alarmingly authentic to the pulpy genre. The women victims include Marilyn Chris, Barbara Cason, and Mary Jane Higby. The film uses music by Gustav Mahler. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Oct. 26-27.)

Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom—This film directed by Steven Spielberg stands in relation to the previous Indiana Jones picture, "Raiders of the Lost Ark," as "The Godfather, Part II" stands to "The Godfather." Spielberg creates an atmosphere of happy disbelief: the more breathtaking and exhilarating the stunts are, the funnier they are. Nobody has ever fused thrills and laughter in quite the way that he does here. Spielberg starts off at full charge in the opening sequence and just keeps going. There isn't a letdown anywhere in it. Harrison Ford is the adventurer-archeologist hero, Ke Huy Quan plays his child sidekick, Short Round, and Kate Capshaw is the gold-digger heroine. The plot involves them with an odious boy maharajah and Mola Ram (an anagram for Malomar), the high priest of a cult of Kali worshippers—they come right out of the 1939 adventure comedy "Gunga Din." It's one of the most sheerly pleasurable physical comedies ever made. A Lucasfilm Production, from a story idea by George Lucas, and a script by Willard Huyck and Gloria Katz. The score, by John Williams, is too heavy for the tone of the film, and it's too loud. (6/11/84) (Embassy. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. It's a very satisfying movie—observant without fuss, sly yet substantial. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Helen Haye, Edward Rigby, Hermione Baddeley, and the famous music-hall artist Arthur Riscoe as Chitterlow. The script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat; the costumes are by Cecil Beaton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24.)

The Magician (1958; "Ansiktet," which means "The Face")—This Ingmar Bergman film isn't a masterwork, or even a very good movie, but it is clearly a film made by a master. It has a fairy-tale atmosphere of expectation, like those stories that begin "We started out to see the King, and along the way we met . . ." Then it becomes confused and argumentative. But the mysterious images of Max von Sydow as the nineteenth-century mesmerist, Vogler, and Ingrid Thulin as his assistant, Aman (Vogler's wife, Manda, in male disguise), carry so much latent charge of meaning that they dominate the loosely thrown-together material. Bergman labels the film a comedy, though audiences may not agree. It's a metaphysical gothic tale, with some low-comedy scenes and some grisly jokes involving an eyeball and a hand. The theme—magic versus rationalism or, if one prefers, faith versus skepticism, or art versus science, or illusion versus reality—is treated too theatrically to sustain such heavy-breathing dialogue as "I always longed for a knife to cut away my tongue and my sex—to cut away all impurities." There are times when one would be happy to hand Bergman that knife. He uses a nineteenth-century setting for the clichés of the twentieth century—the man of science (Gunnar Björnstrand as Vergérus, the physician) is cold and sadistic, etc. Those who worry about the supposed division between emotion and intellect never leave one in doubt about which side they're on. With Bibi Andersson as Sara, Erland Josephson as Egerman, Gertrude Fridh as Mrs. Egerman, Naima Wifstrand as Vogler's sorceress grandmother, Bengt Ekerot as the actor Spegel, and Åke Fridell as Tubal. Photographed by Gunnar Fischer. In Swedish. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22.)

Metropolis (1926)—H. G. Wells called this German silent movie, directed by Fritz Lang, "quite the silliest film;" Hitler was so impressed by the conception that many years later he tried (unsuccessfully) to persuade Lang to make Nazi movies. Lang's prophetic city of the twenty-first century (suggested by his first view of New York) has two levels: one for the rich and pleasure-loving, the other—labyrinthine, underground—for the slave workers who tend the machines. The industrialist tyrant who runs Metropolis plots to incite riots so that he can crush the workers' rebelliousness. His son has gone down to the workers and fallen in love with the saintly firebrand Maria (Brigitte Helm). The tyrant plots with an inventor, Rotwang, who creates a steel double for Maria—the false Maria, who leads the masses to revolt. One of the last examples of the imaginative—but often monstrous—grandeur of the Golden Period of German film, "Metropolis" is a spectacular instance of Expressionist design, with moments of almost incredible beauty and power, absurd ineptitudes, and oddities that defy analysis. It's a wonderful, stupefying folly. With Alfred Abel, Gustav Frölich, Rudolf Klein-Rogge, Fritz Rasp, and Heinrich George. Script by Thea von Harbou; cinematography by Karl Freund and Günther Rittau, with Eugen Schüfftan shooting the special effects. Note: The version showing at the 57th St. Playhouse was reconstructed by Giorgio Moroder, with tinting that (supposedly) attempts to follow Lang's original specifications; he has gone in for a lot of hocus-pocus with the footage, and put on a pop score—it includes contributions by Loverboy, Pat Benatar, Adam Ant, Billy Squier, and Bonnie Tyler. (57th St. Playhouse; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, and Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Thalia; Oct. 21.)

Places in the Heart—The title refers to the places where our roots are, and this inspirational film, written and directed by Robert Benton, is set in his home town, Waxahachie, Texas, in 1935. Sally Field plays a good Christian woman, secure in her faith. A homebody with two children, she is suddenly widowed and left without enough money to meet the next mortgage payment; she holds her family together and hangs on to her house and forty acres by, of course, grit and total determination. (The story actually centers on a cotton-pickin' contest.) The film isn't just about the widow—it's about family, community, America, and Christian love. It's about decency, which this mean town is very short of. But Benton's gentle, nostalgic presentation muffles this. His craftsmanship is like an armor built up around his refusal to outrage or offend anyone; it's an encrusted gentility. Danny Glover gives a humorous eccentric force to the all-too-endearing role of Moze, an itinerant black laborer whose efforts on the widow's behalf get him in trouble with the local branch of the Ku Klux Klan, and John Malkovich gives a hushed performance as Mr. Will, a blind First World War veteran who becomes the widow's boarder. Benton has conceived Mr. Will as if blindness purified him and drove out ordinary faults; blackness does the same for Moze. The cast includes Amy Madigan (she brings a passionate delicacy to the role of a married schoolteacher who's having a guilt-ridden affair), Lindsay Crouse, Ed Harris, Lane Smith, and Bert Remsen as a country singer—he lip-syncs "Cotton-Eyed Joe" to a Doc Watson record. Cinematography by Nester Almendros. (10/15/84) (34th St. East, Coronet, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

Providence (1977)—Alain Resnais, working in English, directed this intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, the elderly writer drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The effect of the pearl-gray tones and the swift, smooth cutting is peculiarly fastidious and static; you feel as if the movie, with all its technique and culture, were going to dry up and blow away. With a longer death scene than Camille's, Gielgud is the only one who looks alive. He's lean and wiry, turkey-faced, a tough old bird; he bounces through his bitchy role, savoring every mean syllable. David Mercer wrote the script, which is impossibly elocutionary. Gielgud delivers himself of flourishes like "How darkness creeps into the blood—darkness, the chill obsidian fingers." No doubt Mercer intended this writer's thoughts to have an edge of florid fatuity. But when Bogarde—a barrister—is asked (by his mistress) how he and his wife live, he answers, "In a state of unacknowledged mutual exhaustion, behind which we scream silently." Is this, too, only part of the old man's second-rate novel? Some people have a surprising tolerance for this sort of thing; the movie is widely regarded as a masterpiece, and it was chosen as the greatest film of the seventies by an international jury of critics. Music by Miklós Rózsa. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Oct. 24.)

Purple Rain—In this fictional bio, Prince, the twenty-six-year-old pansexual rock star, appears as the Kid, a vulnerable loner and struggling musician. It's not difficult to see the attraction that the picture has for adolescents: Prince's songs are a cry for the free expression of sexual energy, and his suffering is a supercharged version of what made James Dean the idol of young moviegoers—this Kid is "hurting." And this picture knows no restraint. It was directed by Albert Magnoli (who also wrote the final script and was the co-editor), but Prince is in charge, and he knows how he wants to appear—like Dionysus crossed with a convent girl on her first bender. It's pretty terrible (there are no real scenes—just flashy, fractured rock-video moments), but those willing to accept Prince as a sexual messiah aren't likely to mind. The film introduces a full-fledged young comedian, Morris Day, the lead singer of The Time, who suggests a Richard Pryor without the genius and the complications. With Patty Apollonia Kotero, Jerome Benton, and Clarence Williams III as the Kid's father. Cinematography by Donald Thorin; shot in Minneapolis. (8/20/84) (Loews 83rd Quad; through Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Oct. 25. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; Oct. 19-25.)

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Red Desert (1965)—Boredom in Ravenna, and it seeps into the viewer's bones. Antonioni's fuzzy illustrations of emotional chaos may or may not have something to do with industrialism; he makes the hazy, polluted atmosphere so exquisite that one can't decide. With Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. In Italian. (Thalia; Oct. 23.)

Repo Man—The L.A. of freeways and off ramps and squarish, pastel-colored buildings is the perfect setting for a movie about men who take out their frustrations by repossessing other people's cars. The film takes off from Godard's "Weekend," with (probably) some help from Aldrich's "Kiss Me Deadly" and Zemeckis and Gale's "Used Cars," but its catatonic, shoo-fly humor is all its own. The young English writer-director Alex Cox keeps his dazed sociopaths speeding around—always on the periphery. There's nothing at the center. But the whole comic atmosphere of druggy burnout gets to you, and Cox never once slips—he never lets things get sentimentalized or organized. With Harry Dean Stanton, Emilio Estevez, Tracey Walter, Vonetta McGee, and Fox Harris. Robby Müller's cinematography sustains the flat grunginess of the conception; so does a song by the L.A. group The Circle Jerks. (8/6/84) (8th St. Playhouse.)

The Saga of Gösta Berling (1924)—Garbo, when she was an entrancingly soft-faced, full-bodied young girl, and the dashing Byronic Lars Hanson in Mauritz Stiller's stirring, romantic film version of the Selma Lagerlöf novel. Stiller was a master at unifying visual beauty and emotional effect; the complicated narrative is blurry, but there are sequences as lovely and expressive as any on film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 22.)

Scarface (1932)—The gangster classic, with Paul Muni as the dangerous hood with the scar on his cheek, and dark, huge-eyed Ann Dvorak as his sister. The writer, Ben Hecht, and the director, Howard Hawks, said that they wrote the story by treating the Capone family "as if they were the Borgias set down in Chicago." The film's violence has the crazy, helter-skelter feeling of actual gun battles, and Paul Muni with a machine gun in his arms, is brutal and grotesque, in a primal, childlike, fixating way. The cast includes George Raft, Osgood Perkins, Karen Morley, Boris Karloff, Vince Barnett, Edwin Maxwell, C. Henry Gordon, Tully Marshall, Henry Armetta, and Purnell Pratt. The story, based on a novel by Armitage Trail, is credited to Hecht, and the continuity and dialogue to Seton I. Miller, John Lee Mahin, and W. R. Burnett. The cinematography is by Lee Garmes and L. W. O'Connell. The film was ready for release in 1930, but was held up for two years by censorship problems. The title "Scarface" bore the subtitle "Shame of the Nation." (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Oct. 18.)

Seven Beauties (1976)—The writer-director Lina Wertmüller's slapstick-tragedy investigation of an Italian common man's soul, set during the Second World War, with flashbacks to the thirties. Pasqualino—or, as he's called, Pasqualino Seven Beauties (Giancarlo Giannini)—deserts the Italian Army in Germany, is captured by the Germans, and is sent to a concentration camp. In flashbacks, we see his prewar life as a two-bit mafioso, with fat sisters—the "seven beauties." Pasqualino is everybody's dupe—a man who has swallowed all the lies that society hands out. He believes what the Mafia tells him, what Mussolini tells him, what anybody in authority tells him. As Giannini plays him, he's a Chaplinesque Fascist—the Italian Everyman as a pathetic worm. He's the man who never fights back—the one who wheedles and whimpers and crawls through. Wertmüller reactivates the entire comic-opera view of Italians as cowards who will grovel to survive. The picture is full of flashy ideas, cruelty, moist wistfulness, and pious moralizing, and Wertmüller presents it all in a goofy, ebullient mood. The box-office success of this film represents a triumph of insensitivity. With Elena Fiore, Fernando Rey, Enzo Vitale, Mario Conti, and Shirley Stoler as the gross commandant of the concentration camp (though no woman in Nazi Germany could rise to such a post—Ilse Koch's power at Buchenwald derived from her being the commandant's wife). Cinematography by Tonino Delli Colli; art direction by Enrico Job; music by Enzo Iannacci. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Oct. 21-22.)

Silent Movie (1976)—Mel Brooks's intermittently very funny film, in which Mel Brooks (as Mel Funn), Dom DeLuise (as Dom Bell), and Marty Feldman (as Marty Eggs) try to beat a readily identifiable conglomerate called Engulf & Devour by making a silent movie—this is 1976. Much joy for children, but the humor is a bit burly, and one misses Madeline Kahn. (Regency; Oct. 23-24.)

Silver Streak (1976)—Some studio executive must have looked at the Colin Higgins script, noticed that most of the action took place on board the train from Los Angeles to Chicago, and said, "Who the hell travels by train?" The movie starts with a mess of exposition, explaining why each of the principal characters didn't take a plane. Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry: it's like the imitations of sophisticated entertainment that high-school kids put on. For about fifteen minutes, Pryor gives the picture some of his craziness. His comedy isn't based on suspiciousness about whites, or on anger, either; he's gone way past that. Whites are *unbelievable* to him. He's stupefied at the ignorance of the hero (Wilder), and he can't believe the way this white man moves. His attempt to teach Wilder how to move like a black man is genuinely funny, but then the picture relapses, and when Pryor is required to show pure-hearted affection for Wilder you have never seen such a bad actor. The villains, headed by Patrick McGoohan, are art forgers. (Has there ever been a good movie about art forgery? The idea is even more hopeless than having an amnesiac hero.) Arthur Hiller directed, lamely; the film features pathetic double-entendres—horticultural and barnyard—and there's a callously unfunny gag: a plane buzzing a flock of sheep just for the fun of it. It was a considerable success at the box office. With Ned Beatty, Clifton James, Richard Kiel, Scatman Crothers, Valerie Curtin, Ray Walston, Lucille Benson, Len Birman, and Stefan Gierasch. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 24-25.)

So Fine (1981)—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s - - -!," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. Stuck with frantic gags, O'Neal just revamps his tight-mouthed professorial priss from "What's Up, Doc?" The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde, Mariangela Melato, making her American début as a mobster's wife. In her deep voice she garbles her English charmingly; she's an erotic imp—she looks a bit like Harpo Marx, and she's always flying, like Carole Lombard in a hurricane. With Irving Metzman, who gives likable readings to his role as an accountant; Bruce Millholland as Sir Alec, the world's greatest poet; Mike Kellin as the smiling, ever-hopeful salesman; and Richard Kiel and Fred Gwynne. The assaultive cinematography is by James A. Contner. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Oct. 24-25.)

Spies (1929)—Fritz Lang's stylish gothic story of master spies, rooms that fill up with water, and a loyal nurse who looks after a super-criminal in a wheelchair. One of Lang's best, of his best period. (Thalia; Oct. 21.)

The Stars Look Down (1939)—Carol Reed was only thirty-three when he made this film, and he had not yet acquired the technical virtuosity of his later style; it contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," when the Irish conspirators stage their robbery and lose their leader in the getaway. But this straightforward film is, in some ways, his finest. It's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist, not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naïvely and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. One sequence is almost pure Hardy: a group of men are trapped in a mine; the conscience-stricken, criminally irresponsible mine owner, on his way to the rescue squad with the plans that will save the men, has a fatal stroke; the plans fall from his hand, and the trapped men die. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. The film met with a hostile reaction from organized labor, partly because the miners are seen to be contemptuous of their own union, and few people in this country saw it when it finally arrived here in 1941. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Oct. 24.)

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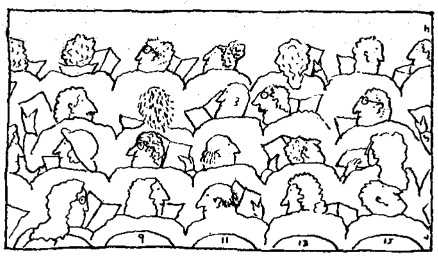
Sudden Impact—Clint Eastwood as Dirty Harry Callahan of the San Francisco Police Department for the fourth time, and the picture is a slightly psychopathic version of an old Saturday-afternoon serial, with Harry sneering at the scum and cursing them before he shoots them with his king-size custom-made "44 Auto Mag." The murderer he's on the trail of is played by Sondra Locke, who, it turns out, is a saintly executioner, much like him; she's taking care of her quota of scum, and might just as well be called Dirty Harriet. The script, by Joseph C. Stinson, features lines such as the main sadistic, rotten villain's laying claim to Harriet with "The bitch is mine." The whole thing is so obvious that people in the audience applaud and hoot; it might be mistaken for parody if the sledgehammer-slow pacing didn't tell you that the director (Eastwood) wasn't in on the joke. With Pat Hingle, Audrie J. Neenan, Bradford Dillman, Albert Popwell, Paul Drake, Jack Thibeau, Mara Corday, and Michael V. Gazzo. (1/23/84) (Olympia Quad; through Oct. 18.)

Swann in Love—Of all the imaginable material for the screen, Proust's writing requires the most subtle feeling for rhythms, and neither the director (Volker Schlöndorff) nor the scriptwriters (Peter Brook, Jean-Claude Carrière, Marie-Hélène Estienne) seem to do anything to draw us in. The movie doesn't even have the force of real desecration. Ornella Muti is a wily, plausible Odette, and Alain Delon is, at least, amusing as the Baron de Charlus. But as Swann, Jeremy Irons doesn't suggest intelligence or feeling—he's a stick. Also with Fanny Ardant, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jacques Boudet. In French. (10/1/84) (Paris.)

Swept Away (1974)—A Sicilian Communist deckhand (Giancarlo Giannini) working on a yacht and the rich blond shrew (Mariangela Melato) who chartered the ship for a pleasure cruise are marooned on an island. She gave him a bad time when she had the upper hand, so when he takes charge on the island and starts whacking her around maybe one can say that he isn't hitting a woman, he's hitting the capitalist class. However, when she kisses his feet and gathers flowers to garland his phallus she isn't the capitalist class, she's a woman who finds fulfillment in recognizing a man as her master. She not only experiences new sexual bliss, she wins the prize that has often been said to be woman's highest goal: because of her submissiveness, the man loves her and worships her as his goddess. Uncorrupted by social forces, the couple live the "true" relations of the sexes and find paradise. But they go back, she can't resist returning to her life of privilege, and he is left heartbroken. Under the guise of a Socialist parable about the economic determinism of personal behavior (class interests determine sexual choice, etc.), the writer-director, Lina Wertmüller, has actually introduced a new version of the story of Eve, the spoiler. Despite the clamor of politics in Wertmüller's movies, her basic pitch is to popular prejudice. This erotic fantasy is like a modern version of Valentino's "The Sheik"—blissful rape for the trendy, dissatisfied liberated woman. And solid reassurance for the men in the audience that women only want to be mastered, yet are sly little beasts, never to be trusted. The picture stays on the same high energy level throughout. The characters never stop yelling and shrieking, and since the post-synchronization is so careless that their voices are several beats off from their lip movements, the effect is as irritating as if the movie were dubbed, even though it's subtitled. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema 1; Oct. 21-22.)



Tightrope—Clint Eastwood is Homicide Inspector Wes Block, of the New Orleans Police Department, who is investigating a series of murders: young prostitutes are being tortured, raped, and strangled. The gimmick is that Wes is struggling with dark, sexist impulses, and that the killer is his doppelgänger and carries out his sadistic fantasies. The writer-director Richard Tuggle keeps whomping us on the skull with good-evil symbolism, but the movie has no more depth than the usual exploitation film in which pretty girls are knocked off. There's no progression in the plot—it's just one body after another—and the picture just grinds along. With Geneviève Bujold, Janet MacLachlan, Alison Eastwood, and Jamie Rose. (10/1/84) (Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Oct. 18.)

Tout Va Bien (1972)—Not as deadly in its pedagogical tone as other Jean-Luc Godard–Jean-Pierre Gorin films of the period. There's some relaxation and humor in this story of a workers' takeover of a sausage factory, but the way Jane Fonda, as an American journalist, and Yves Montand, as her French filmmaker husband, are radicalized by the situation seems mechanical and naïve. In French. (Metro Cinema; Oct. 23.)

Trading Places (1983)—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood who runs a Philadelphia brokerage house, and Eddie Murphy plays a con man–beggar who disguises himself as a blind, legless Vietnam veteran. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish, with the younger guys rich and the old skinflints punished. And the audience appears to enjoy the premeditated obviousness. With Denholm Elliott, who deserves better than his role as a butler; Jamie Lee Curtis, who deserves better than her role as a prostitute named Ophelia; and Paul Gleason and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (St. Marks Cinema; through Oct. 18.)

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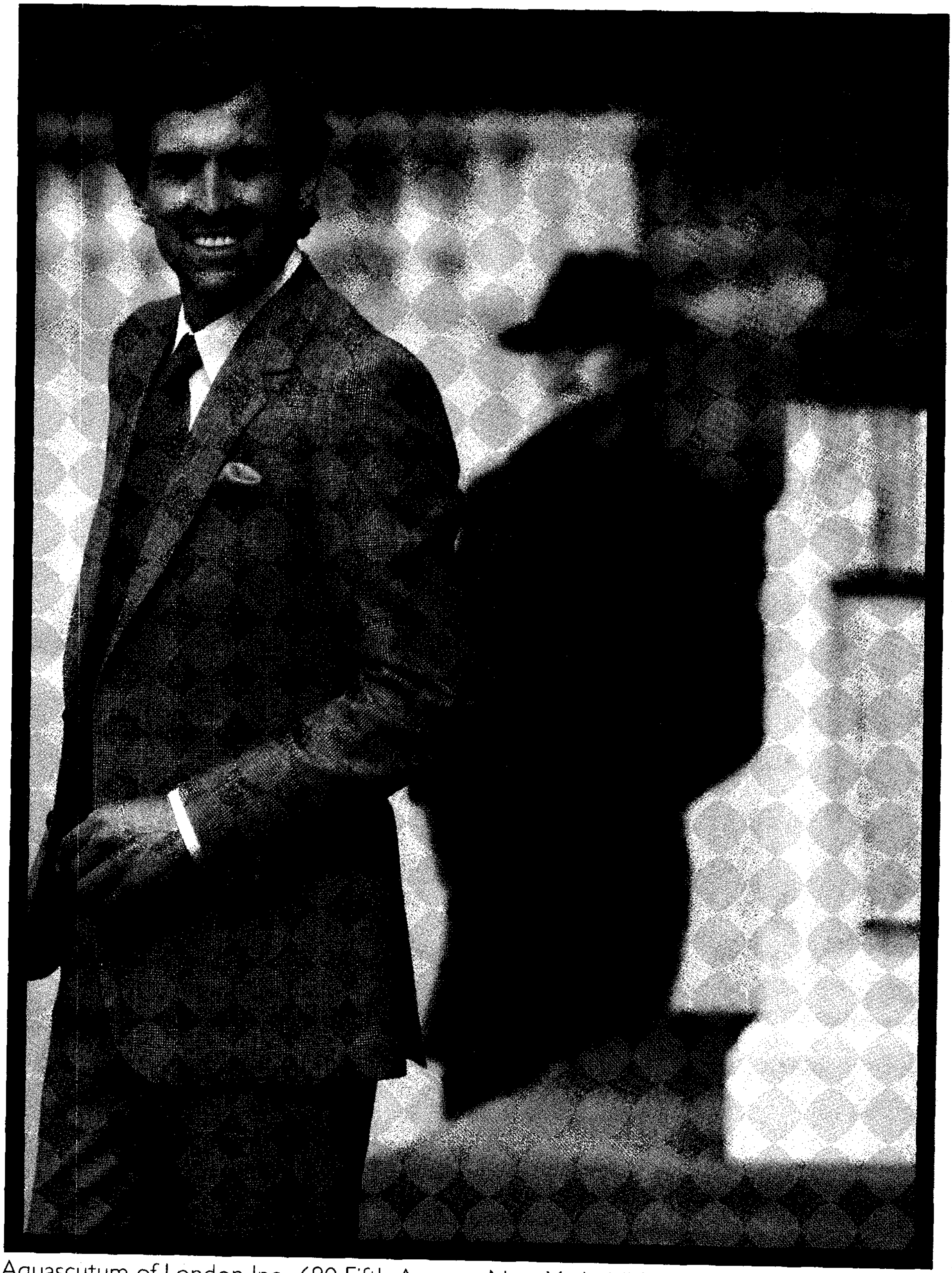

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes from Rio de Janeiro:

I got to South America a couple of days before the first Presidential debate, and I've now learned that it is enormously difficult to follow American electoral events from here. For instance, Brazil's largest TV network, Globo, did not interrupt "Dallas" to start its live coverage of the debate until midway through the answers to the first question. And the simultaneous Portuguese translation occasionally made it hard to hear what the disputants were saying. Judging as best I could, however, I thought none of what went on was especially remarkable—certainly not as remarkable as the iguana on top of Sugar Loaf who ate hot dogs. And certainly not as remarkable as the *favela* of Jacarezinho, the vast urban slum where I had spent the afternoon.

Now I am back at the hotel, two or three miles across Rio. I've never visited a Third World slum before, so perhaps my impressions can't be trusted: it may be that there are things I don't understand; it may be that I am reacting emotionally. But often the only time you see something is the first time you see it. At any rate, the residents of the *favela* of Jacarezinho carry their water to their homes in buckets. At several places on the edge of the vast slum, garden hoses spit out water. A line of people with pails and empty bleach bottles fill them from a hose and then walk to their homes, trying not to slosh. A good home in the *favela* of Jacarezinho, like a good home in East Hampton, is a home near the water. We—I and a lifelong resident of Rio who was showing me around—entered the *favela* on a cobblestoned track, which soon turned to mud and began branching off into an addressless network of narrower streets and alleys and paths and single-file dead ends that led to someone's dim room. Or, much more likely, a dim room shared by half a dozen someones. The crowded shacks are known locally as "mothers' hearts," because they, too, have room for everyone, no matter how many. (A mother's heart, however, expands; a tenement room simply grows more crowded.)

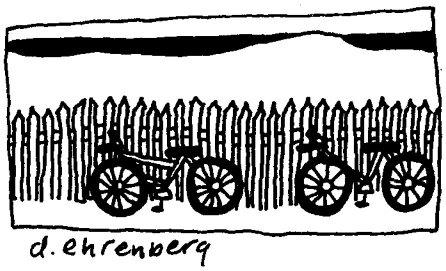
Built of scrap, the houses tilt—the slice of sky above each alley seems narrower than the track itself. The *favela* is dark, and probably it is dangerous—I walked straight ahead and kept moving, mile after mile, and it seemed never to end. What about sewage? Sewage is something I never think about, because I never need to. It is taken care of. Sewage in the *favela* runs through an open rivulet maybe six inches deep down the side of the street. Some of it must empty into a brook about seven feet wide that we crossed on a board: a brook milky white with waste; a brook that smelled just as you would expect, but more so; a brook that ran through the middle of people's lives, and so they sat on its banks and talked. On this spring Sunday afternoon, the population was mostly out-of-doors, juggling soccer balls with bare feet, or fetching water, or drinking at one of the many open-air bars that seemed the main commercial enterprise of the *favela*. They were less bars than counters. Belly up to one for a cachaça—a sugarcane drink with a kick, at three hundred cruzeiros (about a dime) a glass—and your rear end was still in the street. According to my guide, most men in the *favela* manage a glass of cachaça each day, and it is their only indulgence. Women appear to have no indulgence at all. The average income is about forty dollars a month, earned in construction or domestic service or some similar occupation. Out of that come rent, and black beans and mandioc, and money for the doctor. The government does not give out welfare or food stamps, so people have very little leisure and no extra money. When they are home from work, they seem to spend a lot of time not only at the bars but in the streets, perhaps because their houses are so dark. They chat and joke and

Albert Hubbell

live. Several times, people here and back in the United States have told me that Third World poverty is not so bad: the poor are full of laughter and music, and seem—well, happy. Three different Cariocans told me that yesterday, each a little more defensively than the one before—for we were in the hotel bar at the time. This strikes me as the dimmest sort of reasoning. People born into the *favela* are probably even more likely than the people born into Harlem to spend their lives where they grew up. Given that reality, one makes the best of one's life. Certainly if you are poor it is better to be happy some of the time than to be both poor and miserable all the time, especially when there's so little you can do about your poverty. (These people can't "get a job." They already have jobs.) That people manage a little joy living in a cesspool on a meagre diet, working six hard days a week, and sharing their room with the family and the in-laws is not an argument against their having clean water and enough food and some rest and some privacy. If anything, the ability to survive such horrid conditions intact proves so compellingly the kinship between the poor and the rest of us that it doubles our moral obligation to lighten their load. They are people—they laugh. You don't see people out on the streets of surburban America acting happy and cutting up, because they are having a good time at the movies, or barbecuing in the back yard, or sitting in their living room and reading, but you can go to Greenwich Village on a summer evening and find the streets filled with people who appear to be having a good time *even though they have disposable income.*

After the *favela*, the debate seemed fantastic in its preoccupation with tax cuts and prosperity and who went how often to church in what frame of mind. It also seemed, though, entirely genuine in its implications. Brazil watches the American elections, but not because of great popular interest in either candidate; there is certainly more popular interest in J. R. Ewing. Brazil paid attention to the debate because the outcome of the voting will mean as much to the people of this country, and many others, as it will to Americans, or maybe more. For most of us, no matter who wins on November 6th life will proceed equably, at least in economic terms. It is said that very rich Americans may do considerably better if President Reagan is reëlected, but doing much better when you are already rich is essentially academic—there is far less difference between one and two places in the country than there is between black beans seven nights a week and black beans five nights a week with chicken the two other nights. Or black beans five nights a week and nothing the two other nights. Middle-class Americans will most likely do about the same no matter what the outcome. Taxes may go up or down a thousand or two, but in most cases that won't take food off the table. In Central and South America, however, living standards unimaginably (to an American) low to begin with have gone down dramatically over the last few years. In part because America licked inflation with a recession. In part because America licked a recession with budget deficits that increased interest rates and hence the burden of Third World debt. In part because American banks lent all that money to military dictators friendly to the United States and looked the other way as much of it was pocketed. And in part for all sorts of reasons that have nothing whatever to do with us—reasons of history and culture and geography. Still, whatever impact the American election has on the people of the *favelas* will be important, because the people live so close to the edge, and could fall off it. Certainly the election and the course of the American economy will have more effect on the *favelas* than the *favelas* will have on either our election or our economy. In that, the people of the *favelas* are much like poor Americans, who, though they can vote, may not ultimately decide this contest. For all the Reverend Jesse Jackson's talk about a coalition of the oppressed, the outcasts of American society may, this November, as in Novembers before, have to trust in the compassion of the rest of us.

Our electoral system works splendidly to represent conflicting interests, as long as those interests are part of the game. It does not give more weight to the vote of a poor man, nor should it; that would be as insidious as what we used to do—give more weight to the vote of the rich. But the poor need the government in more vital ways than the rich do—ways that have to do with getting enough to eat. If their interests—and at some far remove the interests of the people who live in the *favelas*—are to be represented, it may have to be by the rest of us.



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Centennial

THE other Sunday morning found us on the platform of a bus terminal, in a melee of agitated Russian voices. "We don't know where to board!" one of them cried out. "They've never even *heard* of Tolstoy on a Hundred and Seventy-eighth Street!" We were on our way to Valley Cottage, near Nyack, New York, to celebrate at the Tolstoy Foundation Center the Centennial Jubilee of Alexandra Tolstoy's birth.

Alexandra was the twelfth of Sophia and Leo Tolstoy's thirteen children, and, in a way, was the closest to her father. At seventeen, she became his secretary, and she stayed with him until his death, in 1910, when she was twenty-six. She published some of his works posthumously, so that, in accordance with his wishes, she could buy back eighteen hundred acres of Yasnaya Polyana, the family estate, and distribute the land among its peasants. The First World War took her to the Western Front in an emergency medical detachment that cared for soldiers stricken with typhoid and typhus. She was gassed, but she went on to command front-line medical units in the fight against the Turks in Armenia, and for that she received the highest possible honor among medals—the Cross of St. George. Under the new Communist regime, she was arrested five times in two years, and in 1920 she was sentenced to three years in prison. She was released after serving one year, and returned to Yasnaya Polyana, where she established a hospital with a clinic and a dispensary, four elementary schools, and two trade schools, one industrial, the other agricultural. She also arranged for the house to become a Tolstoy museum. Her dissident standing with the Soviet regime forced her to leave in 1929. In 1931, she came to the United States on a lecture tour, and she stayed for the rest of her life. She died on September 26, 1979, at the age of ninety-five.

In 1939, together with her friend

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THE HANSONS

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Tatiana Schaufuss, and with the help of, among others, Sergei Rachmaninoff and Igor Sikorsky, she started the Tolstoy Foundation, to help Russian refugees in various ways. By now, sixty thousand refugees have been sponsored by the foundation, and among them have been Eastern Europeans, Chileans, Laotians, Vietnamese, Cambodians, Chinese, Ethiopians, and Afghans. In 1941, the foundation was given seventy-five acres of land known as Reed Farm, in Rockland County. Today, Reed Farm is known as the Tolstoy Foundation Center and includes two homes for the aged; a nursing home (the legendary dancer Olga Spessivtzeva, an exquisitely attenuated woman in her high eighties, is being cared for there); a Russian Orthodox church, with a golden onion; and facilities to help refugees translate themselves into their new lives.

A crowd had already gathered when the bus arrived, at about twenty past one, and we were met, on a lawn outside the main house, in bright sunshine, by an old friend, Tatiana (Tanya) Tolstoy-Penkrat, who is a great-granddaughter of Leo Tolstoy. We knew her first as a girl of eighteen; now she is the mother of four—the eldest, a son, is seventeen, and the youngest, a daughter, eight. She is what Russians like to call "a Russian beauty"—tall, fair-haired, with a beautiful carriage, and very handsome. She introduced us to "Mr. Cyril Galitzine, the head of our refugee-immigration-and-resettlement programs." Mr. Galitzine said, "I have *many* titles, but that is *not* important." He shook his head. Under a huge white tent striped in saffron yellow, a chorus accompanied by a pianist was rehearsing the "Ode to Joy" from Beethoven's Ninth.

"Twenty-four direct descendants! Twenty-four Tolstoys are here today!" Tanya said excitedly. "They came from Paris, London, Florida, Arizona—from all over." She introduced us to "Mr. Serge Lopoukhine, our master of ceremonies." (Mr. Lopoukhine is a grand-nephew of Alexandra Tolstoy.) Tanya's sister, Maria (Masha) Tolstoy-Sarandinaki, joined us. She is also tall, stately, lovely, but *dark*-haired. Both sisters were obviously suffering from stagefright. They sighed deeply. Tanya put an open hand to her chest. "Well, here we are," she said to us. She was called away, and, a second later, came back running. To a young woman with a pencil who was sitting in a lawn chair she said, "Add Mrs. James Morris to the seating list."

We walked to the tent (the chorus and the pianist had left) to look at a series of photographs documenting Alexandra Tolstoy's life, which had been chosen and arranged by Masha. It began with scenes at Yasnaya Polyana. One was a touching faded sepia photograph that showed the family against a background of trees. As we were concentrating on Leo Tolstoy's *rubashka* (peasant shirt), Tanya's voice, over a loudspeaker, told everyone to proceed immediately to the Church of St. Sergius for the memorial service, scheduled for two o'clock. "Seating is very limited," she said. And, indeed, it was difficult to imagine how such a large crowd would fit into the small church. "We'll stand, of course," someone said. Other people, as they walked, decided to stay outdoors and listen to the service, since the doors were to remain open. On the way (about a hundred steps), Tanya introduced us to Mrs. Galitzine and Mrs. Serge Troubetzkoy. We saw Professor Catherine Wolkonsky, leaning on a cane. (She was the head of the

Russian Department at Vassar for sixteen years. On our last visit to Valley Cottage, she had told us many fascinating things: that Leo Tolstoy was a strong swimmer and had once plunged into the river at Yasnaya Polyana to save a drowning man; that Tolstoy's mother was born a Volkonsky; that she herself had been replaced at Vassar by Professor Vladimir Nabokov; that nine years into her Vassar retirement she became Alexandra Tolstoy's secretary; and that she stayed in that post for the last seven years of Alexandra Tolstoy's life. She now lives on the grounds, in a rickety house, her rooms overflowing with books.) We recognized Tatiana Schaufuss from photographs, immaculately groomed, a rug over her knees, being wheeled into the church by an equally immaculate nurse. (Tatiana Schaufuss is now a patient in the nursing home.) We saw young Sasha (a female Sasha) Chavchavadze, who works at the Tolstoy Foundation headquarters in New York City.

We stood at the back of the church, staring at all the icons on the walls—some dating from the seventeenth century, some done in cloisonné—and at the iconostasis, which is the symbol of the partition between Heaven and earth. People were buying yellow candles of different sizes at the door, fitting them into conical white plastic cups, and lighting them, to hold during the service. The smell of incense was heavy. We recognized, from the back of his head, Andrei Sedykh, who was standing directly in front of us. He is the editor of the Russian daily the *New Russian Word*. Teymuraz Bagration, who is the executive director and chief executive officer of the Tolstoy Foundation, stood to our right, in deep concentration, his eyes closed. The royal doors to the iconostasis opened, and Bishop Gregory, from New York City, walked out, solemnly—an old man with dark-rimmed glasses and a white beard. He wore a splendid turquoise-blue omophorian over a purple mantle, and, on his head, a sky-blue mitre encrusted with huge stones. On his breast hung an icon of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, and a gold cross. He spoke of Alexandra Tolstoy at length, in a voice that was inaudible. The only words we made out were "Alexandra Lvovna was a refugee when she came here. She was nothing . . ." Three young men—two priests and a deacon—also splendidly dressed, sang. A plane flew noisily overhead. There were quite a few small children in the church, and they were not silent, either. More candles were lit. People were crossing themselves, from right to left, at odd moments, and not necessarily in unison. Altar boys held tall white lighted tapers. The deacon swung a censer back and forth. One of the altar boys spooned some incense from a container and added it to the censer. Another altar boy carried the train of the Bishop whenever he moved. And a third supported him by an elbow. One of the young priests and the deacon often bowed to each other. An invisible choir sang from a loft at the rear of the church. The words, both spoken and sung, that were most often discernible were "rest," "sins," and "eternal peace." A woman in a printed silk dress was on her knees, face close to the ground. Then a young voice recited the Lord's Prayer at full speed in Slavonic.

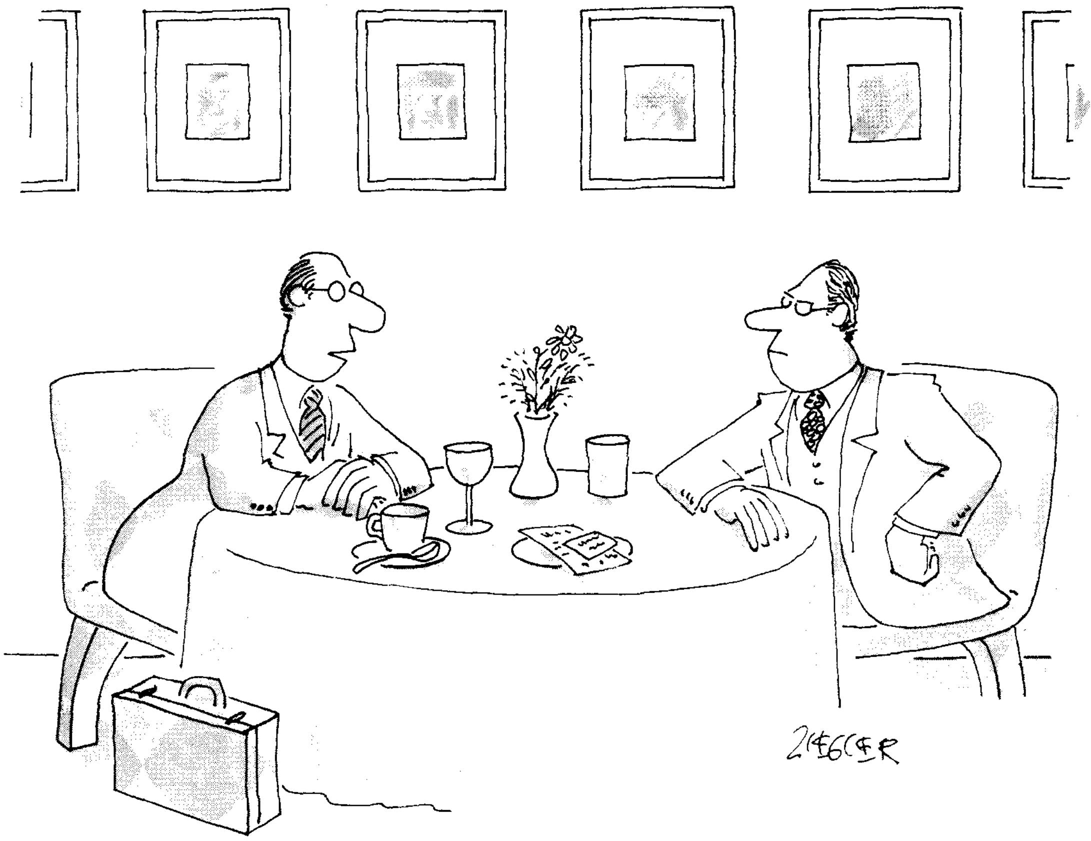
We filed out into the sunshine (the service had lasted about half an hour), on our way to the tent for a concert. We heard a woman say, "Some people from the Russian Children's Welfare Society are here. *Very* important." Tatiana Schaufuss, totally silent, was being wheeled to the tent. Running down a hillock in front of us were three young girls in *sarafans* (long, loose jumpers) of brightly printed cotton, worn over gathered white peasant shirts. We caught up with them.

"Were you singing?" we asked.

"Oh, no!" one of them answered, in mock horror. "Those were *grownups!*" And all three doubled over with laughter.

It took a long time for everyone to settle down under the tent. Then Mr. Lopoukhine introduced Mr. Richard English, who is Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for Refugee Admissions. He represented the President of the United States. Speak-

"And another thing—my gym is tougher than your gym!"



"Bob, as a token of my appreciation for this wonderful lunch I would like to disclose to you my income-tax returns for the past four years."

• •

ing in general, he said, "By their flight, refugees pay tribute to freedom." Speaking specifically to his audience, he said, "You enrich America by your presence." Then he read a letter from President Reagan, addressed to Mr. Vladimir Tolstoy. (Vladimir Tolstoy is Tanya's and Masha's father—a son of Michael, Leo Tolstoy's youngest son. He bears a definite resemblance to his grandfather.) We heard the words "safe home for those who flee from tyranny." There was also a warm message from Governor Mario Cuomo and best wishes from Representative Peter Rodino.

Mr. Lopoukhine then introduced Oleg Pantuhoff, Jr., who is a retired colonel in the United States Army. He is on the foundation's board of directors and serves as its secretary as well. He started his speech in Russian, saying that he had been asked to make it in Russian first and then translate it into English; but, as time was short, he simply switched to perfect, unaccented English. He spoke of Alexandra's indomitable optimism; of the first contribution to the foundation, which amounted to twenty-five dollars; of her lecture tours; of the fact that the late Paul Chavchavadze, the writer and the grandfather of Sasha Chavchavadze, had secured the help of the Red Cross during the Soviet invasion of Finland in 1939. He said, "Alexandra was not only persuasive, she was lucky."

The concert began. The violinist Veronica Kadlubkiewicz and the pianist Xiao-Mei Zhu played Chopin's Funeral March while Tanya recited, beautifully, from Alexandra Tolstoy's "I Worked for the Soviet": "Lubianka Prison. Easter, 1920. Deep, heavenly sounds broke the stillness. . . . Somebody was playing a violin. Chopin's 'Funeral March.' Once, twice. Then the sounds died away and again there was silence in the prison. . . . Infinity . . . That was it. That was what the violin was singing about. . . . Tears of joy were running down my cheeks. I was happy. I knew now that I was free."

While Tanya was reciting, we remembered a conversation we had had with her the last time we visited Valley Cottage. "You do so *much* here," we had said, and she had answered, in all simplicity, "You know, helping people is a tradition in our family."

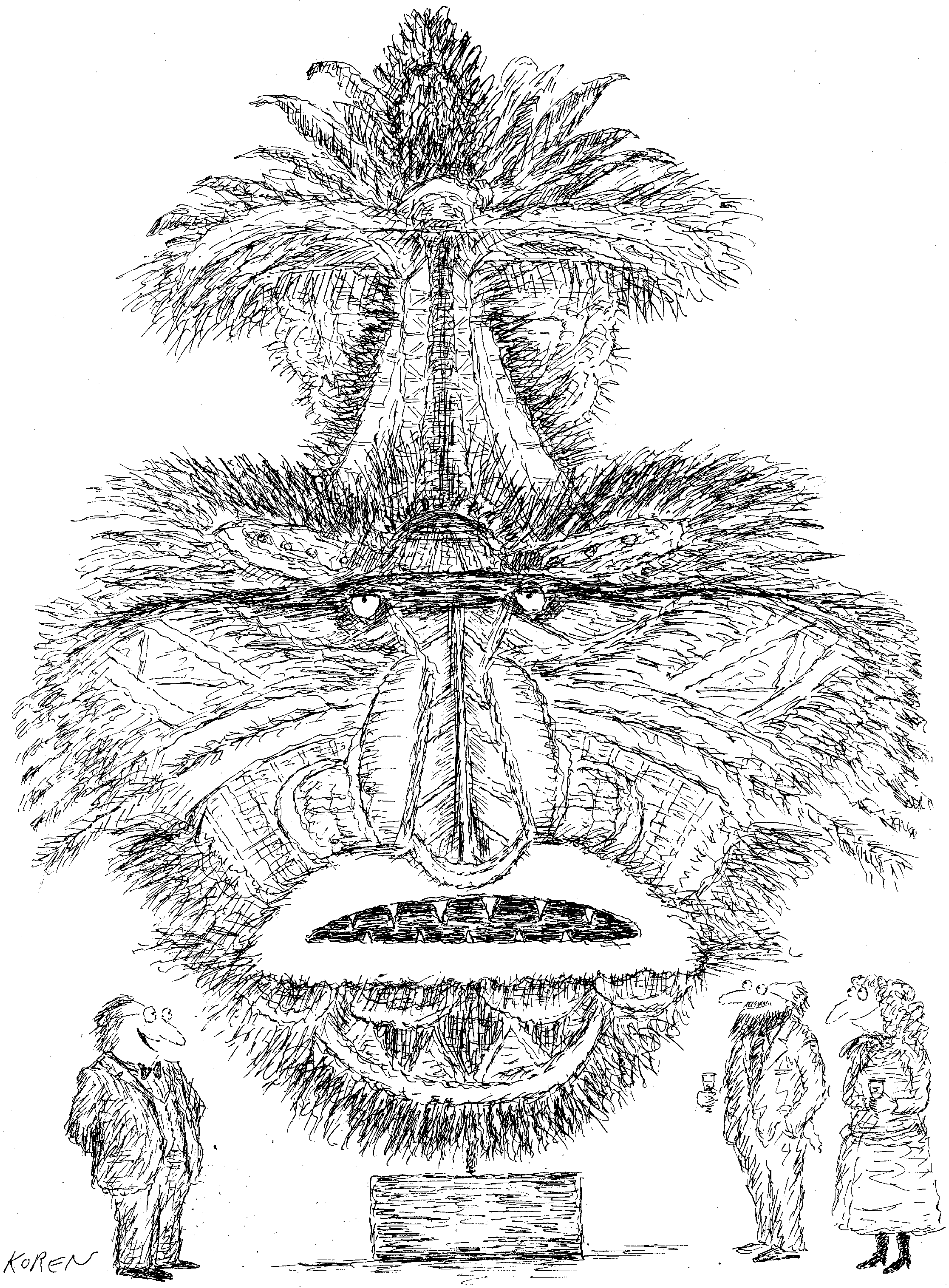
We heard a Mozart trio. Leo Tolstoy loved music. He once composed a waltz. It was now played. All that can be said is that Lev Nikolaevich Tolstoy, in a tender and lost moment of his life, composed a waltz. Folk songs from Yasnaya Polyana followed. To conclude the concert, the basso James Morris, from the Metropolitan Opera, who was in excellent voice, sang, very movingly, Kutuzov's aria from Sergei Prokofieff's opera "War and Peace."

To the live sound of Gypsy songs, we gathered once more on the lawn, for sandwiches, cakes, and a good, tart punch. We greeted Sergei Kuzmich Frolov, the Foundation Center's bearded handyman. His sleeves were rolled up, and he was observing a furry brown caterpillar that was slowly making its way up his forearm. "Makes me think of a bear," he said. Kuzmich, who is almost ninety, has been on the premises ever since anyone can remember. He is a skillful man, who loves to collect discarded objects for future use, which he piles up on the lawn. One of his more famous constructions included a bathtub. (He lives in the back part of Professor Wolkonsky's rickety house.)

Tanya looked slightly distracted. "Where are the rest of the twenty-four Tolstoys?" we asked her.

"Most of them were sitting together at the concert in a pool of tears. Now I don't see any of them," she said.

We walked over to the tent to look at the rest of the photographs. We saw Alexandra with her dogs (she always had two at a time, and taught them tricks); Alexandra visiting with residents of one of the old people's homes; a frail but smiling Alexandra with an unusually benign and relaxed Alexander Solzhenitsyn. A last photograph was clipped from a newspaper. Under the headline "MISS TOLSTOY MOURNED BY FAMILY, FRIENDS," a seraphic-looking boy looked up. The caption read, "Vladimir Penkrat, 9, holds a candle at the Divine Liturgy Sunday for his great-great-aunt, Alexandra Tolstoy."



"Its mere possession is immensely satisfying."

OPENING

THE actors feel that the music played before the curtain rises will put the audience in the wrong mood. The playwright suggests that the (purposefully lugubrious) music be played at twice-speed. This peps it up somewhat while retaining its essentially dark and gloomy character. The actors listen carefully, and are pleased.

The director, in white overalls and blue work shirt, whispers to the actors. The director is tender with the actors, like a good father, calms them, solicits their opinions, gives them aspirin. The playwright regards the actors with the greatest respect. How sweetly they speak! They have discovered meanings in his lines far beyond anything he had imagined possible.

ARDIS: But it's always that way, always.
PAUL: Not necessarily, dear friend. Not necessarily.

The rug on the set was done by a famous weaver, indeed is a modern classic, and costs four thousand dollars. It has been lent to the production (for program credit), as has the chrome-and-leather sofa. No one steps on the rug (or sits on the sofa) oftener than necessary.

The playwright studies the empty set for many hours. Should the (huge, magnificent) plant be moved a few inches to the left? The actors are already joking about being upstaged by the plant. The actors are gentle, amusing people, but also very tough, and physically strong. Many of their jokes involve scraps of dialogue from the script, which become catchphrases of general utility: "Not necessarily, dear friend. Not necessarily."

In the rehearsal room the costume designer spreads out his sketches over a long table. The actors crowd around to see how they will look in the first act, in the second act. The designs sparkle, there is no other word for it. Also, the costume designer is within the budget, whereas the set designer was eighteen thousand over and the set had to be redesigned, painfully.

An actor whispers to the playwright. "A playwright," he says, "is a man who has decided that the purpose of human life is to describe human life. Don't you find that odd?" The playwright, who has never thought about his vocation in quite this way, does find it odd. He worries about it all day.

The playwright loves the theatre when it is empty. When it has people in it he does not love it so much; the audience is a danger to his play (although it's only sometimes he feels this). In the empty theatre, as in a greenhouse, his play grows, thrives. Rehearsals, although tedious in the extreme and often disheartening—an actor can lose today something he had yesterday—are an intelligent process charged with hope.

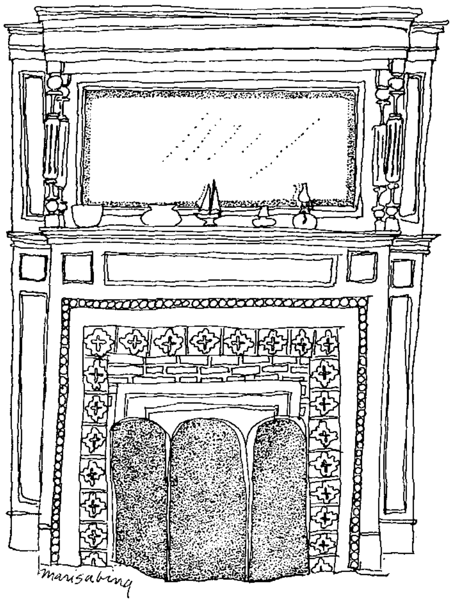
The actors tell stories about other shows they've been in, mostly concerning moments of disaster onstage. "When I did 'Charity' in London—" In the men's dressing room, one of the actors tells a long story about a female colleague whose hair caught fire during a production of "Saint Joan." "I poured Tab on it," he says. Photographs are taken for the newspapers. The playwright goes alone for lunch to a Chinese restaurant near the theatre which has a bar. He is the only one in the group who drinks at lunchtime. The temperate, good-natured actors vote in all elections and vehemently support a nuclear freeze.

PAUL: You've got to . . . transcend . . . the circumstances. Know what I mean?
REGINA: Easier said than done, boyo.

The playwright makes a shocking discovery. One of his best exchanges—

ARDIS: The moon is beautiful now.
PAUL: You should have seen it before the war.

—freighted with the sadness of unrecapturable time, is also to be found, almost word for word, in Oscar Wilde's "Impressions of America."



How did this happen? Has he written these lines, or has he remembered them? He honestly cannot say. In a fit of rectitude, he cuts the lines.

The producer slips into a seat in the back of the house and watches a scene. Then he says, "I love this material. I *love* it." The playwright asks that the costume worn by one of the actresses in the second act be changed. It makes her look too little-girlish, he feels. The costume designer disagrees but does not press the point. *Now my actress looks more beautiful*, the playwright thinks.

The opening is at hand. The actors bring the playwright small, thoughtful gifts: a crock of imported mustard, a finely printed edition of Ovid's "Art of Love." The playwright gives the actors, men and women, little cloth sacks containing gold-wrapped chocolates.

The notices are good, very good.

LIGHTS UP THE SKY OVER
OFF-BROADWAY AND STIMULATES
MEN'S MINDS

—*Cue.*

The actors are praised, warmly and with discrimination. People attend the play in encouraging numbers. At intermission the lobby is filled with well-dressed, enthusiastic people, discussing the play. The producer, that large, anxious man, steams with enthusiasm. The critics, he tells the playwright, are unreliable. But sometimes one has good fortune. The play, he tells the playwright, will remain forever in the history of the theatre.

After the show closes, the director purchases the big, spiky plant that appeared, burning with presence, throughout the second act. The actors, picking up their gear, pause to watch the plant being loaded onto a truck. "Think he can teach it to go to the corner for coffee and a Danish?" "Easier said than done, boyo."

In his study, the playwright begins his next play, which will explore the relationship between St. Augustine and a Carthaginian girl named Luna and the broken bones of the heart.

—DONALD BARTHELME

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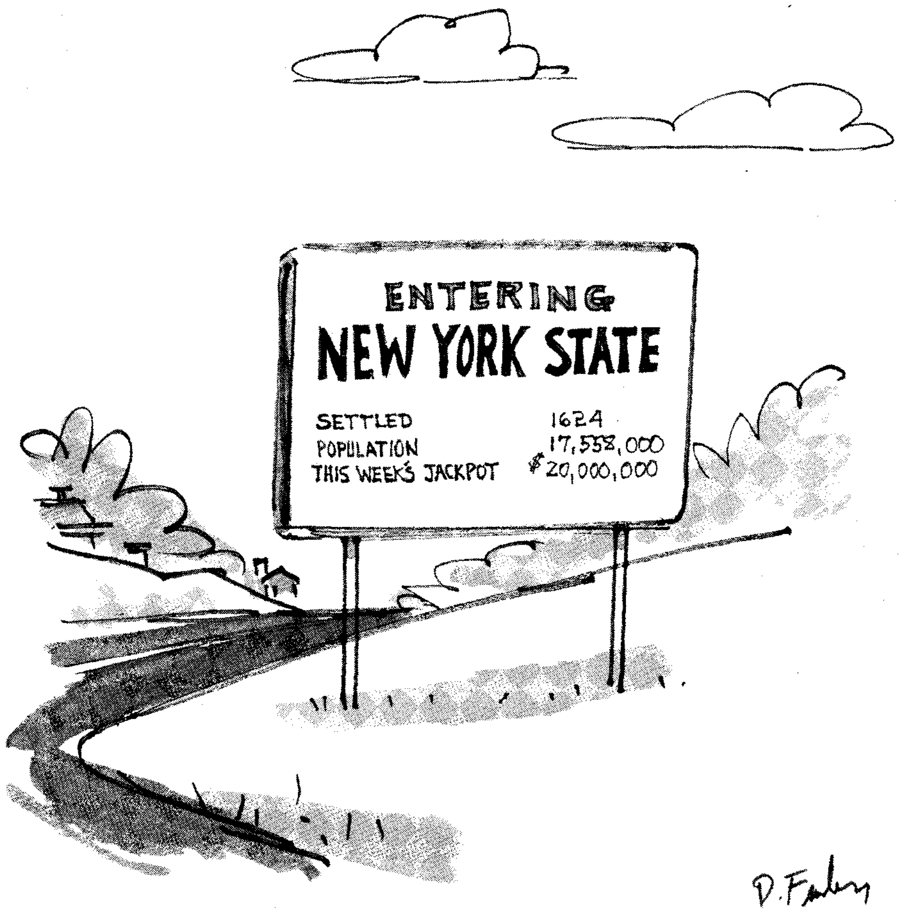
Other theories of squirrel irruptions postulate infestation by mysterious parasites, metabolic alterations induced by population stress, and mass hysteria. All students agree that the matter requires further study. At present the only certainty is that the squirrels do not fall from the clouds.
—*Country Journal.*

Then what's *this* coming down?

THE END OF THE REIGN

MY father left home, after twenty-odd years of marriage, when I was seventeen. It was early June, and spring had just turned into summer, and I spent the day after he told me on the parking lot of the beach where I worked, dazed as much by the sudden summer heat, the sunlight bouncing off chrome, as by the unimaginable change that had abruptly arrived in my world. That summer I had trouble sleeping, and would lie awake at night conscious of every sound, thinking that I was the last line of defense, and that in the event of burglary it would be left to me to leap down the stairs swinging a golf club or else to throttle the intruder with my bare hands. I kept my job at the beach and tempered my sorrow in a pale, doomed romance with a girl several years my junior. At night, we would drive to the beach parking lot and sit in the shimmering darkness, our ardor kept in check by my ineptitude, her youth, and the bright lights of a police car which occasionally broke into our steamy domain. An inexplicable sadness crept into our meetings, and the romance came to a sudden end one evening as we drove along a lonely country road and, while trying to find a station on the radio, I inadvertently veered to the right and looked up in time to see the car surreally blundering through a row of cement posts and into the woods, plowing over small trees and undergrowth, until we finally met an unmoving maple, which our front bumper instantly embraced. We got out to examine the smoking hulk while the radio continued to play the melancholy song that, at the instant before contact, I had accidentally found. We met several times after that, but this shared calamity somehow stood as the final punctuation of our relationship, and soon thereafter the summer was over.

Several years before, my family had moved to a big white clapboard house on the outskirts of town. The property included on its seven acres of marsh, woods, and field a tired old barn and a small white cottage, which we rented out to a young musician. In the wake of my father's departure, and with my own exodus to college impending, my mother, becoming practical by necessity and eager to escape the empty spaces that had suddenly opened up around her, decided to rent the big house and move into the cottage across the way. On a warm, wet autumnal day at the end of August, my two sisters, Lea and Susan, and I helped my mother move our worldly possessions across the driveway, from one house to the other. In bare feet we carried chairs and mattresses and boxes through wind and driving rain over the leaves and sticks and branches knocked off the trees by a sudden storm. My mother's hair was frazzled from the rain and her exertions, and when everything was out she swept through the empty rooms of the big house and mopped all the floors.



The change was welcome. The kitchen of the little house had once been a greenhouse, and its many windowpanes looked out through a grove of pine trees and larches to the barn. Birds came to feed in the yard, fluttering through the branches or pecking across the grass, and our dog and two cats would sit or sleep on the flagstone patio or drift across the lawn like grazing sheep. At all times of day sunlight fell through the branches of the trees and came through the windows, settling in shifting, dappled patterns on the floor of the little house. In its few small rooms everything seemed simplified, compact, and the sudden reduction of space came as a relief rather than a hardship. On the weekends that fall, after taking the train out from college I'd play tennis with an elderly neighbor on our underused clay court and go on long walks with the dog, Max, over the bridge and then out along the road to the marsh. I slept in the attic of the little house, in a tent-shaped room that resembled the cabin of a ship. Its walls were old oiled wood, and its one large screened window looked out through the pines to the field. In autumn, the room filled with the scent of apples decomposing on the ground below.

The structure of our family had not loosened in my father's absence—only shifted, rearranged. When my sister Lea was first married, a couple of years before, her husband, Michael Farnsworth—reduced to Farnsworth in his absence—was reluctant to spend time at our house, but when my father left and we moved into the cottage he was eager to visit, and on Sundays he and my sister would appear in their battered gray Toyota, park in the circular drive, and come up the yard to the house.

"Good morning, Peter," my sister would shout up the lawn to me.

"Good morning," I would say, stepping wearily from the kitchen in my stocking feet, kissing my sister and shaking Farnsworth's hand.

"Well, good morning, sir," he would say, suppressing a laugh and then looking away across the scruffy lawn, as if in search of something he had lost.

He was a slight, oddly formal man, who, not finding the world into which he had been born, thirty-five years before, particularly to his liking, had rearranged it in his mind, and recast himself as a retiring scholarly gentleman of the nineteenth century. In our family he found a kind of verification for this myth, and spent hours by the fire in the little house, the dog at his feet, reading one of the dusty history books he loved, smoking cigarettes (Camels), sipping a bourbon, looking up occasionally to inject a wry, acerbic remark into the conversation. His self-created world cast us all as landed gentry, and our aging retriever, Max, as reigning monarch. We had had Max since he was a puppy, and scenes from his life had become a kind of family lore: the time he gave the beagle from up the street a thrashing and was subsequently taken to court; his trick, when we returned home from school, of leaping up and snatching the hats off the tops of our heads; the solitary roamings of his youth, in which he would cross the frozen river in wintertime and wander through the town for days, visiting a succession of females, until we would finally find him, trotting along the road in a distant part of town. The tragedy of his life came when another dog of ours, Daphne, with whom he was conspicuously in love, was hit by a car in front of our house and killed. The next morning, he went out to the spot where she had last been seen and barked clouds of breath into the thin morning air, and in her absence he fell into a depression from which only now, toward the end of his life, he had begun to recover. In our house, Max had a way of becoming the center of attention, the focus of our affection, as if, unable to show our feelings directly to each other, we used him as the medium through which we revealed our love.

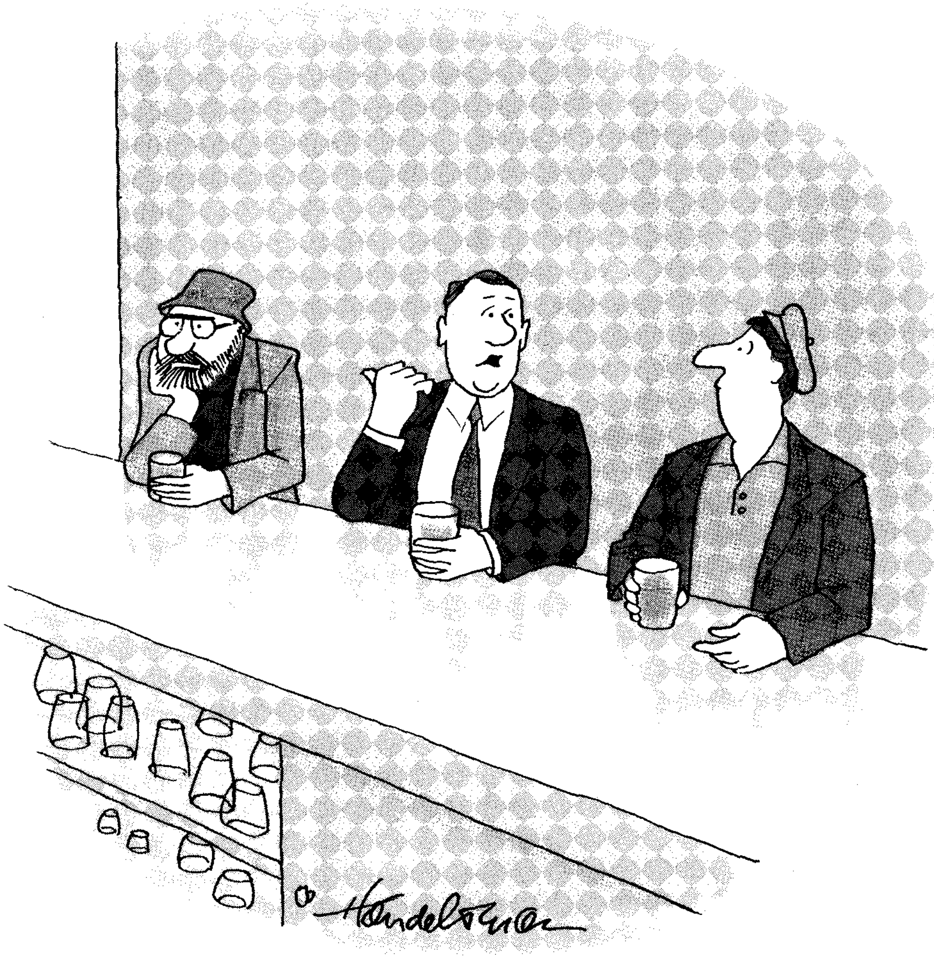
"He's *it*," Farnsworth said once, leaning forward and petting Max softly on the top of the head.

"He's what?" my mother asked.

"He's what!" said Farnsworth in mock indignation, his head tilting sideways like a bird's. "Why, well, he's king, of course. What else?"

For all his peculiarities, Farnsworth was outwardly steady, and addicted to the familiar in a reassuring way. Although he drank habitually and to excess, by temperament and personality he was rather sober, and his intelligence was not visibly dulled by drinking. Like an experimental car that has been adapted to run on synthetic fuel, Farnsworth seemed to have made a chemical adjustment to alcohol, which, at the expense of his body, served some deeper part of his unhappy soul. The signs of his illness were physical—his feet hurt, and his eyes did not always work as they should. He moved through the world slowly and deliberately, his motions polished by habit and a sullen reluctance to do anything too far removed from normal routine.

That spring, on Easter—the day on which, through a conjunction of good weather and added manpower, we had traditionally fixed the tennis court—Farnsworth put in an appearance, amused by this annual ritual of renewal: people raking, leaning over twisted tapes, pushing nails through them and into the soft, sun-warmed clay. At my sister's coaxing he pushed a few nails himself, arguing the entire time with her over the proper technique, and then, as if this simple activity had reactivated some private thought that needed mulling over, he subsided onto one of the nearby benches, his bare feet protruding from the legs of his pants. Several tennis-playing neighbors appeared, and a copy of the Encyclopaedia Britannica was brought up from the house, its fluttering pages held open with a ham-



"Melvin takes a dark view of things. He's a lot like Strindberg in that."

• •

mer to "Pythagoras" while two grown men tried to recall the high-school mathematics required to make the court perfectly square.

"A squared plus B squared equals C squared," Farnsworth muttered from the bench.

"Well, we *know* that," said Mr. Walters, an affable computer expert from town. "That's not the problem, exactly."

Finally, after all the angles had been figured out, crucial corners nailed down, the moldy net dragged out of the barn and strung up, a ceremonial tennis ball stroked a few times across it, the impromptu crew, softened by beer and the surprisingly hot sun, dispersed and drifted down to the house for another drink. It was my mother who actually completed the job, working alone in the following days. She tapped in the remaining nails, pulled weeds and raked the clay, and pushed a heavy roller across the court, pressing it hard and smooth. "Well, the tennis court's in great shape," she cheerfully announced a week later, neglecting to mention that it was she who had made it so.

SUMMER '82

When it was already autumn
we heard of the terrible weather
we had lived through
heat in the city and rain
in the filthy streets

but to us it looked new
night and day
in the washed crowds I could see
after so many lives you
and through the blurred sirens and the commercials
and the hissing of buses on Fifth
I could hear at last what I
had listened for
we woke in the night holding
each other
trying to believe we were there
in that summer among those
same towers

in first light we both remembered
one house deep among leaves
the steps the long porch the breeze at the door
the rooms one by one and the windows
the hours and what they looked out on
nothing had given up

we were swallowed into the subway in the morning
together we sifted
along the sidewalks in the glare
we saw friends again
each time as though
returning after a war
and laughed and embraced them
on a corner in the ringing downpour

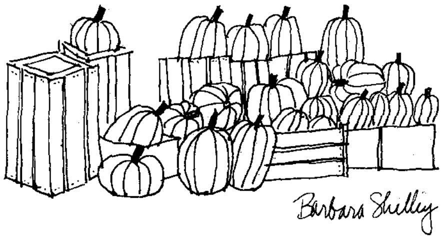
and in the evening we alone
took the streetcar to the rain forest
followed the green ridge in the dusk
got off to walk home through the ancient trees

—W. S. Merwin

• •

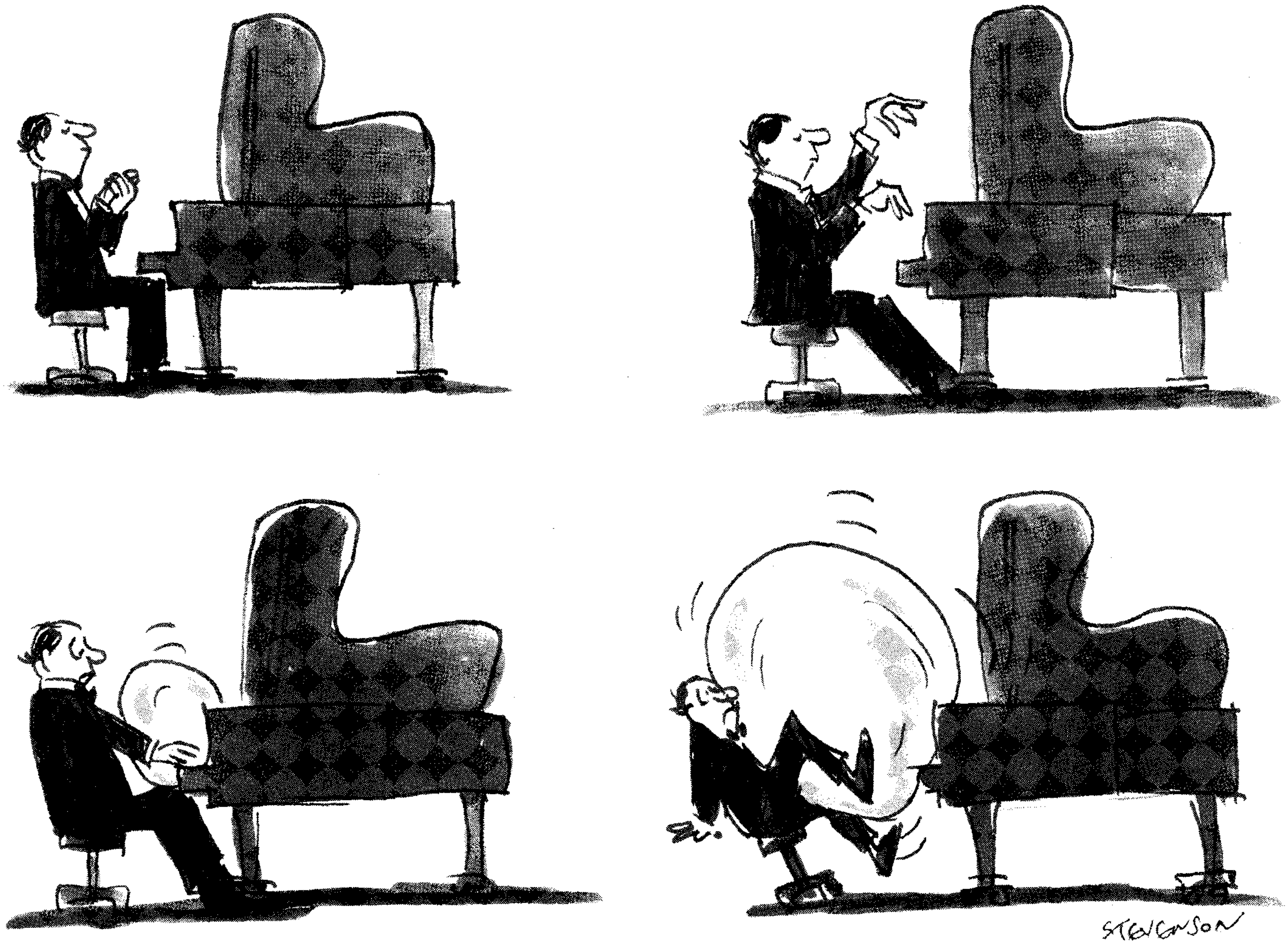
ALTHOUGH essentially alone, my mother was not at a loss for suitors. The rash of separation and divorce that had swept through my parents' friends had left a handful of husbands spouseless, and they, perhaps remembering some moment on a ski trip to the Adirondacks, recalling my mother's charm or beauty, would now and then appear in the little house for dinner or a drink. Arriving home, I would find my mother and one of these men at opposite ends of the couch, cigarette smoke rising from the ashtray in swirls shaped like question marks, and often something in the way they were sitting, or in the moment of adjustment that accompanied my unexpected entrance, suggested there was more than politics in the air. But then, as if our roles had been reversed and I were parental authority, the final crushing blow to possibility, the man would be sent away—a sudden lightness filling his steps, as if he were secretly relieved that what he had come in search of was not to be found.

It was during the summer that Mr. Walters began to make regular visits to our house. His sudden appearances were usually veiled in some good-natured errand—returning a hammer or borrowing a saw—but the frequency of his visits and the radiant look of expectation that accompanied his cheerful walk up the lawn, the sudden flush of color that came into his cheeks when he saw my mother suggested something else. They would sit in the kitchen of the little house, sipping coffee and talking, and as quickly as he appeared he would stride back across the lawn, wave goodbye, and speed off in his car, leaving a halo of dust hovering over the drive and a palpable silence, which my sister Susan would disrupt with an audible clearing of her throat.



"Never you mind," my mother would say from the kitchen, her voice strangely muted by the intervening panes of glass. "Never you mind."

But her meetings with Mr. Walters became more frequent and transparent; she would pass him as he walked to the train station and give him a ride—not to the station but all the way into town, where they would sit for half an hour in a coffee shop before he had to go to work. Mr. Walters was married, and so my mother was subjected to some mild forms of ostracism by some of her previous friends. She was no longer invited to certain parties, and as a family we were excluded from the



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Ludlows' annual Fourth of July party, an event I had gone to since I was a child. But as a family we were also held closer somehow, pressed toward a common center, as if, keepers of this same secret, we, too, were guilty—accomplices by association. The little house became our refuge, the place where we were safe, protected from the disapproving eyes of the town, and from where we disapproved of them.

IN late summer, about a year or so after my father left, Lea left Farnsworth and moved into the barn. Although she still loved him, it had become apparent that she could not help him, and that his depression was bringing her down with him. The source of his unhappiness was deep and hidden, like the hot core of a burning star, and knew no consolation or solace, as if its own exhaustion were the only thing that could put it out. Once employed as a high-school science teacher, he had lost his job about the time that they were married, after a conflict with the head of his department, and since then he had showed little desire for another job, or faith in his ability to find one. And after my sister left him, he lived in an increasingly private vacuum of alcohol and books, speaking only to the shopkeepers who sold him his staples. Occasionally he came over to the little house for dinner, but when Lea was there he often would not want to leave, though this was expressed less by words than by a silent reluctance to get out of the chair in which he was sitting.

"Your sister and I are finished," he said to me one night as I drove him back along the road to his house. "But I wish there was some way I could see more of you guys—your family," he said, looking over at me through the darkness.

I didn't know what to say. "I know," I said. "It's hard for Lea, that's all."

"I know."

The car swept through the deserted streets of the town. I pulled up at the curb in front of the grocery store, over which Farnsworth lived.

"Well, I'll come over for tea sometime."

"You do that," Farnsworth answered, reaching out to shake my extended hand. "And thank you, Peter. I'm grateful." He laughed his soft, self-deprecating laugh and climbed wearily out of the car.

"Take care of yourself," I called after him.

"I'll try," said Farnsworth, and, as if in acknowledgment of my concern, he laughed again, and headed for the door.

EARLY the next fall, I was sitting in the kitchen of the little house, sipping a cup of tepid coffee, looking out through the panes of glass to the yard. It was Sunday, raining, and a warm wind was blowing through the tops of the trees. For reasons I did not understand, my mother was frantically cleaning the house—making beds, sweeping floors, puffing up pillows—pausing only to take a drag from her cigarette or a sip from a glass filled with a suspicious-looking transparent liquid. She was in the attic, cleaning out a closet, when I saw the shadowy figure of a man in a hat and carrying a small suitcase coming up the driveway and across the lawn. He came in the door without knocking, stomped his feet on the mat, and looked up, his cheeks flushed.

"Why, hello," he said, apparently surprised to see me. It was Mr. Walters. "Is your mother here?"

Just then my mother came walking quickly into the kitchen, and, seeing him, made a dramatic gesture of relief. "Excuse us," she said, kissing him and then turning back to me with an amused expression of apology. "I'm so relieved. How did you get here?" she asked him.

"Well, it was quite simple, really," Mr. Walters said. "I walked."

That night, he stayed for dinner and never went home. He had told his children that morning, his wife the night before, and then he just left, walking the two miles to our house—down Landon Street, along the edge of the river, over the bridge, and onto Blind Man's Lane, which wound the final mile to our house. "It was really quite lovely," Mr. Walters said. "Squawking ducks, rain, falling leaves, wind." The matter-of-fact simplicity with which he recounted these events created in my mother a giddy sensation of disbelief—a kind of nervous ebullience. The windows of the little house shook and rattled in the wind, rain beating off the panes, candles flickering in the faint breezes that found their way in.

"You just *left*?" Lea asked.

"Well, yes. Basically. I mean they knew I was going. What's wrong with that?" Mr. Walters said, and he laughed, as if for the first time realizing the implications of his two-mile walk.

Lea admonished my mother for being so transparently happy.

"I'm sorry, I can't help it," she said, and went into the kitchen and began to wash the dishes. Mr. Walters came in and hugged her—a sight so odd I had to look away.

"We're going to get an apartment in Litchfield," my mother told me that evening as she drove me to the train. "And wait for the smoke to clear. It will make it easier on everyone."

"How did his wife take it?"

"Well, not too well, really, but Jim expected that. She was very angry, understandably."

"What about the kids?"

"I don't know, really. We haven't had time to talk about it. I'm still in a state of shock."

"And Mr. Walters is going to spend the night?"

"He has to—where else?" Her little car swung through the darkness and rain, past the landmarks of my childhood—Sherman's Drugstore, the library, the movie theatre, the church—past the street on which, earlier that day, Mr. Walters had lived. She stopped in front of the train station.

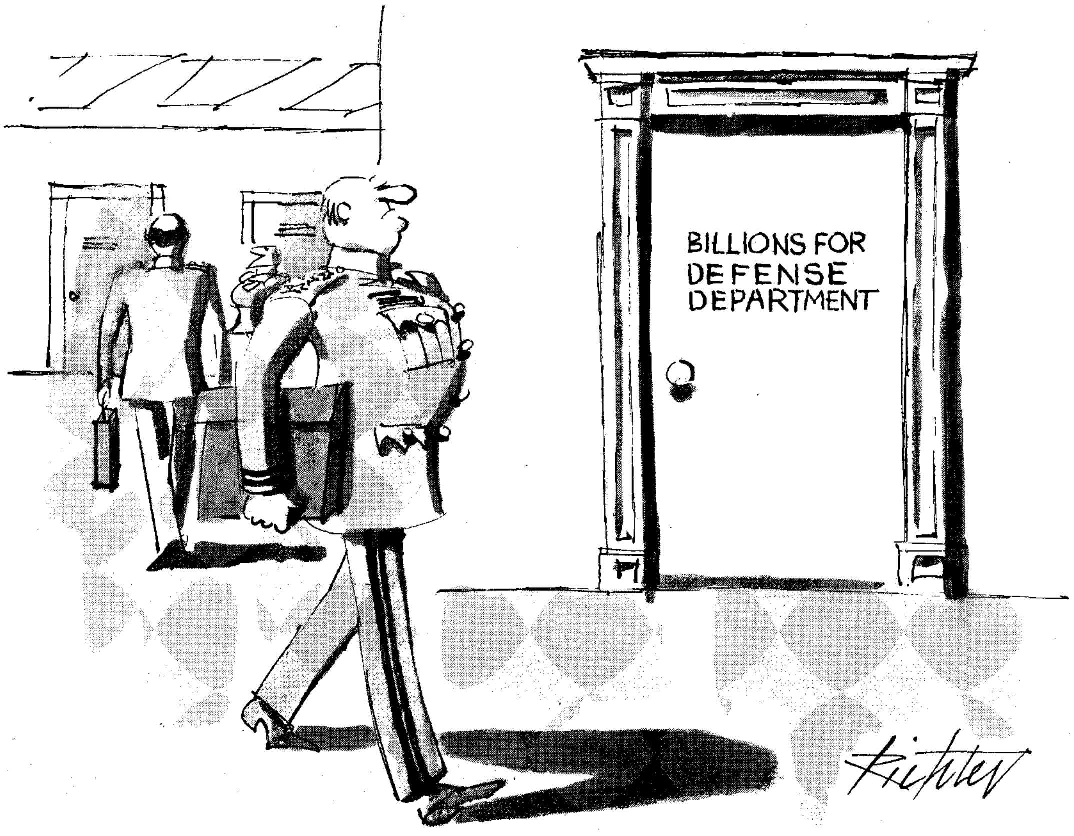
"Well, good luck," I said lamely, leaning back into the car to kiss her.

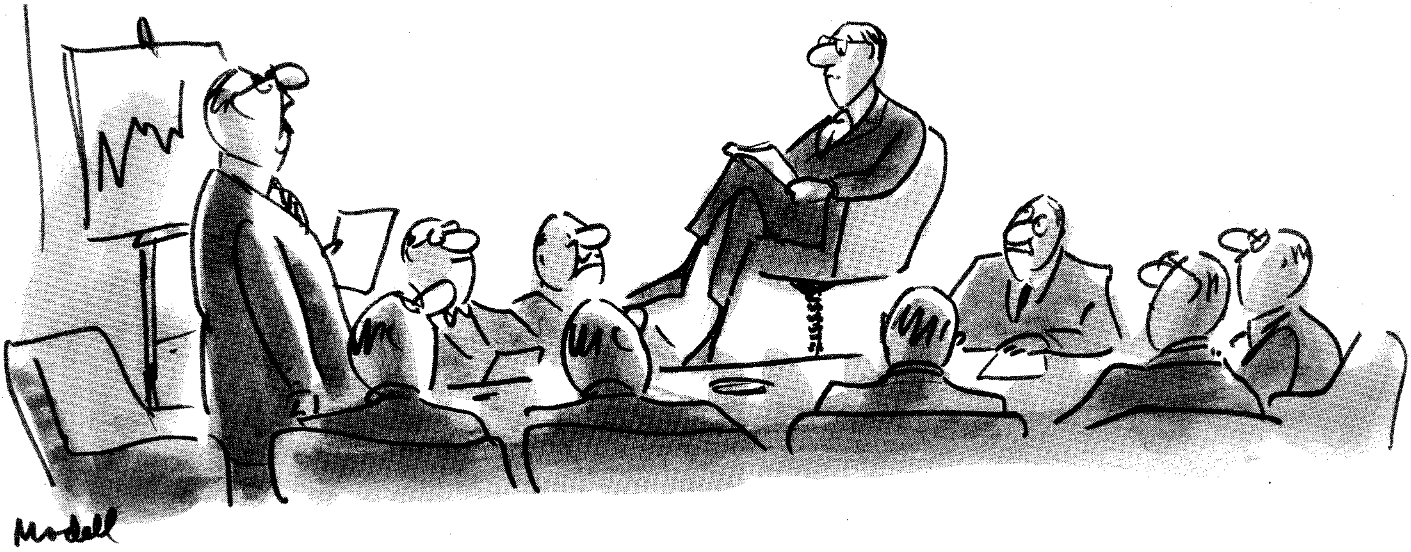
"Well, *you* don't worry about it," she said. "It's not your problem."

"I won't," I said, and, relieved to be leaving, sprinted off to the train.

THAT year, for lack of a large enough room in the little house or in my mother's apartment, we had Thanksgiving in the barn. My mother cleaned it and arranged some extra furniture in the semblance of a living room, and she placed our old dining-room table at the farthest end, beside the wood stove. We lit the stove that morning, filling the room with smoke in an effort to bring the temperature up to a reasonable level. My aunt, my mother's sister—a woman who had outlived her happy husband and their unhappy marriage—had refused to come: a one-woman show of disapproval against Mr. Walters' leaving his wife, against my mother's hand in their now abandoned marriage. But Mr. Walters' sister and her husband drove over from Boonton, in the northern part of the state. Lea had gone to Pennsylvania to visit my grandmother, but Farnsworth came, and Susan and her boyfriend drove out from the city. In the wood-heated barn the miscellaneous parts of our scattered family gathered in a cheerful semblance of a cohesive whole. Max fell asleep on the floor, and the components of dinner—pots of mashed potatoes, cranberries, squash, bottles of wine, and, last of all, the heroic, steaming turkey—were comically carried from the kitchen of the little house across the tundralike surface of the yard. Farnsworth said grace. Dinner was uneventful, and when it was over, before coffee and dessert, we spilled out of the barn for a walk.

It was a leaden, overcast day, and Max and a





"Mr. Shotwell, before we proceed will you kindly adjust your swivel?"

• •

couple of our neighbor's dogs sprinted out along the road before us, their tails waving like flags, the only flecks of color in the muted, sombre landscape. The marsh stretched away on either side, and the dogs ran off across it, leaping over creeks, sniffing the mud, making the bushes sway, and then reëmerging, running back to us, as if for approval of their happiness. When we reached the gate of the Coopers' estate, marked "Private Property," my mother, in a faintly anarchic spirit and buoyed by our numbers, insisted that we pass through. The iron gate swung open with a squeal, and we continued, the party extending along the narrow strip of asphalt road, breaking off in pockets of conversation and laughter as someone leapt to catch a bouncing ball, chased a dog, or broke into an amused, incongruous run. Farnsworth had picked up an old, gnarled stick and was trying to explain to Susan why every gentleman should have a cane.

"Well, so he can fend off robbers, or dogs," he said. "Or so he won't fall down. Oh, Christ, I don't know why every gentleman should have a cane. He just does, and if he doesn't, he's not a gentleman!" He laughed, and tossed the stick off to the side of the road.

We were the only moving things around, and our presence seemed to take on exaggerated importance, as if we were the last people on earth. We veered off the road down a path to an enormous open field stretching away to the marsh. In the distance was the white edge of sand dunes, the thin blue edge of the sea. We stopped and stared, and then, in silent agreement, drifted back in the direction we had come.

Back in the barn, after coffee and dessert, Susan, her boyfriend, Farnsworth, and I collapsed onto the overstuffed couches and made adolescent jokes about turkey—"first the turkey and then the surprise"—and gave in to that feeling of exhaustion that comes from overeating. But there was something in the way that Farnsworth sat and looked that suggested he really was exhausted, that this was a game to everyone but him. He had told me that recently he'd been having trouble sleeping, and would sit up half the night instead, drinking and reading. And on days when he came to our house he often seemed to be in some sort of trance, as if what was happening to him were just the extension of a baffling dream.

SEVERAL months later, while skiing with an old college friend in Utah, I learned that Farnsworth had died. The news came to me on the phone, during lunch, amid the din and clatter of crashing plates, the laughter of sunburned skiers, the sizzle of food in an alpine lodge halfway up the mountain. It was Susan who called, and her voice was clear and cheerful, as if to soften what she had to report. Oddly, I felt grateful to Farnsworth for giving me a chance to leave.

I packed my bag, and walked back down the mountain through the blur of my tears, carrying on a steady monologue to Farnsworth for being such an imbecile. On the bus to the airport, I struck up an effortless conversation with a woman whom, under different circumstances, I would have pursued. On a changeover in Atlanta, at 3 A.M., I had a couple of drinks in Farnsworth's honor, hoisting a glass of bourbon toward a waitress in a dimly lit airport bar. Later, from the plane window, my head pressed against the glass, I watched the glitter of land silently passing beneath me, a magically flat plain of twinkling lights, and the luminous starbursts of civilization.

Susan met me in New York, at the airport, and we drove the five hours north, up through the frozen landscape, on a bitterly cold winter day, over familiar highways, along familiar roads to home: past the movie theatre, church, train station, library, school, over the bridge, left, right, and then wobbling over the familiar bumps and turns of our road—up, over and down, and turning onto the crackling stone driveway. A crowd of people, pressed behind the greenhouse windows of the little house, silently waved. I crossed the frozen lawn and went in, collapsing in Lea's arms in an unexpected volley of tears, instantly making me the center of female solace. Recovered, I found in the living room everyone who had ever known Farnsworth, people who looked and talked like him. But they were standing around uncertainly, gathered in his absence instead of his presence, like witnesses to a magic trick that had finally worked, with the magician disappearing from their midst forever.

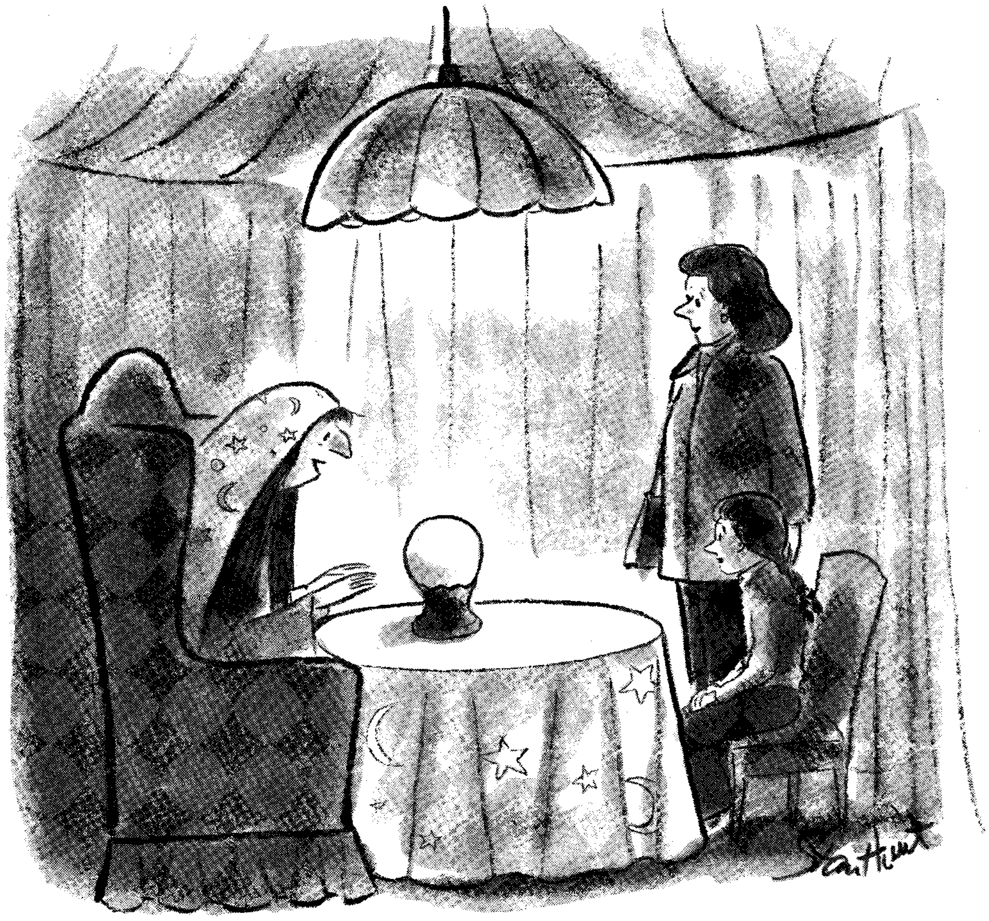
THAT spring, I took a term off from college and moved to New York and worked as a copyboy on a newspaper. On April 1st, Lea's birthday, I called home during a break at work to wish her a happy birthday. She thanked me for calling but said that Max had played an April Fool joke on everyone: he had disappeared a couple of nights before, and had turned up that morning on the marsh, looking like a clump of peat, bloated and damp from several salty washings of the tides. The precise cause of his death, like Farnsworth's, was uncertain. Had he eaten too much of the neighbor's horse grain, and had a heart attack, or was he simply exhausted from living a life happily devoted to impulse?

I received this news badly, too, and cried into the pay phone at which I was standing. I took it as a rather unnecessary signal that my childhood, after twenty years, was finally over. We had got Max as a puppy the autumn we moved to the big house, so I had never lived at home without him. The next time I went home I was prepared for Max's absence but not for the silence, the sound of wind blowing through the tops of the trees, and the fact that I had no one to take walks with.

Lea had met Farnsworth when she was seventeen, and married when she was twenty-one, and now, having expended all her love, hope, and sorrow while he was living, in widowhood she found her grief transformed into a kind of spiritual release, and returned to an adolescence she had previously missed. She continued to live in the barn, bought herself a moped, painted, drew, listened to reggae, and, happy to be alone, became a kind of overseer of nature, collecting the bleached bones of deer, the cough balls of owls she found in fields and woods around the house. Her corner of the barn became a small museum for unusual artifacts, among them several small wooden sculptures of monastic figures that Farnsworth had painstakingly carved and painted as a child.

By that summer, the self-imposed exile of my mother and Mr. Walters had become pointless, and they moved back into the little house. In the fall, my mother gleefully evicted the tenants from the big white house and, with Mr. Walters, moved back in. She hired a mover this time, and oversaw two lumbering high-school students as they reversed our labors of two years before. After the cottage, its large empty spaces were unexpected, like finding something you had never realized you had lost. Their friends from town gradually adapted to the change, and slowly crept back into their world. The tennis court was revived on Easter, and that spring enjoyed a small renaissance, hosting weekend doubles matches between the odds and ends of scattered couples.

The wedding was small, and took place on a warm, balmy day in early June. The tide in the creek was high. The grass was not fully green, and a trace of spring's thinness still lingered on the trees. The doors of the house were left open, and its rooms were filled with a soft, summer light and the curtains billowed in the wind. My two sisters were there, my aunt, several cousins, and, their presence tinged with reticence, Mr. Walters' two adolescent children. In bare feet, we strolled across the lawn sipping champagne and firing bottle rockets into the creek. Chairs were set up on the porch, and at the appointed hour we gathered there as Mr. Walters and my mother stood with the minister between bouquets of flowers to exchange their vows. The sound of wind could be heard in the trees, then a car passing on the road, the flap of a distant sail. When my mother spoke it was with a voice that I had never heard, the words at once soft and clear, like a bell, and filled with the shy, hopeful promise of a child. Her words seemed to hover over the grass and drift away, settling in the garden like snow. It was a voice, I realized, that was much younger than hers, that she had used only once before, twenty-odd years ago, but that now, on this spring morning of early June, had not faded with the intervening years. —DAVID UPDIKE



"Oh, my goodness! You are going to be the first woman to land on Neptune."

◆

The project's cost estimates range from an official $2.1 billion (in 1983 dollars) to more than $10 billion over its 10-year construction, with 90 percent to be paid from the federal highway trust fund.

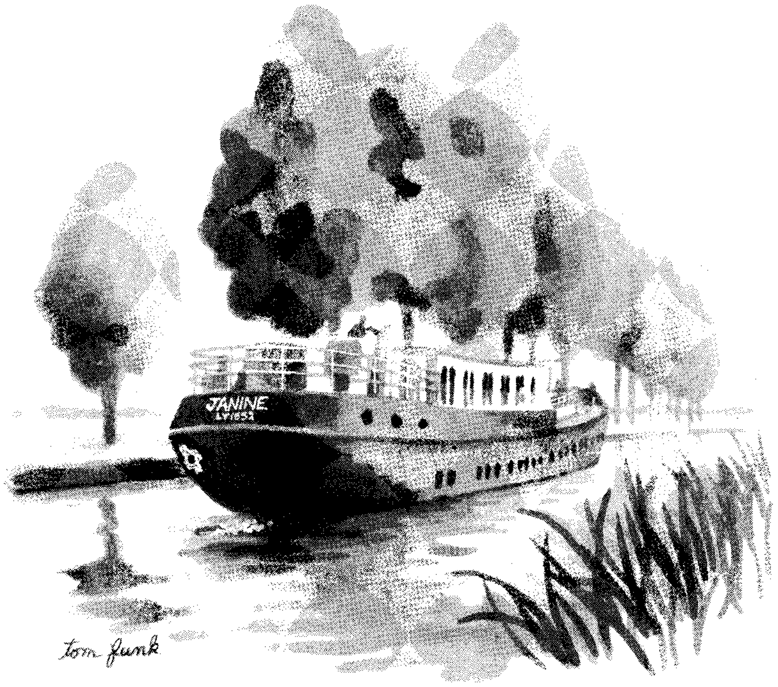
"A billion dollars a mile! $90,000 a foot! $15,000 an inch!" are the battle cries of the opposition.—*Margot Hornblower in the Washington Post.*

And, occasionally, "My kingdom for a calculator!"

A REPORTER AT LARGE

JANINE

I FLEW to Paris not long ago, travelling at the now humdrum, though almost supersonic, speed of six hundred-odd miles an hour. From Paris, I took a train—the T.G.V. (Train à Grande Vitesse) express—to Lyons. The T.G.V. is the fastest train in the world, and it made the trip of three hundred and seventeen miles in just two hours. From Lyons, I travelled to Dijon, a distance of around a hundred and sixty miles, and it took me six days and six nights. I travelled by boat—by barge.



There is good reason to visit Dijon. It is a beautiful town of eighteenth-century boulevards and squares and dark medieval alleys and byways, and its center is small enough to comfortably comprehend on foot. It was the seat of the powerful fourteenth-century Dukes of Burgundy, and the birthplace of Jean-Philippe Rameau and of Gustave Eiffel. There is a thirteenth-century Gothic church (with an eleventh-century Roman crypt), an art museum (housed in the former ducal palace) whose collection of Old Masters has been favorably compared with that of the Louvre, and a once-residential square designed by Jules Hardouin-Mansart, the architect of Versailles. It is the home of the combination of white wine and crème de cassis that takes its name from an ardent admirer and onetime mayor of Dijon named Chanoine Félix Kir, and of the world's most celebrated mustard. It has many fine restaurants (among them, most notably, Le Chapeau Rouge and Les Caves de la Cloche), whose cellars are agreeably stocked with such wines of the region as Brouilly, Morgon, Chiroubles, Fleurie, Moulin-à-Vent, Chénas, Pouilly-Fuissé, Gevrey-Chambertin, Clos de Vougeot, Richebourg, Vosne-Romanée, Nuits-Saint-Georges, Aloxe-Corton, Pommard, Volnay, Meursault, Montrachet, and Beaune. There is also good reason to travel there by boat. The water route—up the river Saône (which joins the Rhône at Lyons) and through the nineteenth-century Canal de Bourgogne—marks the eastern boundary of Beaujolais and Mâconnais and the Côte d'Or, whose hundreds of tiny vineyards produce those renowned and relished wines. One is often told in Lyons that the city is bathed by three rivers—the Rhône, the Saône, and the Beaujolais.

THE barge that carried me to Dijon was a beamy, low-slung vessel, a hundred and twenty-six feet long, with accommodations for two dozen passengers, in twelve cabins (each with toilet and shower) not much bigger than the sleeping compartments on a European train. It was one of several such passenger barges owned and operated by Floating Through Europe, Inc., of New York City, and it was called Janine. In Lyons, the usual berth of the Janine is at the Quai Fulchiron, on the west (or steep and stony old-town) bank of the Saône, just upriver from its junction with the Rhône, and I and my fellow-passengers—twenty of them, all fellow-Americans—boarded it there around three o'clock on a hot, blazing Wednesday afternoon.

The Janine has an open forward deck (furnished with white iron garden chairs and matching parasoled tables), which opens into a red plush salon, a small bar, and a dining room with six tables, each of them seating four. Aft of the dining room (I later learned) is the galley, and aft of that, up some steep steps, is the pilothouse. The cabins are below—at the waterline, in fact—and all of them have names reflective of the region. I was assigned to Beaune. There were two small, head-high windows (with the river lapping almost to the sills), two narrow bunks, arranged foot-to-foot in an L formation, and a small closet. There was a plastic bottle of Evian mineral water on the washstand, a red rosebud in a vase on a shelf, and three framed reproductions of lifelike fruit and flower arrangements by Redouté on the walls. I stowed away my luggage and went back up on deck. Most of my fellow-passengers were already there, sitting or standing and chattering cocktail-party talk. Two or three idlers watched with interest from the street above the seawall and the quay. A pretty, dark-haired, blue-eyed, hugely smiling French girl (named Bernadette) passed among us with a tray of tall glasses of kir.

By the time I had finished my kir (and wondered at its popularity as an apéritif), my shipmates had begun to sort themselves out. All of them appeared to be in their fifties or sixties. There was a clique of four couples from Texas, a clique of four couples from Westchester County, a couple from California, and two women from Michigan. By this time, too, the Texans had switched to Scotch, and the New Yorkers had switched to Martinis. The cocktail-party chatter climbed to a higher pitch.

"I'd appreciate your not breathing while I'm smoking. . . ."

"I feel sorry for people who don't drink. When they wake up in the morning, that's the best they're going to feel all day. . . ."

"Well, somebody told him that the airlines were required by law to accept a musician's instrument along with the musician. And this was in Switzerland, you know. So he went out and bought himself a twenty-five-foot alpenhorn . . .”

We were moving. We had cast off and were sliding away from shore. The party chatter faltered. The Saône at Lyons is a beautiful river, and I stood and watched it reveal itself as we reached midstream and gently chugged upriver through a green *allée*, between orderly rows of leafy plane trees that lined the gray stone quays. Beyond the trees were rows of apartment houses—dusty yellow and faded orange, with tall windows flanked by faded blue shutters—in the formal style of the middle nineteenth century, and rising beyond the apartments were the delicate towers and spires and belfries of churches. The party chatter began again. We crept under a bridge. A racing scull appeared in the distance. It came skimming closer. And closer. And suddenly darted for shore, to sit there bucking and bouncing in our wake. The women from Michigan smiled and waved. The oarsman hunched his shoulders and looked away. The sky to the west brightened into a sunset blaze. A star came out. Up ahead, on the left, a patch of pale-blue neon shone through the trees: “PAUL BOCUSE.” One of the New York women saw it, too.

“Oh, look! We had dinner there last night. And it was the greatest. It was just the greatest ever. And Paul Bocuse himself came over to our table and autographed my menu.”

A slim young Englishwoman (named Kirsty), blue-eyed and sandy-haired, came out on deck and announced that dinner was served.

The chef on the Janine is a young Flemish Belgian (named Geert), and his sous-chef is an Englishwoman who is also Kirsty’s mother. Her name is Shirley. Neither he nor she is Paul Bocuse, but they *are* chefs. And we dined formally, leisurely, and well. The entrée was turbot à la meunière in a white-wine sauce, around which were arranged slices of sautéed bananas. With it we drank a Chablis. The main course was roast lamb with tiny green beans (no thicker than strands of spaghetti) and dauphine potatoes. With it we drank an Aloxe-Corton. That course was followed by a green salad and a variety of local cheeses. The dessert was raspberry sorbet and a white cake layered with chocolate, whipped cream, and hazelnuts. We sat down at eight o’clock, and it was around ten-thirty when we had our coffee. One of my tablemates—I think it was the man from California—finished his coffee and sat back with a groan.

“You know what they say about gastronomy,” he said. “They say it’s the only vice that grows stronger with age. I’m feeling very old tonight.”

THE PAINTER TO HIS WIFE

(Based on the Self-Portrait of Ivan Generalić, the School of Naïve Painters, Hlebine, Yugoslavia)

Once distant villages hung in the trees
Like God the Father’s stars, and pigs transformed
The grass with wedding feasts, and goslings swarmed

Running like kindergarteners from the geese,
Glad in the farmyards of the sacred heart,
The windows of the Lord where sunsets brimmed

Around the heads of sheep, as gold leaf rimmed
The gospel pages where we played a part
Until God chased you crying from the world—

There we were saved. Lambs stepped on skinny legs
To baby-sit the hidden, fragile eggs
When birds, flown to the Crucifixion, swirled

And snapped the fresh white linen in their beaks,
Draping the shroud of Jesus in the yard.
But now I take it back, I take it hard,

I take it up with Him whose evening streaks
The violet flash of Christ beyond the fence,
As tears make purple clouds of Bible ink

On gospel leaves of onionskin. I think
Of roots touching your face in ignorance.
Once onions curled like gospels from your knife,

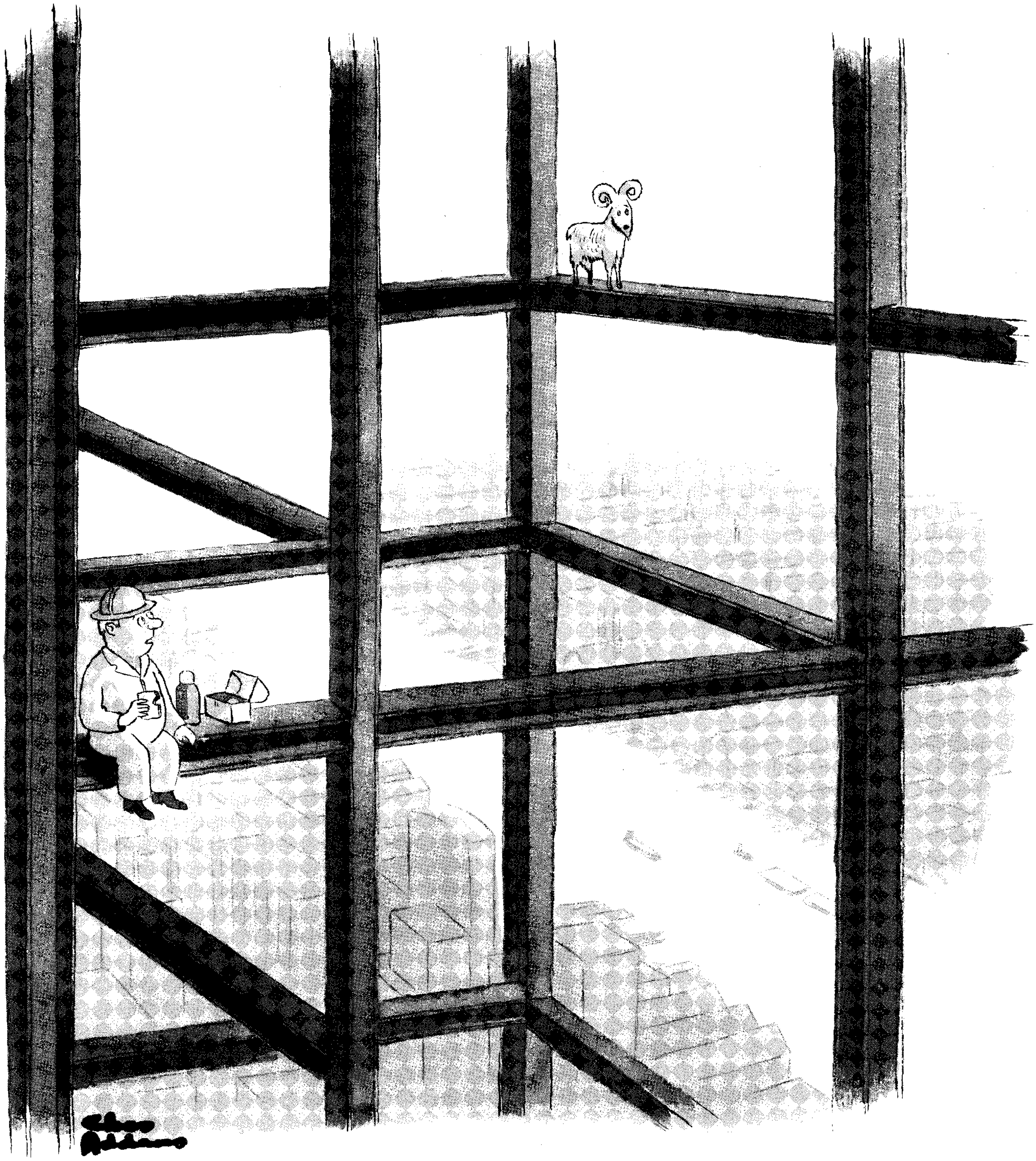
Once roosters spread their wings like Christ entombed
But risen, stepping through the stony room
The way foals rise and wobble into life

Before their mothers’ eyes. I take it back.
Instead our windows darken into squares
Of night, from which you’ve vanished, window squares

Like Bibles closed forever, squares of black.
—Gjertrud Schnackenberg

• •

THERE is no night traffic on the Saône. Its several locks all close at seven-thirty in the evening. When I came up from my cabin at around seven-thirty the following morning, we were still moored where we had spent the night—alongside an old stone quay below an invisible village called Trévoux. Three of the Texans were sitting at a table in the dining room. Two were drinking coffee. The other was drinking a Coke. I stepped out on deck. It was a mild morning, with a wispy fog still sparkling in the trees above the quay. A young woman was standing near the bow. She was a member of the crew whom I had only glimpsed the day before. She was dressed in black—black jeans, black jersey, black sneakers—and her hair was long and black. She wore dark glasses, and silver earrings in the shape of lightning bolts. Her sleeves were rolled up to the elbow. There was an elaborate tattoo on her left forearm, and the nail of the little fin-



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ger of her left hand was a good inch long and painted black. She had a cigarette in her mouth.

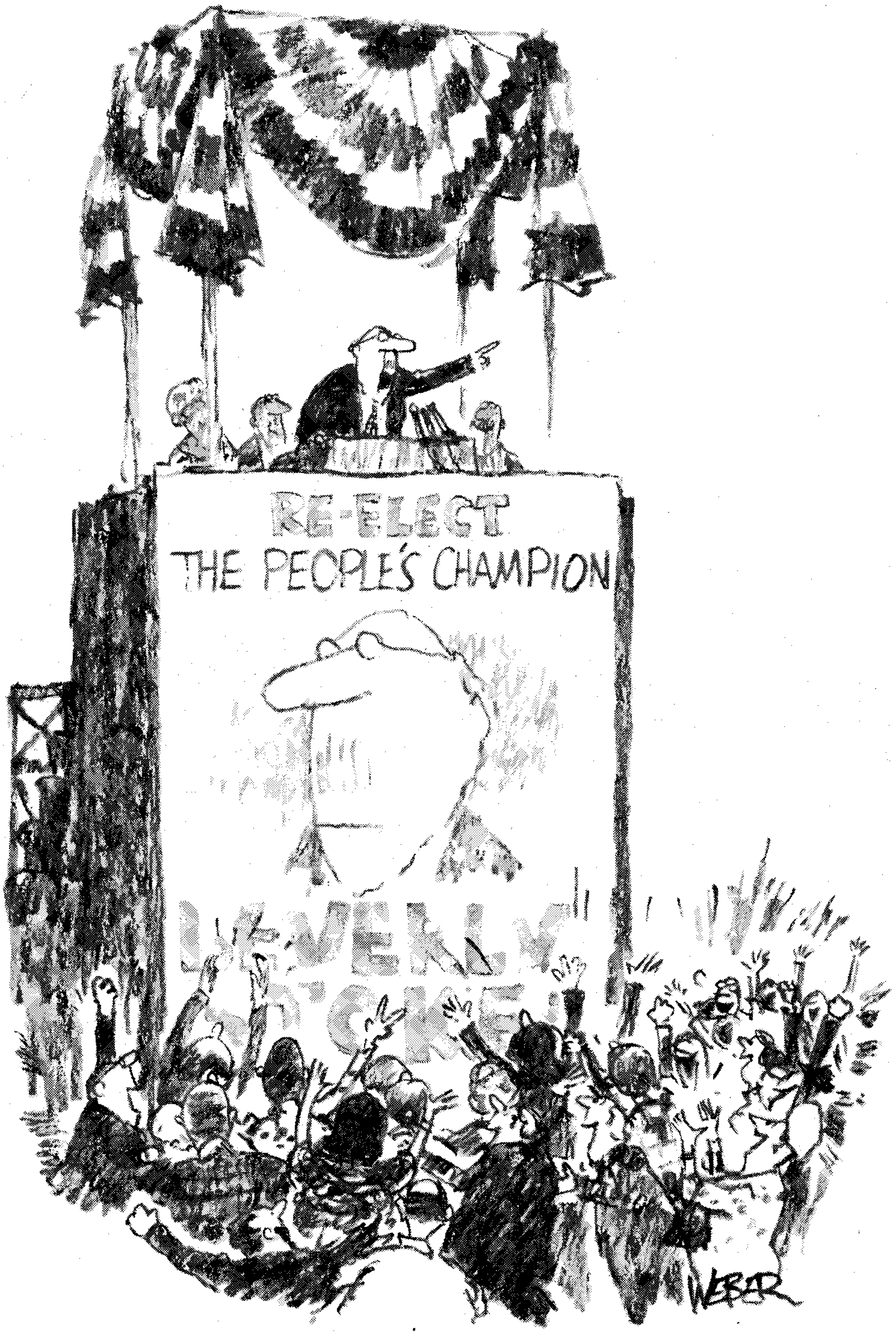
"Hullo," she said. "My name is Angie." Her English was British English. "I hope you slept well."

I said I had, and asked her about her job.

"Oh," she said. "I'm the deckhand. We'll be casting off any moment now. We're only waiting for Geert—for the chef. He went up to the village bakery to get our bread. He should—I mean, there he is now."

A slight young man with a pale mustache came wobbling along the quay on a bicycle, steering with one hand and clutching a bag of three-foot baguettes with the other. He passed us with a nod and jumped off the bike and trotted up a gangplank and into the pilothouse.

I went in to breakfast. There was a buffet. I helped myself to orange juice from a pitcher and to coffee, and carried them over to a table. The chef had brought back more from the village bakery than those baguettes. The basket on my table also held fresh croissants and fresh sweet rolls. But it was the bread that mattered most. It was the lightest French bread I had ever tasted, and the crustiest. The center was feathery, almost gossamer, and the crust was almost an inch of crisp and crumbling thickness. And, spread



“*And another thing. I’ve been advised not to say ‘hopefully,’ but, by God, I’m going to say it anyway!*”

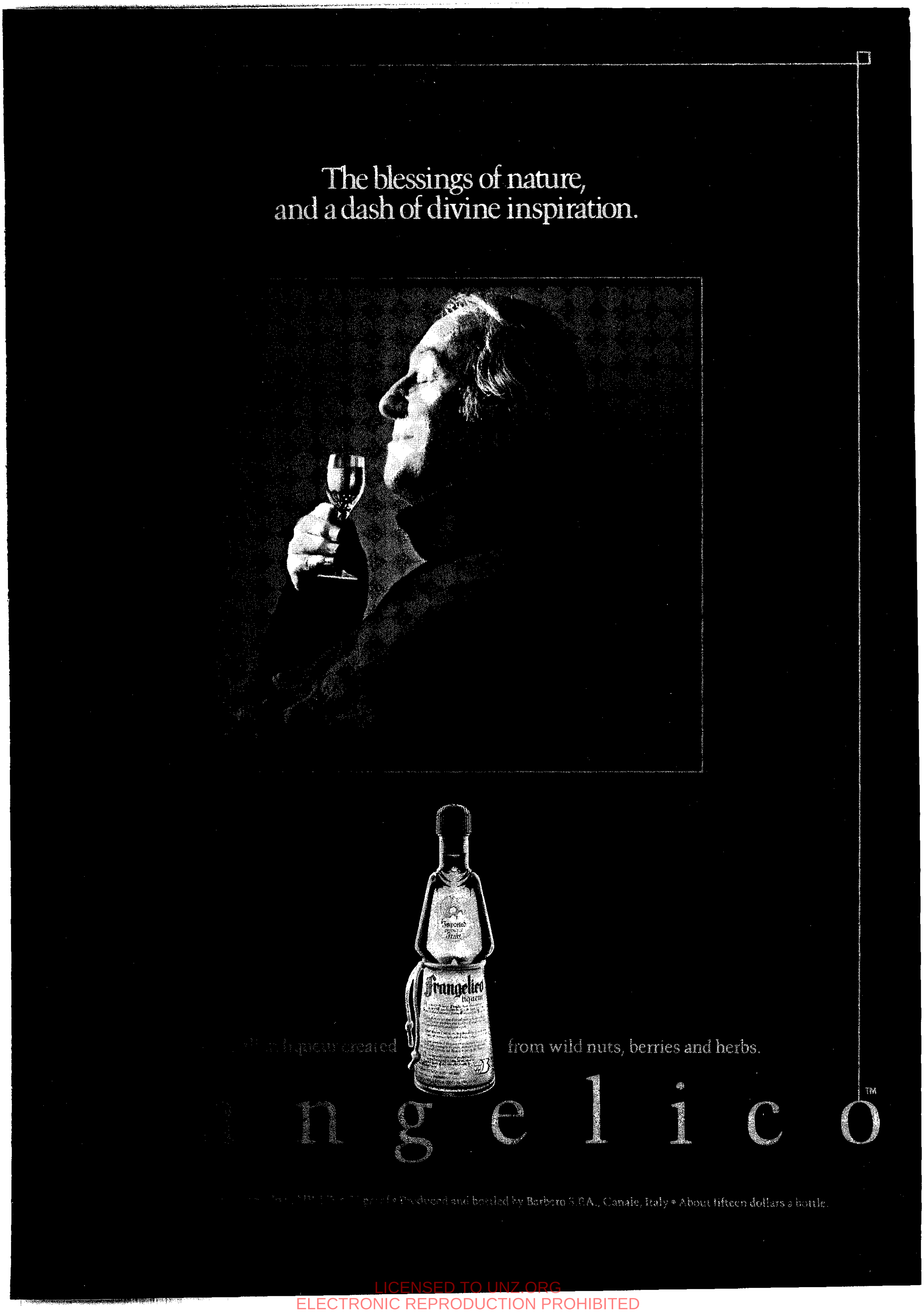
• •

with good sweet butter (from Normandy), it was a rapture of gastronomic vice.

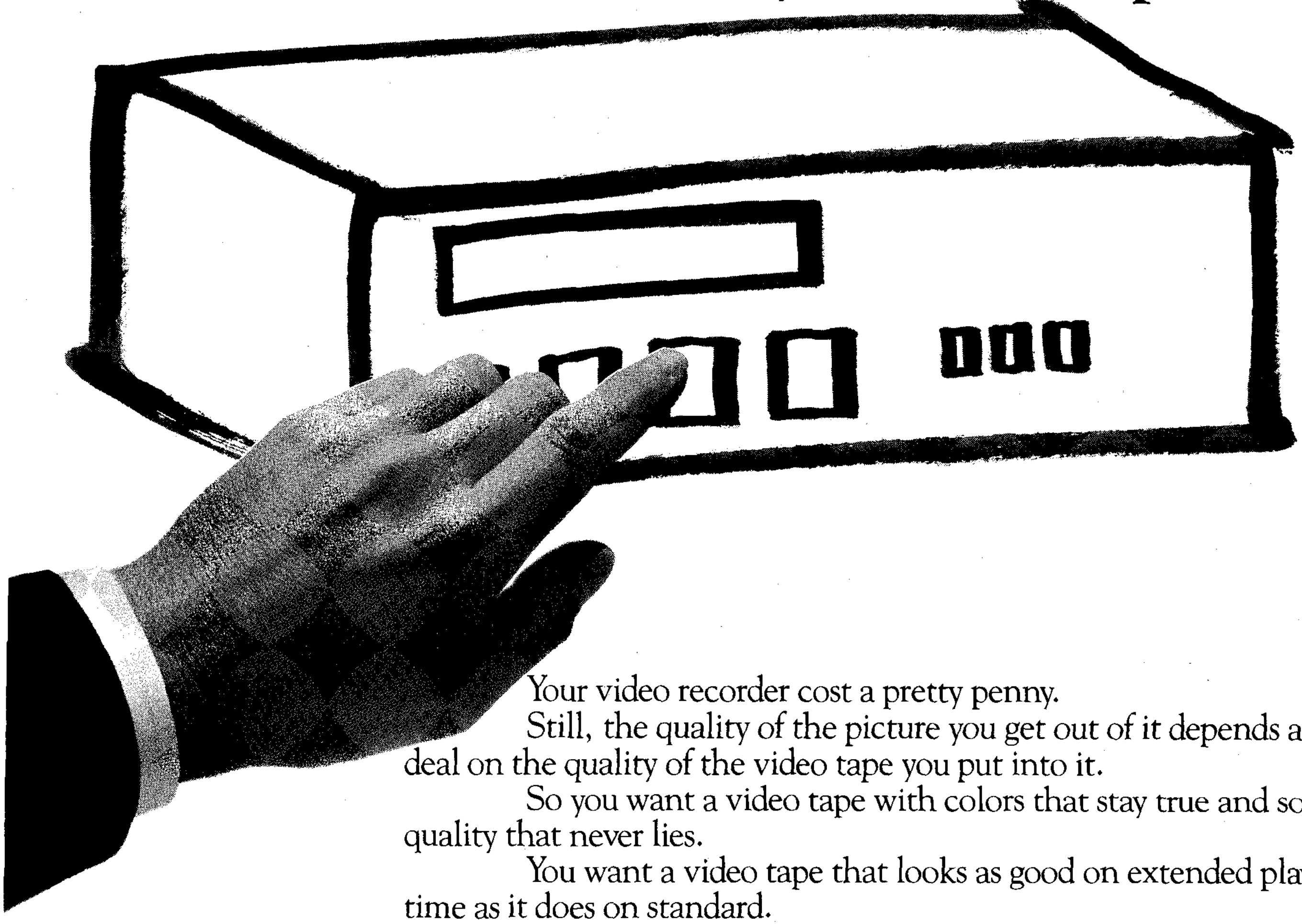
I CLIMBED the steep steps to the pilothouse. It was a window-walled room with a clear view up the length of the barge to a sighting pennant on the tip of the bow. There was a spoked wheel, a console, a shelf of charts, and a wide leather-covered bench. A little white Jack Russell terrier was asleep on the bench. The captain was standing at the wheel. He was a big young Frenchman—black-haired and black-bearded, and with eyes the color of green olives—named Luc Malfoy. His uniform was a Yale-blue running suit (with “Janine” lettered over the heart) and white running shoes. “No,” he told me. “I am born in Brittany.” His English was British English. “But I am three years on this river. And I have been on the rivers of Holland and England. I always prefer to go upstream on this river. The current is strong, and maybe eight miles an hour is the best we can do, but it is better than running down. That can be trouble at the bridges. This is a good river. The dredges work every day on the channel. It is clean—very clean. It is maybe the cleanest river in France. Sometimes in hot weather, we stop and the guests go swimming. And the fishermen you see along the shore—they are not like some others, like the fishermen in Paris. They catch fish. Good fish to eat. Pup-pee? No, he is not mine. We are good friends only. He is own by Shirley. And that is his name—Pup-pee. And he is the good sailor. Watch him when you see him on deck. See how he runs.”

LUNCH on the Janine is served at one o’clock. But Bernadette, by popular request, opened the bar before noon. The Texans drank Scotch, the New Yorkers drank Bloody Marys, the Californians and the women from Michigan drank white wine. I tried, at Bernadette’s suggestion, an apéritif called Suze. It was a lemony yellow in color and it had an odd, bittersweet flavor. It tasted as if it might have been distilled from some familiar weed—purslane, perhaps. But I liked it well enough. Lunch was a cold buffet. There was bread and wine (Chablis), and a dessert of frozen Grand Marnier soufflé. The main dish was a glazed whole salmon—two of them, in fact—returned to mock life with scales of cucumber crescents and garnished with hard-boiled eggs, sliced tomatoes, and truffles. Kirsty called us to the buffet and handed a big fish knife to one of the Texans. He handed it back. “No, Ma’am!” he said. “I’m not going to be the one to destroy a work of art.”

THE bus, a big blue-and-white Renault, was waiting for us on the esplanade above the Quai Lamartine at Mâcon. Kirsty got us aboard and seated, and exchanged a vehement greeting in French with the driver. She said to us, “We shall make two visits this afternoon. We go first to an important Mâconnais vineyard. Then we go to the famous Abbaye de Cluny. At the vineyard of Georges Lardet, we shall meet our guide. She is French, but English-speaking. Her name is Françoise.” The bus moved off. Several of those who had most appreciated


The blessings of nature,
and a dash of divine inspiration.
Imported Product of Italy
Frangelico
liqueur
[illegible] liqueur created from wild nuts, berries and herbs.
[illegible]ngelico™
[illegible] proof • Produced and bottled by Barbero S.P.A., Canale, Italy • About fifteen dollars a bottle.

The most important part of your video recorder is your video tape.



Your video recorder cost a pretty penny.

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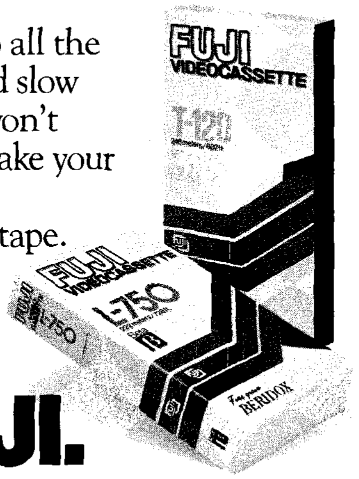

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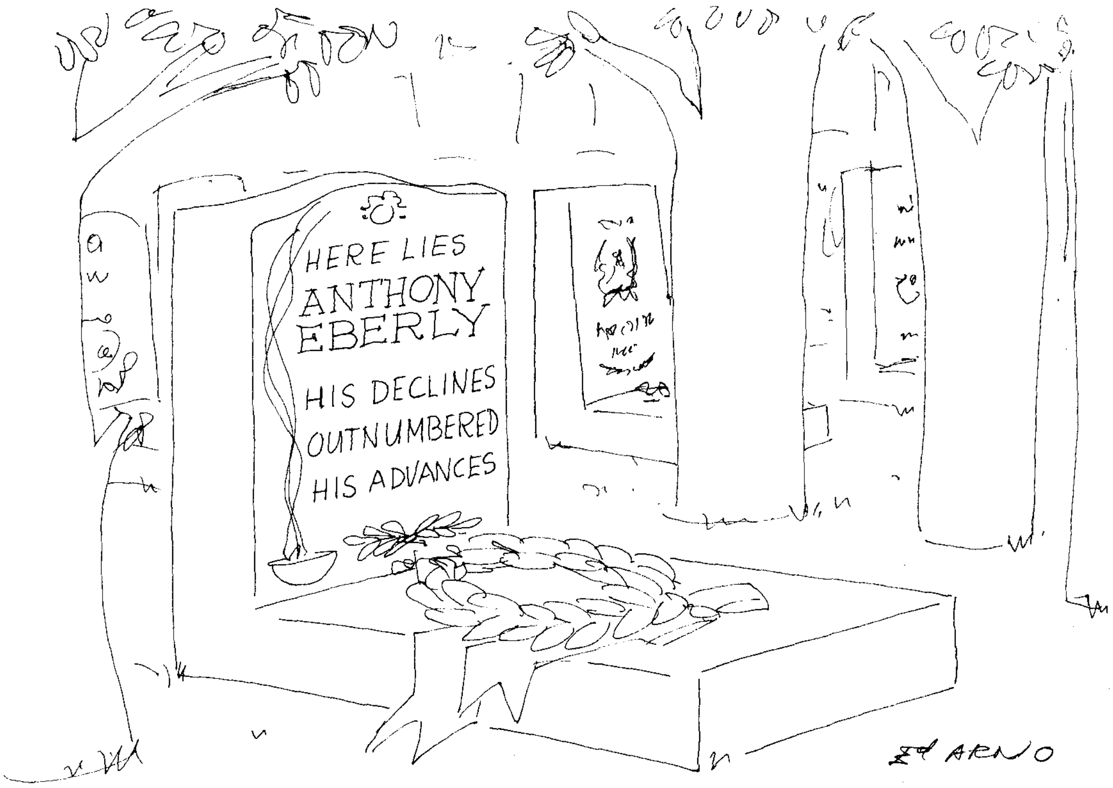


the salmon and the Chablis immediately fell asleep. There were three or four blocks of hysterical, almost Parisian traffic, and then we were in a westward-rising countryside of vineyards and scattered tiny stone-built, tile-roofed villages. The road was a well-kept blacktop, but it wasn't much wider than the driveway at my home, on eastern Long Island. The driver had a radio going, and we were entertained for a mile or more by what sounded like a French version of "Old MacDonald Had a Farm." We turned off just before the village of Leynes, crawled down a winding hill, and stopped between two fields of vines. Kirsty marched us out. An attractive young woman with cropped brown hair came up from a huddle of old stone buildings to meet us. She wore a brown jacket, knickerbockers in a bold tan-and-brown check, green stockings, and high-heeled ankle-strap shoes.

"*Bonjour*," she said. "Good afternoon. I am Françoise. I welcome you to the vineyard Saint-Véran. Saint-Véran is a new *appellation*. It was created by law in 1971. Before that, it was Beaujolais *blanc*. Pouilly-Fuissé is our region's best wine. Saint-Véran is second, but good. Very good. And, too, less expensive. You will wish to know about our vineyards. You will observe that the slopes face east or southeast. That is for the morning sun to dry the dew. Dew can cause disease. You will observe how stony is the ground. That is good. The stones will hold the good heat of the day. And our soil. It is so valuable that the grower before he leaves the vineyard will wipe it off his boots. You will observe also that there are many grapes left on the ground between the rows. They are discard. We choose at harvest only the best. And now here is M. Lardet. But he is always called Jo-Jo."

M. Lardet—Jo-Jo—smiled. "*Bonjour*," he said. He had no English, but he had presence. He was a big, mustachioed man in a flowing black apron and a big black hat with a wide sky-blue band. A silver, porringerlike *tâte-vin* hung on a chain around his neck and "Cru Saint-Véran" was lettered in sky blue across his chest. Françoise took his arm. "So now we visit the *cave*," she said. "You will taste for yourself the goodness of Saint-Véran." She started off, down a cobblestone ramp. We passed through a courtyard. We descended a flight of damp stone steps. We came into a cellar lined with huge casks. M. Lardet equipped himself with a *pipette-tâte-vin* and approached one of the casks. Françoise and Kirsty passed out little *tâte-vins*. Françoise waited with a smile until the last of our cups was filled. "This is the vintage of 1980," she said. She brought her cup up to her eyes. "You will observe the color. We call it golden green. Next, you will observe the aroma. There are those who find here the fragrance of hazelnuts. And now—the tasting!"

WE drove through a steeper countryside. We passed a butte-like hill that separates the villages of Solutré-Pouilly and Fuissé. There were vineyards on the eastward slopes, and white Charolais cattle, and sometimes black-faced sheep and brown goats, on the slopes facing west. There were fields of rape. There were stone walls and rows of plane trees and poplars and geometrical plantings of pines and, at many of the crossroads, rainbow gardens of dahlias. Every village had its dogleg Rue de la Liberté or Rue de la République, its Place de la Gare, and its unvarying signs: "Café." "Auberge." "Bar-Tabac." "Peugeot-Talbot." "Mobil." "Elf." Every house had its window boxes, and every window box was bright with geraniums. Somewhere in one of the villages we swung off a narrow street and through a massive archway and into a massive courtyard giving on a massive complex of gray stone: the Abbaye de Cluny. Françoise told us its history. It was founded by the Benedictine order around 910 A.D. The abbey church was begun around 1088 and was completed in 1130, and for some years it was the largest church in the Christian world. Its style was Romanesque and early Gothic, and there was even a suggestion of the East, brought back from the First Crusade. It is today a school—the École Nationale Supérieure des Arts et Métiers. Nothing remains of the original architecture but an arm of the transept and a bell tower. "The abbey was destroyed in the eighteenth century, in the Revolution," Françoise told us. "What we see today is of the nineteenth century. The Revolution was, you know, the enemy of religion. The Revolution suppressed the Benedictines and destroyed the abbey. It was a total collapsation. The stones were carried away in all directions. Some were used to build a stud farm. We will see a view of it in our walk."

THE Janine was still moored at Mâcon. Shirley was walking Pup-pee on the quay. The bar was open. The salon soon filled. There were complaints about the quality of the ice. ("I've never seen ice that melts like this. I think it's something new. I think it's *hot* ice.") But then we were called to dinner. It began with a soup: a mussel bisque. The main course was roast veal with a sauce au poivre. There was a green salad with a port-wine vinaigrette, and a selection of cheeses. Dessert was two Bavarian creams, apricot and vanilla, with a purée of whortleberries. With the roast we drank a Côte du Rhône. The white wine—golden green and smelling faintly of hazelnuts—was a Saint-Véran. When I went down to my cabin, I found a bedtime snack on my pillow: a chocolate thin-mint.

THERE was a tier of bookshelves along one wall of the dining room. I went over for a look while I was waiting for breakfast. The shelves were crowded with more or less battered hardcovers and paperbacks—books left behind by generations of travellers, a library by accretion. There was something for every taste. "Inland Waterways of France." "Ulysses." "La Petite Fille au Tambour," by John le Carré. "The Great Gatsby." "Cujo," by Stephen King. "Acceptable Losses," by Irwin Shaw. "Le Livre de la Jungle," by Rudyard Kipling. "Histoire de Mâcon et du Mâconnais." "Maigret Meets a Milord." I took M. Simenon down. I glanced at the opening page: "At that time, in the port above Lock 14 . . . the *Providence* was moored in front of the Café de la Marine, behind the Éco III . . ." That was enough. I carried it over to my table.

Bernadette came up the aisle with a plate of what looked like very thick fried bread. I stopped her on the way back and asked her what it was.

"That?" she said. "Is called French toast."

"*You* call it French toast?"

She laughed. "Oh, no. Is called in France *pain perdu*. You wish?"

Pain perdu. Lost bread. I decided that that was a little too Proustian for so early in the morning. I ate a croissant instead.

I FINISHED breakfast and went on deck. The Janine was still sitting in Mâcon. There was talk of waiting for a refrigerator repairman. There was a rumor that the quality of the ice would improve. It was announced that we would have lunch ashore, in Gevrey-Chambertin, at La Rôtisserie du Chambertin, a restaurant of multiple stars. I made myself comfortable in the sun and read about murder in the rain on the Canal de l'Aisne à la Marne. There were other readers, and games of backgammon and double solitaire. I went ashore and walked on the quay and climbed a dozen or more worn stone steps to the leafy walk above. There were big wrought-iron planters spaced along the seawall, with geraniums and begonias in brilliant bloom. There was a large park with gardens and shade trees. Across the Saône I could see another old stone seawall and an orderly mass of forest. Mâcon is not a village. It is a town—an industrial town—with a population of almost forty thousand, and it has been an important river port for centuries. Walking under the trees and past the flowering planters, and looking out at the bright-green water, I thought of the river towns I had known at home, and their dingy and desolate waterfronts.

WE travelled to Gevrey-Chambertin by bus (a red-and-white Renault this time), and with a guide—another young English-speaker—named Colette. Colette had long dark hair, and she wore tight slacks and high-heeled pumps. She introduced the driver with a merry laugh, and told us that we would rejoin the Janine in the late afternoon at Tournus, the next big town upriver. She then sat down on a little seat up front and began an animated monologue to the driver. We passed through a countryside much like that of the day before. The place names, though, were rather more impressive: Nuits-Saint-Georges, Flagey-Échézeaux, Vougeot, Chambolle-Musigny, Beaune, Morey-Saint-Denis, and Gevrey-Chambertin. Chambertin, for all its fame, turned out to be not much more than a crossroads—two or three narrow streets, a few tall houses behind high stone walls, and La Rôtisserie du Chambertin. It, too, sat behind a high stone wall—a creamy-white stone building with a steep roof tiled with an astonishment of pink and green and baby-blue tiles. Colette and the driver led us through a low front door and down a long stone hall and into a big stone room with high black beams and a fireplace at each end. One of them was equipped with an ancient iron rotisserie. The other fireplace was laid with logs a good ten feet in length. There was a long table set for us in the middle of the room. Colette took the chair at the head. The driver sat on her left. The rest of us sat where we could. Our lunch began with a *round of kirs. The entrée was a trout* soufflé in a dark wine sauce. The main course was veal braised in a brown sauce with fennel. There was the usual array of local cheeses. There was a black-currant sorbet and assorted petits fours. We drank three wines. One was white, a Montagny, and the others were red Chambertins. Colette stood up as the first Chambertin was poured. "I will tell you something interesting," she said. "Chambertin is a wine of great fame. It was the wine most favored by Napoleon. And its name has also interest. The first to grow it was a peasant named Bertin. *Champs* is meaning 'fields.' Now, this first Chambertin we drink is young. It is the vintage 1980. It is pleasant. But the other is the vintage 1976. There is a saying: 'The wine when young is foolish, like the children are. With age it becomes wise.' You will find the difference is true."

FOR SALE
Judith Shahn

WE drove into Tournus at a little past five. The bus let us off at the main quay of the town. There was a gravel barge on the farther shore, and two sand barges moored near a bridge downriver. But that was all.

"*Où est le bateau?*"

"*Ce n'est pas ici.*"

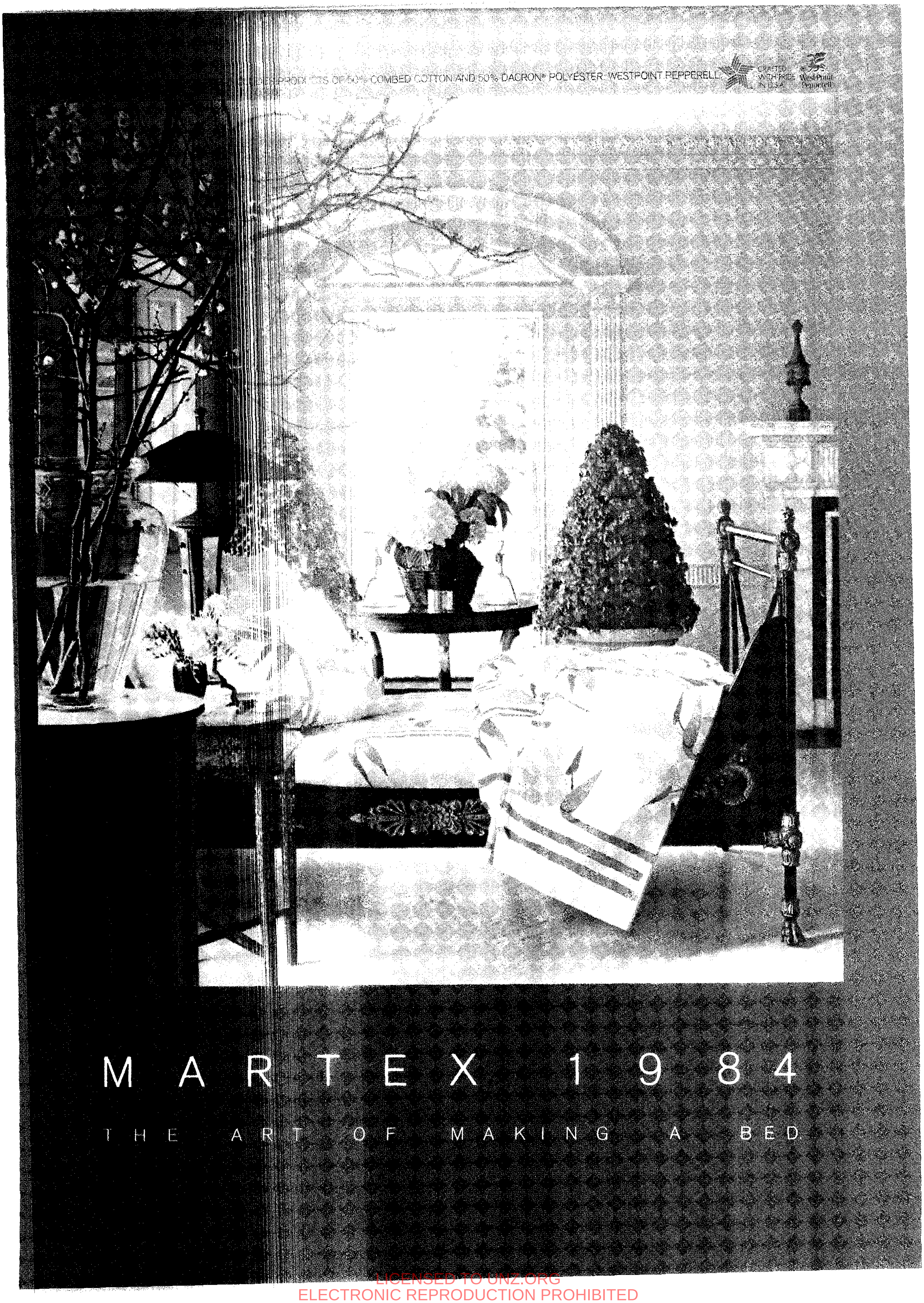
There was a moment of silence.

"*Où est le bar?*"

"*C'est là—tout droit.*"

"*Voilà!*"

We crossed the street to the Café de la Marine. There were tables and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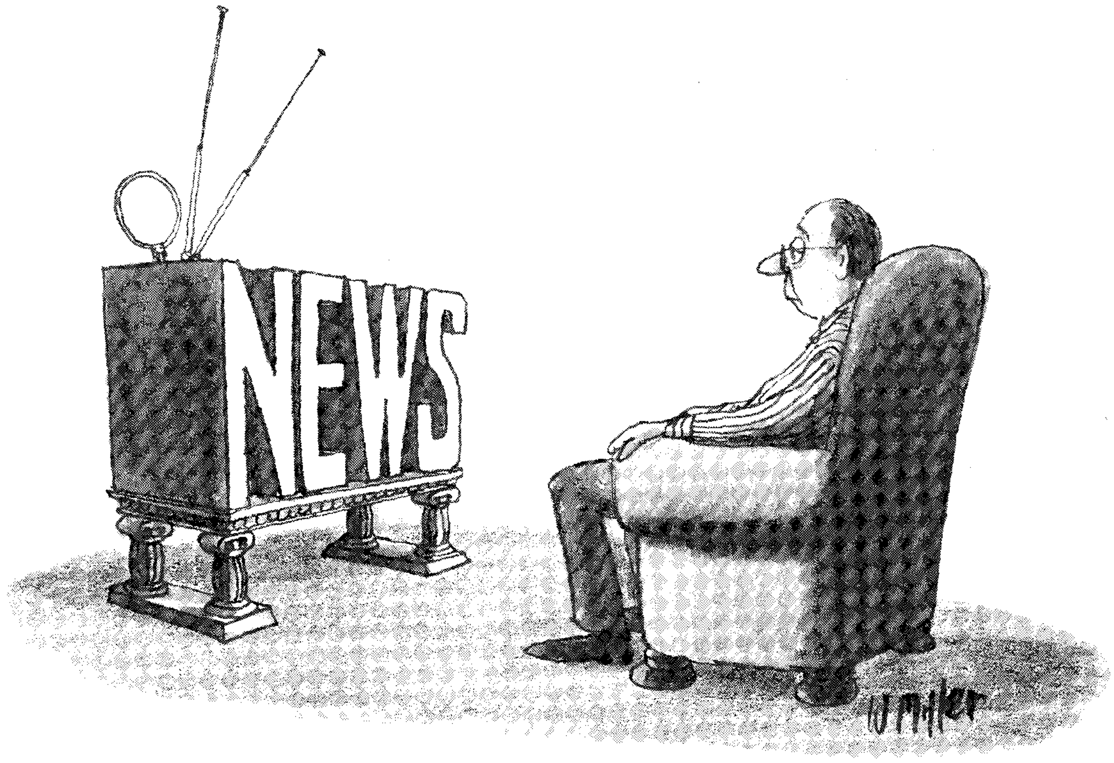


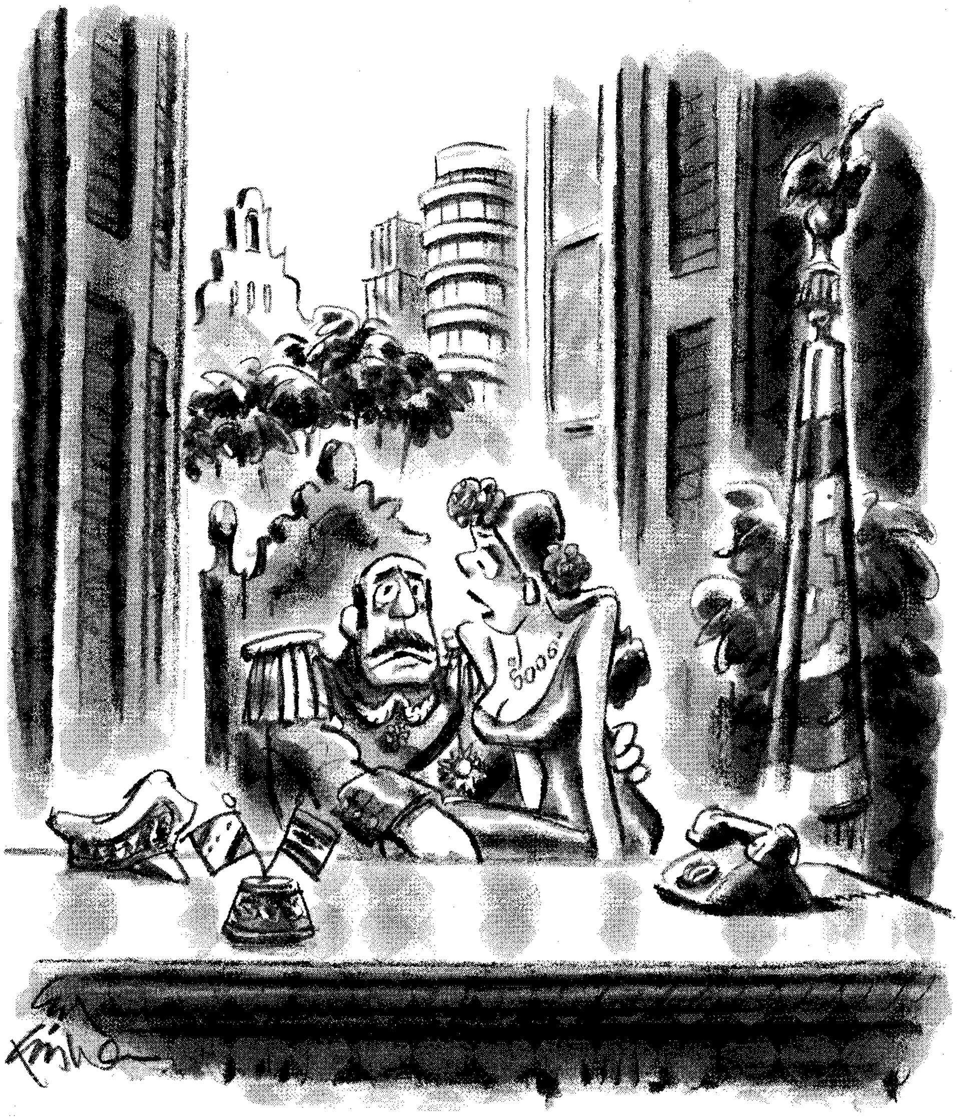
chairs on the sidewalk, and a sheltering awning overhead. We were sitting there in ease and comfort, listening to a bedlam of starlings hidden in the trees, when the Janine, tricolor flying and horn howling, finally came poking under the bridge.

THERE was some feeling that night that the ice was a bit colder than the ice of the night before. Dinner, Kirsty told us, would be a simple buffet. She hoped that after our big Burgundian lunch a buffet would be sufficient. We sat down to a country pâté en croûte, to sliced country sausages, to céleri rémoulade, to a salad of tomatoes and cucumbers and corn, to cheese from the Cistercian abbey at Citeaux, to baked Alaska (or omelette à la norvégienne), to Chablis and Beaujolais. I heard no complaints of unsatisfied hunger.

THERE is an outdoor market every Saturday morning in Tournus, on a narrow street behind the Café de la Marine. The Janine was not scheduled to cast off until around ten-thirty. I and several others went ashore for a look at the market. It was mostly a farmers' market, of fish and meat and fresh produce and cheeses and breads and pastries. There were one or two surprises and pleasures. The different varieties of fish were separated from one another by sprays of what looked like laurel leaves. I saw shallots the size of lemons, and an onion that looked like a thick red banana (*oignon banane rouge*), and rabbits skinned and gutted and with the feet removed but otherwise intact, including the head, and even the eyes. One of my companions managed to ask the seller the reason for that. The man shrugged. "*Comme ça, vous sauriez que ce n'est pas un chat,*" he said. We took that to mean that there are unscrupulous types who will try to pass off a cat as a rabbit.

THE Saône between Tournus and Chalon-sur-Saône is wide and wandering, and there is no prettier stretch on the river. Chalon-sur-Saône was our next port of call, our mooring for the night. I sat on the bow with "Maigret Meets a Milord," but I didn't do much reading. It was difficult here on the sunny Saône to keep my mind on the dismal Canal de l'Aisne à la Marne. There was a feel of deep and peaceful country, but it was country ordered by man. The rows of plane trees, the poplar *allées*, even the patches of woods and the meadows of grazing sheep, had a look of arrangement, of traditional design. There were swans floating here and there along the riverbanks, geese grazing in the sheep meadows. A heron flapped from shore to shore. A flock of some cootlike ducks dived under our bow. A couple on horseback—a man and a woman in immaculate riding clothes—appeared on the left bank and cantered away on a path among the poplars. A village appeared on the right: thirteen stone houses, some long and low, some tall and thin, but all of them the color of yellowy autumn leaves, all of them with faded blue shutters, all of them roofed with rusty-black tiles—strung out in a tight little row behind a column of shapely plane trees, above a long stone quay. One building had a sign along its façade: "CAFÉ DE LA MARINE." One of the New York couples had joined me at the bow. The woman gave a little sigh. "Those houses," she said. "Those trees. Everything looks as if it ought to have a frame around it. Everything looks like those wonderful Impressionist paintings you've seen in some museum." It was not, perhaps, a stunning observation. But it was the simple truth.

THE approach to Chalon-sur-Saône from the south is dominated by an island with a climbing, prowlike headland. I watched it nearing and rising. The headland became an acre or two of garden, of red and white and yellow and orange and purple flowers, set off by lawns and surmounted by a colonnade of poplars. We came closer: the garden became a great floral bunch of grapes, flanked by a floral wineglass and a floral barrel of wine. Chalon-sur-Saône is a gateway to good eating. "In Chalon-sur-Saône," Alexis Lichine writes in his classic "Wines of France," "begins the famous food and fabulous eating for which Burgundy was always famed. . . . Just to the south is Charolles, from whose deep green pastures comes the famous Charolais beef . . . snails from the vineyard hills." We tied up at the Quai Gambetta, and I went for a walk before dinner. I walked no more than a dozen blocks, but I passed half a dozen restaurants that looked to be of some quality. Dinner on board that night was an affirmation of M. Lichine. The entrée was escargots de Bourgogne, and the main course was an entrecôte de Charolais in a sauce béarnaise. The wines



"You used to be a lot more fun, Paco. Now all you ever want to talk about is rescheduling the foreign debt."

• •

were a Meursault and a Côte de Beaune.

IT had rained in the night, and Sunday morning was wet and cool and overcast. The rosebud in my cabin had passed from bloom to overblown. My croissant at breakfast turned out to have a chocolate filling. There was an unresolved argument at a table behind me about melons. ("The Persian is the king of melons." "We've always preferred the Colorado Rocky Ford." "Have you ever tasted a Santa Claus?") One of the Texans had found a copy of the *International Herald Tribune* in town the evening before, but by the time it was handed down to me someone had done the crossword puzzle and someone had solved the Jumble word game, and the book review (from the New York *Times*) was one that I had read a week before I left home. And the Saône had changed its character. It looked darker and narrower, and its banks were heavily wooded. It began to drizzle. It seemed a good time to go back to "Maigret Meets a Milord," but the weather had also changed along the Canal de l'Aisne à la Marne. The sun was shining there. The consensus at noon, when Bernadette opened the bar, was that the ice was again hot ice.

We put in at around two o'clock at a village called Seurre, and a group led by Kirsty debarked for a visit to the ancient fortress of Châteauneuf-en-Auxois and the somewhat less ancient Château de Commarin, somewhere north of Beaune. I was one of several who chose to stay on the boat. We watched the others climb a crumbling ramp to a waiting bus and drive off past a ramshackle building with a sign: "Bar de L'Espérance." But the place was more than just ramshackle. I looked again: it was boarded up. So much for hope.

Angie cast off, and we were back on the river. We would spend the night at Saint-Jean-de-Losne, at the entrance to the Canal de Bourgogne, and the excursionists would rejoin us there. I stayed on deck. The drizzle had stopped, and the sky had begun to brighten. Geert came out on deck in his white coat and lighted a cigarette. It was a Marlboro, the cowboy cigarette of Europe. We exchanged a nod, and I said I had much enjoyed our Burgundian dinner last night.

"Ah," he said. "I am happy. Did you know the beef, the Charolais? Good meat. But, you know, it has no fat, no marbling. I lard it to give juice and flavor. This country here is so good for eating. You have heard of the Bresse chicken. It is the best. It comes from near Mâcon. The river has good fish. Fish and crayfish. Burgundy has so much. You have seen the sheep. The goats. Even game. Woodcock."

I was getting hungry again. I asked him about dinner tonight.

"I will tell you," he said. "We start with a pâté—foie de canard. Salad with walnut oil. Very delicate, very good. Then lamb. What you would call chops. With a bouquet of turnips and green cabbage and sautéed potatoes. The finish is sorbet. A variety."

I looked at my watch. It wasn't even three o'clock yet.

The excursionists arrived in Saint-Jean-de-Losne at a little past six. We had been there since five, tied comfortably up below the Café de la Saône, with a view of a dozen freight barges moored two deep along the opposite quay. I asked one of the excursionists about the excursion. He reported that the Châteauneuf-en-Auxois was perched on a great, rocky hill and the Château de Commarin was sinking into a swamp. Talleyrand's mother, he added, had spent her girlhood at the Château de Commarin.

WE started early on Monday morning. We were already under way when I came up on deck. We slipped under a bridge, we swung sharply to the right. A narrow canyon loomed: the dark stone mouth of a lock. We had come through half a dozen locks on the Saône, but they were modern locks, of generous size, lined with steel and equipped with great steel sluice gates that were opened and closed by a lockkeeper at a

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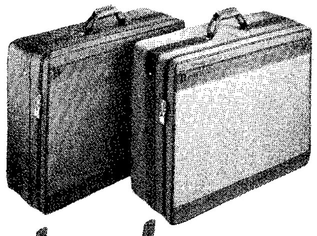

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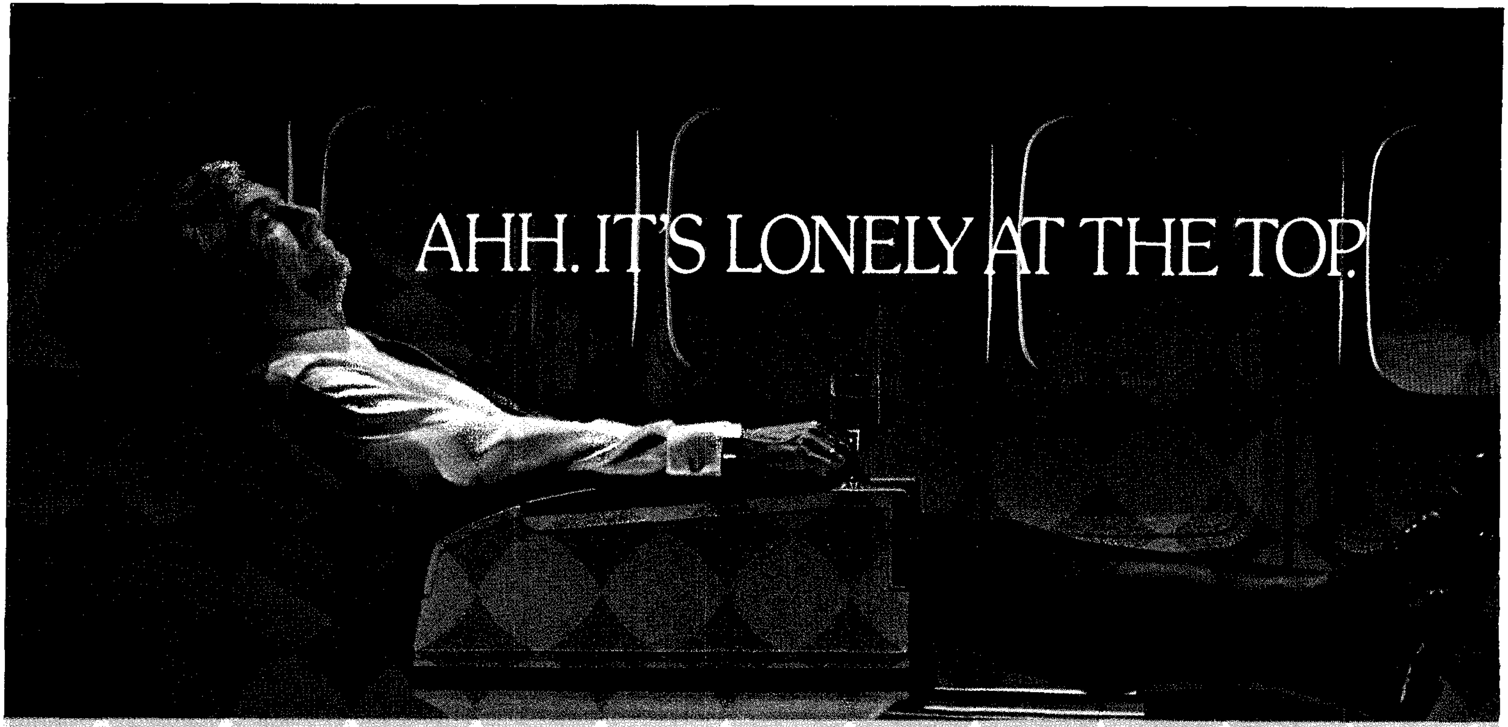
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console in a control tower high overhead. The Canal de Bourgogne is a nineteenth-century canal, and its gates are operated by levers and wheels turned entirely by human weight and muscle. We crawled into a slot only inches wider than the Janine and with hardly a foot of clearance fore and aft. We sat for minutes deep down between two walls of dripping stone. There was the sound of rushing water. We began to rise. The earth slopes gently up to Dijon from the Saône at Saint-Jean-de-Losne. This was the first of twenty-two lifts, which would raise us a total of a hundred and ninety feet. We rose slowly, slowly, as slowly as an ancient freight elevator. My eyes came even with the top of the lock wall, with the top of an iron bollard. We kept rising. The lockkeeper's house appeared, a small stone square with a red tile roof and a life preserver in a glass case. Above the door was a sign: "Écluse St.-Jean-de-Losne—Dijon 29.4 km. St.-Jean-de-Losne 0 km." We came gently to rest. The lockkeeper, a woman, was working a long iron lever. She was a burly figure in a long dress and a thick sweater. The canal stretched straight ahead, a boulevard of shining water lined with poplars, on a kind of causeway ten feet or more above the surrounding countryside. I looked down on fields, on a street, on a Café de la Marine.

I went in to breakfast. By the time I had finished eating (orange juice, coffee, a regular croissant, and a novelty—rhubarb preserves), we were moving into our second lock: Écluse Viranne. When I could, I stepped out on the lockside and walked back to the pilothouse. Halfway there, I realized that the pilothouse had become an open cockpit. Its roof and walls were gone.

"It is for the bridges," Captain Malfoy told me. "This is an old canal, and the bridges are low. So we make the pilothouse with hinges to fold back and away. Angie and I did that work this morning. Sometimes with the bridges on this canal there is only one foot of clearance. When you stand on the bow today, watch your head. In bad weather, the low bridges make trouble. The waves can lift the barge too close to the bridge. There is one thing I can do. I accelerate the engine and make lower the stern—and so we get under. You see the towpath along the canal on the right. That goes back to the old times when the barges were pulled by the horse. They had troubles also in those times. Horses don't like to swim. To go under the bridge, they must unhitch the horse and lead him around. Then the men would haul the barge under the bridge. It was the same with the locks. Pretty hard work. The canal is more work than the river even now. But it is pretty. I enjoy the canal." He raised a hand in salute to the lockkeeper. "*Ça va!*"

I could see the next lock in the distance. It looked to be about a mile away. The towpath beckoned. It would be an easy walk. Several of my fellow-travellers had the same impulse. We left the Janine still sitting in the lock, and set off along the path. We walked in the dappled shade of the poplars. It was a countryside of plowed autumn fields and still, green pastures and scattered groves and flocking rooks and, far away, the clustered rooftops of a village. The canal was a deep, oceanic green. Its grassy banks were abloom with wildflowers: something blue that looked like chicory, something pink that looked like thistle, something yellow that looked like asters, and a delicate lavender flower that I had never seen before but somehow recognized on sight—an autumn crocus. We reached the next lock (Écluse Brazey) well before the Janine and walked on. There were shiny green bunches of foliage growing like nests in some of the trees. One of the New York women stopped and pointed.

"Look!"

"What is it?"

"I just noticed. Up there in that tree. It's mistletoe."

"Mistletoe! Alice—give me a kiss."

We were just getting up from lunch. There was a sudden explosion—a great, thunderous, almost staggering roar. Then another. And another. We crowded over to the windows. I saw a flash of silver burst up from beyond a horizon of trees. Another crash of thunder.

Kirsty said, "There's a military airbase just over the way. I'm sorry. We'll simply have to endure them for a bit. They're practicing takeoffs and landings. They're the fighter plane the French call the Mirage. A bit frightening, aren't they?"

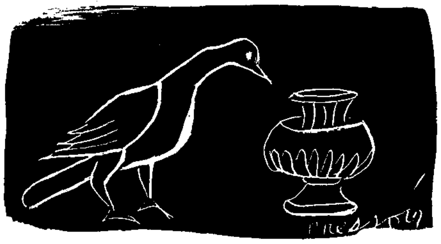
We waited and watched. It was impossible not to watch. The terrible thunder roared. It began to fade. It sank to a murmur, to a mere reminder. The nineteenth century returned. But it had seemed a long time coming.

We were approaching Écluse Préville. One of the Texans and I were standing at the rail. The lockkeeper came out of the lock house and stood watching. Our eyes met. I smiled and waved. She—it was another thickset woman in a long skirt and a sweater—gazed at me without expression. But she lifted her hand an inch or maybe two.

"My," the Texan said. "That was a dry wave. That was just about the *driest* wave I ever saw."

We climbed through Écluse Beauregard, we climbed through Écluse Longvic. We passed a barge headed down-canal. It was a family barge—a load of gravel forward, and a cabin with white curtains at the windows just aft of the pilothouse. Its name was lettered on the stern: Espérance. We climbed through Écluse Romelet. There was a sudden rise of apartment buildings up ahead on the right. On the left were what looked like warehouses. The canal ran unchanged between its rows of trees, beside the grassy banks and the towpath. But the country was giving way. Beyond the apartments was a tract of identical little white houses with identical geranium gardens. Beyond the warehouses were storage tanks: "Esso." "Total." "Mobil." "Elf." We climbed through Écluse Colombières. The canal still had its flanking trees, but the grassy banks had become a quay, and the towpath was now a street. Steep-roofed buildings rose up all around us. I became aware of a smell in the air. It was a pleasant smell, and a familiar smell. It was a smell I knew very well. But it was a smell I had never smelled in the open air before. And then I realized. This was Dijon. The smell was the smell of mustard.

—Berton Roueché



SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Camden (Maine) Herald*]

The flower girl was Laurie Campbell, who wore a pink dress and a crown of daisies. The ring bearer was James Brown, who wore a navy vest and pants with short sleeves.

THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

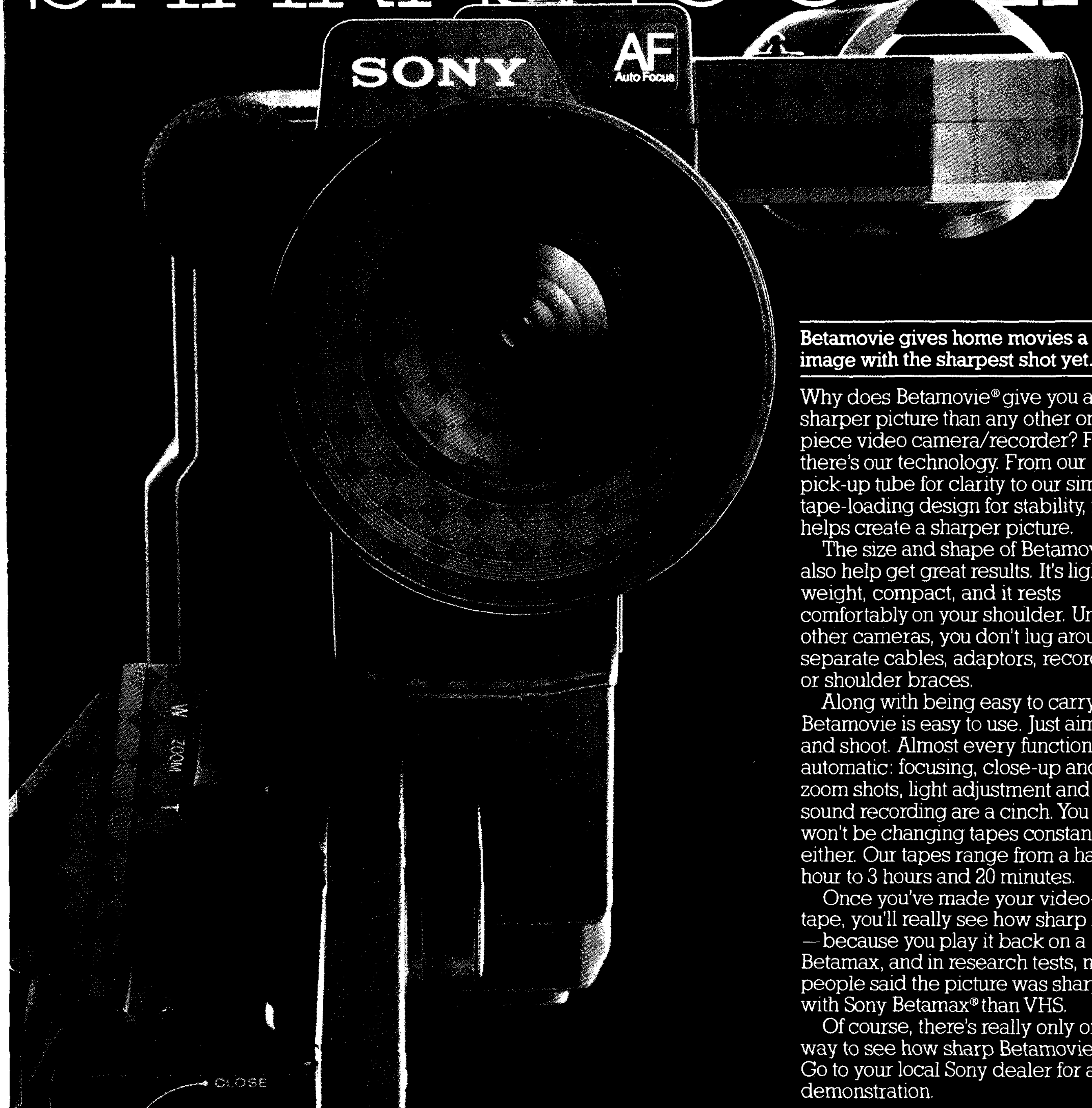
ONE AGAINST NINE

EUROPEANS are wondering whether their problems may not be too much for them. “This is a low point in European self-esteem,” says an American diplomat based in Paris. “Europessimism,” the fashionable characterization of Western Europe’s uneasiness, is a term that was actually invented in the Department of State, which, while traditionally Europe’s strongest advocate in Washington, has also been wondering lately about the old continent—whether it still merits the first priority it has normally had in American foreign policy. A caricature of State’s new attitude was put forward at times last autumn and winter by Lawrence S. Eagleburger, a career diplomat who was Under-Secretary for Political Affairs until he retired a few months ago. Eagleburger’s operational skills were exceptional, and his influence within the government far exceeded the boundaries of his job, the third-ranking in the State Department. He had a voice that carried, and he sometimes used it to tell Europeans as well as Americans that the old idea of a transatlantic partnership hadn’t worked out; that America’s European partners were faltering politically, economically, and technologically. “The center of gravity of American foreign policy is shifting away from Europe to the Pacific Basin,” he would say. Few, if any, of Eagleburger’s colleagues would have gone so far, and most of them thought his notion of a gravitational shift silly. They think that America’s vital interests continue to be more closely tied to Europe than to the Far East. But they do wonder if and when Europe will recover a more confident style, not to mention the path to economic growth. America’s perception of Europe’s difficulties worries European officials. “We know we look to Americans as if we are trapped in a can’t-do frame of mind,” one of them said to me recently. “We have political constraints, financial constraints, and technological constraints.”

“Cheer Up, Europe, You’re Still the World’s Playpen,” proclaimed a headline in *The Economist* last July. The story said, “Western Europe accounts for more than two thirds of all international tourist arrivals, a traffic which brought it some $55 billion last year.” A great many of the tourists are Americans reaping the benefits of an overvalued dollar. And feelings in Europe about the United States are oddly mixed. President Reagan, the diplomats say, is distrusted, because Europeans feel he doesn’t know what he is doing, at least in dealing with the Soviet Union. (He also strikes them as a political innocent, as Carter did.) But there is also a feeling—most pronounced in France—that the Americans do know what they are doing vis-à-vis their economy, if only because it always seems to rebound smartly from adversity. (In France, Reagan is clearly popular.) The hard statistical nub of Europe’s distress probably lies in employment figures. The ten member countries of the European Community, or Common Market, with an aggregate population of two hundred and seventy million, have lost more than three and a half million jobs over the past decade, while allowing the costs of employing people to rise by sixty per cent. In the same period, about eighteen million new jobs were created in the United States, which has a smaller population, and labor costs rose by only twelve per cent. America’s advantage lies in having a huge but unified economy that provides industry and technology with a base that no society other than Japan’s can begin to match. Thus, European technology is lagging behind America’s and Japan’s, and European industry, by and large, is the loser. Put differently, Europe’s problem is that it lacks cohesion and unity; it doesn’t exist as a community—at least, not of the closely knit sort envisaged by Jean Monnet, Robert Schuman, Alcide de Gasperi, and the other prophets of European unity, or in the two hundred and forty-eight articles of the Treaty of Rome, which was agreed to in 1957 and was designed to achieve complete economic union. Today’s Europe is much the same disunited band of small and middle-sized countries, no one of them capable by itself of assuring its own well-being. In the Community’s early years—the late nineteen-fifties and early sixties—it created a vigor and direction that Europe hadn’t known since the Age of Exploration. Most diplomats and many European political figures agree that since the middle sixties progress toward integration has been so little as to mock the goals of the Rome Treaty and the Community’s illustrious pioneers. The spirit and sense of adventure that kindled hopes for a federation of states capable one

“I’ll have the usual.”

SHARPSHOOTER



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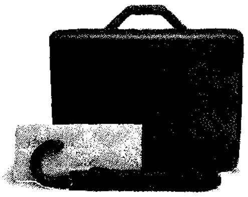

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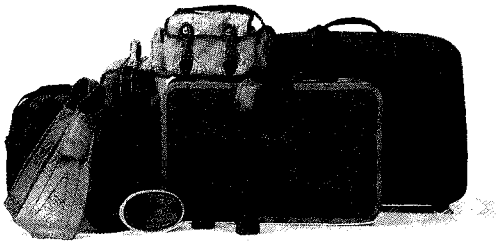

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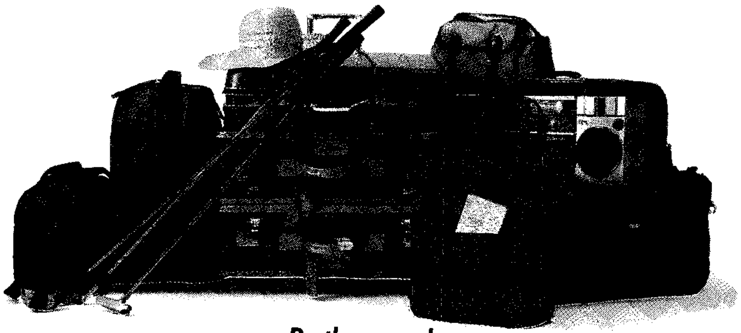

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day of common policies and actions seems to have evaporated. Many Community officials—"Eurocrats"—demur; they counsel patience, and like to equate their problems with America's prolonged growing pains. Acceptance of union itself, they note, required a civil war more than a half century after the United States had launched itself. Europe, they say, is trying to overcome centuries of strife and disunity, not to mention two civil wars in this century, and has made a good deal of progress toward unity which won't be undone. Most diplomats, although sympathetic, have a more skeptical view of the Community and its prospects.

Recently, the Community was all but unglued by the worst crisis it has experienced since 1965, when General de Gaulle paralyzed it by withdrawing French participation for seven months. There is a revealing difference between the two episodes. In 1965, de Gaulle's France was battling the five other members—West Germany, Italy, and the three Benelux countries (Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands)—over fundamental issues concerning the kind of structure that was being built, including the amount of the sovereign power of states to be surrendered to Community institutions. (Britain, Ireland, Denmark, and Greece hadn't then joined.) De Gaulle was mortified by the supranational potential of the Community's executive arm, the Commission. The more recent tempest turned on a banal issue: the size of a rebate to which Britain is entitled because its annual contribution to the Community's budget is unfairly high—absurdly high, really. No one was challenging Britain's right to the rebate, only the exact figure and method of calculating it. According to diplomats, the issue should have been worked out at their level. Instead, it was handled—and, inevitably, mishandled—by the ten heads of government. On June 25th and 26th, they met in the historic château at Fontainebleau, where they perhaps surprised themselves by managing to settle the issue. That, however, was their fourth such meeting in little more than a year, and the exceptional bitterness created by the affair has reopened it and may torment European affairs for years to come. The object of the bitter feelings is Britain's Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, who seems to be as little given to compromise as de Gaulle was. Whether in dealings with political opponents or other governments, the Thatcher specialty is winning outright victories. But the Community works by fashioning agreement from the divergent interests of members, each of which normally yields at least some ground; the idea is to avoid having outright winners or outright losers. The crisis of 1965 pitted five governments against de Gaulle, who may have regretted his boycott, since he lost at least as much as he gained from the affair—which he eventually settled on terms he could have had at almost any time—and it hurt him politically. Similarly, over the months spanned by the last four European summit meetings all nine other member governments took a stand against Britain. Mrs. Thatcher may come to regret her role in dragging out the crisis; she, too, finally agreed to terms she might have had sooner, and she, too, may pay a political price.

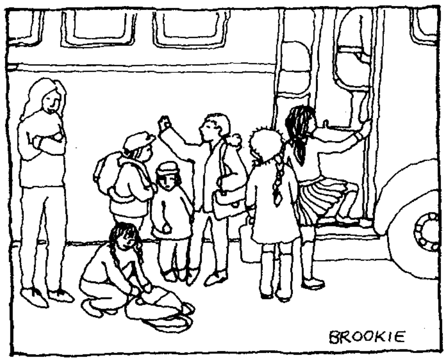
A SERIOUS row among Community members usually involves their system for subsidizing farmers, who are an explosive political force. It is a prodigal system, admired only by the farmers, on whom it lavishes unrealistically high levels of support, plus protection from competition within and beyond the Community and, many would say, from reality itself. (Last spring, an irate French farmer tried to register one of his cows with an unemployment office after the Community had agreed, belatedly, to limit the production of milk, a commodity that accounts for thirty per cent of the farm budgets.) Because the subsidies haven't been tied to any production limits, immense surpluses of food have accumulated. Paying for all this absorbs fully two-thirds of the Community's budget, the larger part of which relies on funds supplied by member states. (The balance is drawn from levies on imports.) The exact amounts paid in each year by members do not reflect their comparative wealth or their ability to pay but are based instead on the sum of one of the taxes they all use—a value-added tax. Like most of what the Community does, the rationale for this odd procedure is complicated, but its net effect is embarrassingly clear: two member states—Britain and West Germany—pay disproportionately large shares. They do so partly because, along with France, they are the economic heavyweights. But, unlike France, which has the Community's largest farming population, Britain and West Germany have rather small agricultural sectors, and therefore benefit far less than the others from the system's largesse. In short, they pour vastly more money into the Community than they get back from it. The eight other members—except for France, which is roughly breaking even—are getting back a lot more than they pay in, and, in effect, have a free ride. Britain and West Germany grumble about having to subsidize smaller societies, such as Denmark and the Netherlands, that are well off—certainly a lot better off than Britain—along with the ones, notably Greece and Ireland, that are not. "The whole lot of us go to the cinema, but we buy the admission tickets for everyone," says a British bureaucrat—forgetting for the moment that the Germans, too, buy many of the tickets. Bonn's grumbling is muted, mainly because half of West Germany's exuberant world trade is with the Community, and from the outset the Germans reckoned that in return for obtaining a bonanza in the form of duty-free entry of their industrial goods into this large, sheltered market they would, in one way or another, have to pay the largest share of the agricultural-support system. Some Germans also feel that they contribute more because the burden of their past requires them to do so.

Judith Shahn

Britain's problem is that by the time it entered the Community—in 1973—the budget and agricultural systems had been painfully worked out, and the other countries didn't want to reopen these ultra-sensitive matters. Gone was the pro-British sentiment of the Benelux peoples, who had always supported Britain's entry as a means of balancing French influence. They were discovering that "being small is beautiful," as one of their diplomats now puts it. However trivial politically and militarily, these countries found themselves profiting more from the Common Market than their much larger and more powerful partners. In 1975, a minor adjustment designed to help the British was agreed to, but it really didn't help at all. "You join a club and you accept the rules," the other members would say in reply to British protests. That argument didn't impress Mrs. Thatcher, who became Prime Minister in May, 1979. In November, she met with the other heads of government. (They have three such meetings each year.) At the time, an Irish Prime Minister, Jack Lynch, was President of the Community—a job that is rotated among member countries for six-month terms—which meant that the meeting, a far stormier one than most, was held in Dublin. To their lasting cost, the other luminaries—particularly Helmut Schmidt and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—greatly underestimated Mrs. Thatcher. "Schmidt and Giscard were very patronizing, even rude, in their treatment of her," a veteran member of the Commission has recalled. "They made it clear that she, a mere woman, wouldn't be able to stand up to these two experienced and knowledgeable men in a hard negotiation. Their subordinates reflected this attitude, which was played back to Mrs. T. by her own subordinates. Schmidt and Giscard tried without success to impose a settlement of the British question which was ludicrous. The Dublin meeting set the confrontational tone of the meetings that have followed."

The next meeting was held in Luxembourg in April, 1980, and its tone was described to me as "very bitter." By then, however, no one was taking Mrs. Thatcher for granted, and there was greater acceptance, in principle, of Britain's right to a rebate. She didn't obtain an agreement—too many harsh words were spoken, and the meeting simply broke down—but the outline of one had come into focus. A few weeks later, the foreign ministers met, and Lord Carrington, who had the confidence of Mrs. Thatcher and the Europeans alike, did bring home an agreement. It provided Britain with an annual rebate computed in European Currency Units, or E.C.U.s—a Community currency that ordinary Europeans as well as their governments are starting to use. (An E.C.U. is worth about seventy-five cents today, but at the time of Carrington's agreement, when the dollar was much weaker, it was worth about a dollar and forty cents.) For Mrs. Thatcher and some of her people, the agreement was just a step; the size of the rebate it provided, although it has averaged almost a billion E.C.U.s annually over the last four years, varied sharply from year to year, and didn't seem nearly enough. In any case, they estimated the amount of Britain's overpayment as at least twice that. And they began to argue for a formula or system that would pare down the overpayment by about two-thirds, even if the Community's budget rose and, with it, the size of Britain's contribution. Since the other member countries have to finance the rebate, none of them wanted to go beyond the dispensation obtained by Carrington in 1980. And that is where matters rested, very uneasily, until June, 1983, when a meeting of the ten leaders in Stuttgart launched what seems to have been the most tumultuous period of diplomacy that Western Europe has experienced since the early de Gaulle era.

THE Community operates in the world arena but acts as if it didn't belong there. In recent years, its ten leaders have tended to bury themselves in specialized matters instead of concentrating on broad policy questions. Their meetings are more devoted to means than to ends. One cannot imagine pillars of the Community's early years, such as Konrad Adenauer and Paul-Henri Spaak—still less de Gaulle—vainly trying to make technicians of themselves. Given the array of other matters they deal with, most heads of government simply cannot master the supremely complicated Community business. Their foreign ministers don't have time for it, either. Not long ago, a request from Britain's Foreign Secretary, Sir Geoffrey Howe, to his experts for some estimates of future British contributions to the Community churned up several hundred columns of figures. Each of the ten leaders has experts who are expected to guide him or her through the brief for the next summit meeting. (A few of these people are the same "sherpas" who prepare their leaders for the economic summit conference held every year by the major industrialized nations.) Yet some of the experts, I'm told, don't understand it all, either, and do a poor job. In any case, none of the experts in a leader's entourage can attend the high-level meetings, which are restricted to "one plus one"—the head of government and the foreign minister. The arcana of the Community's budget process recall Lord Palmerston's comment to the House of Commons on the Schleswig-Holstein question: "Only three people understand it. One is dead. One is mad. I'm the other, and I've forgotten." Helmut Schmidt was fairly comfortable with detailed Community business, partly because he had been exposed to it at a time when he was Finance Minister, but mainly because he had an exceptional capacity for information. His successor, Helmut Kohl, has no such capacity and little, if any, grasp of Community matters, and Kohl has the added difficulty of not speaking or understanding English and French, the two main working languages. Thus, the proceedings must be translated for him. Bettino Craxi, Italy's first Socialist Prime Minister, doesn't understand the finer points, and neither does his Foreign Minister, Giulio Andreotti. But Craxi, who calls a spade a spade, thinks he shouldn't have to deal with this tedious stuff, and he has said quite plainly that most of what goes on at Community summits is a waste of his time. François Mitterrand can now hold his own, although his predecessor, Giscard d'Estaing, had a better grasp, having spent many years as Finance Minister. The only one of the ten leaders who is fully on top of the Community brief is Mrs. Thatcher, who, ironically, is probably the least European of them; she also happens to be the strongest of them—"Mme. Nyet" and "La Dame de Fer," as she is known in the French press and elsewhere.



Besides having a tougher nature, Mrs. Thatcher has logged more experience as a leader than any of the others; the Community brief doesn't intimidate her now, if it ever did. "The others are out to lunch," says a British diplomat who has closely observed this process. One of the most experienced and senior Community officials says, "It was unimaginably stupid to let the heads of government handle these matters. They can't handle them." He continues, "This issue should never have been allowed to become so serious. That was her fault, by and large, even though her position on the issue is basically correct. Once the others accepted that she was right, the details should have been worked out at another level." Most of the people involved in the affair came to accept the merits of the British case; but they find the Thatcher style offensive. In Paris, Luxembourg, and Brussels, and at the Fontainebleau summit, officials and diplomats of the other member countries whom I spoke with all said much the same thing about her—that she doesn't like Europe, doesn't feel part of it, and has treated this crisis as if it were an internal British affair. Community business, they maintain, requires constant bargaining and a steady blurring of differences, but with her it is a poker game, and she wants the whole pot. She is, they agree, a very good negotiator. When she discovers what the maximum position of the nine others is, she asks for more and then expresses a willingness to settle for half that. One official says, "When we talk to her about the Community, she replies, 'I know nothing of all that. I know only what I'm paying and what I'm getting back.'" The net impression is that she regards the other leaders more as adversaries than as partners, with little more to commend them than the front bench of the Labour Party, and to be dealt with accordingly.

IT was clear to everyone at the Stuttgart meeting in June of 1983 that the Community would soon be bankrupt unless it changed its high-spending ways. The costs of supporting food production were outpacing revenue, and were generally out of control. The butter surplus had reached about a million tons—roughly the amount consumed in world trade each year—and storage capacity was nearly exhausted. Like other surplus items, it was being sold at knockdown prices on the world market. (The Soviet Union was among the good customers, and the British proposed not selling it to the Soviets, arguing that a pound of Community butter was costing Britons about four times what it cost the citizens of a hostile power—a hard statistic politically. The British were voted down.) The meeting at Stuttgart was supposed to launch a crash program aimed at limiting food production and enlarging the Community's budget by increasing member-country contributions. Instead, the tail began to wag the dog, as Mrs. Thatcher

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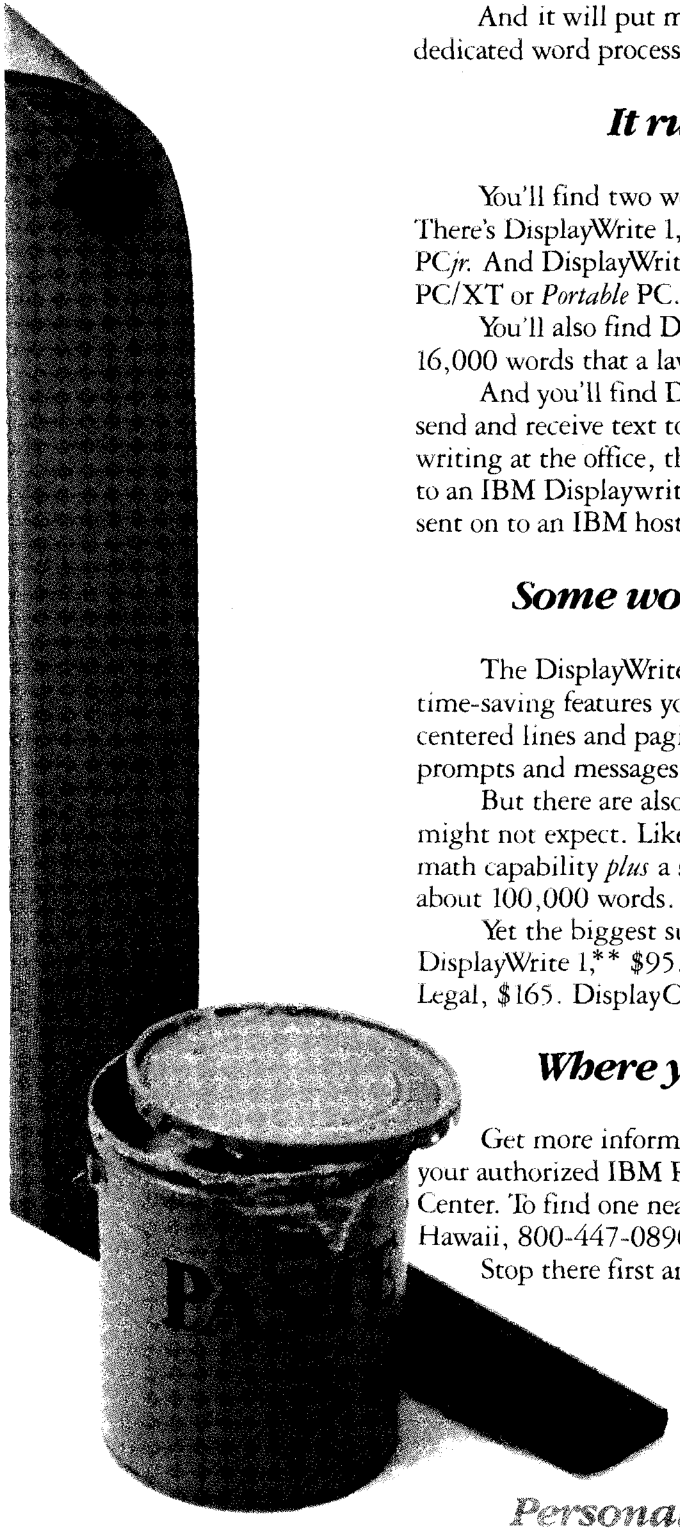

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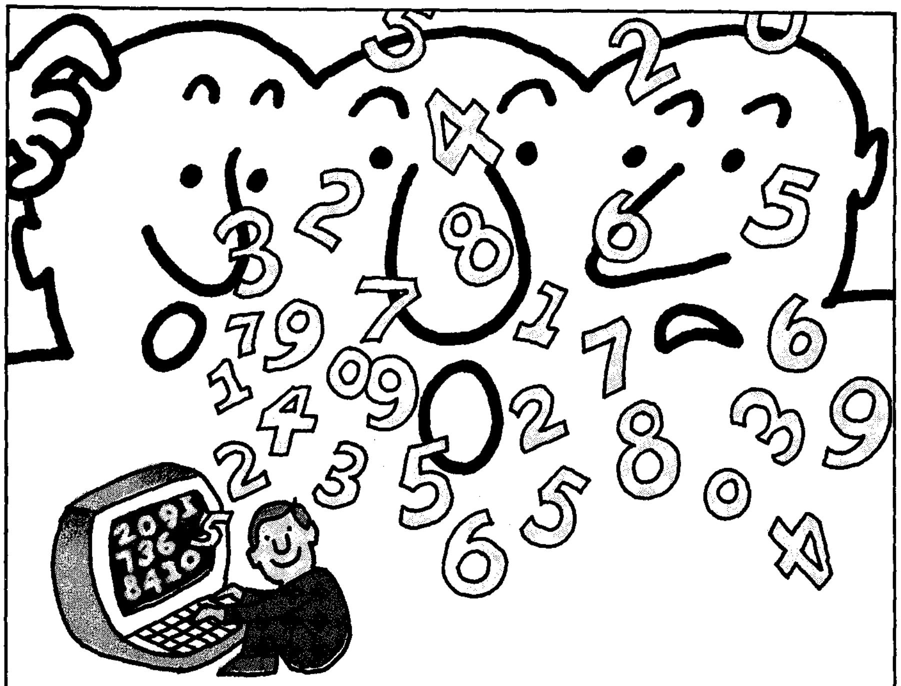

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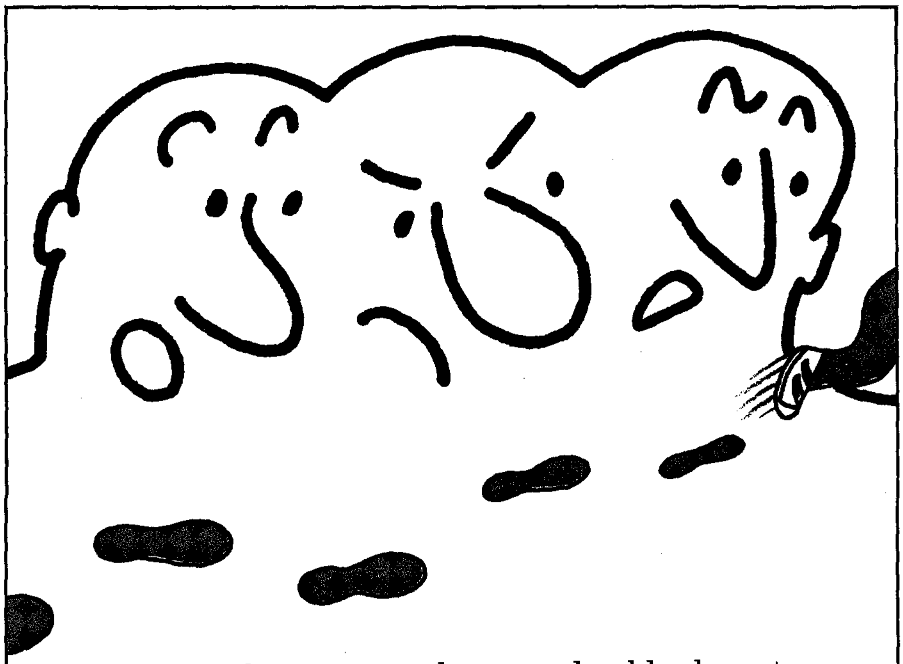

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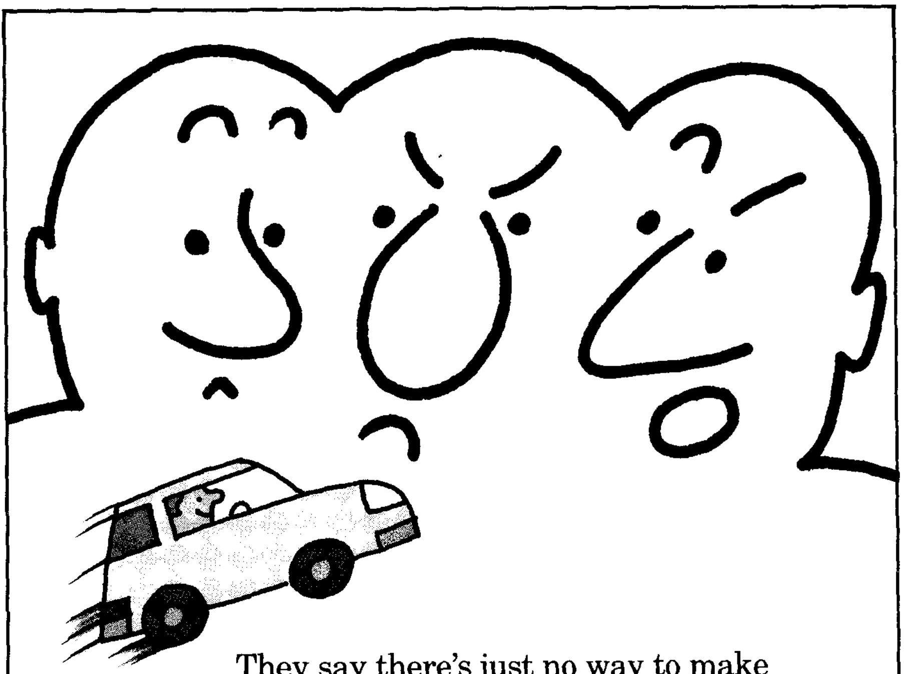
succeeded in pushing her issue—Britain's overpayment—to the head of the agenda and keeping it there. After Stuttgart, the bureaucracies of the member states sped to work on agricultural reform and revenue increase; quite clearly, however, these issues—especially revenue increase—were in hostage to Mrs. Thatcher. Until her problem was solved, Britain would block proposals to increase Community revenue.

Also after Stuttgart, the Presidency passed from the Germans to the Greeks—to Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou, whose aggressively recusant political style vexes his partners. Over most of his six-month term, they got about what they expected—shrill critiques of Western policies, especially American policies in the Middle East and the Caribbean. (According to a British diplomat, Papandreou had to be "bludgeoned" into deploring the Soviet Union's shooting down of the Korean airliner last year. At a meeting in Europe recently, an American official suggested that NATO trade Greece to the Soviet Union for Rumania and a future draft choice.) In chairing the Community summit held in Athens last December, however, Papandreou was methodical and businesslike. The agenda items had become heroic in scale, and the role of statesman was clearly available to the leader who presided over an agreement that tamed Mrs. Thatcher *and* the farmers, and removed the threat of bankruptcy. Managing all that was going to require meticulous preparation, good timing, artful diplomacy, and a willingness to knock some heads together. Papandreou made a big effort—too big. By trying to make progress on all fronts, large and small, he made progress on none. In fairness, he had very little help from the others. Some were unwilling to offend their dairy farmers by agreeing to limit milk production. Also, Mrs. Thatcher was demanding some form of more reliable protection against Britain's overpayment than a yearly rebate. But the prospect of imminent bankruptcy and the knowledge that Britain was ready to veto steps to avoid it weren't enough to attract the others to her cause. Feelings against her were running high, and since most newspapers were stressing the gladiatorial aspect of the story, some of the principals were fearful of headlines of a kind they had seen before, which might read "MAGGIE KO'S THE NINE" and "LA DAME DE FER A LE DERNIER MOT." For the diplomats, it was a very poor show; the gap between Mrs. Thatcher's demands and the position of the nine had gradually narrowed, and the amount of money reflected in the two positions was no longer significant—not compared with the sums involved in other issues. Briefly, the Community was about to be engulfed by large problems because it couldn't deal with small ones. So complete was the failure at Athens that for the first time a European summit ended without a communiqué.

As this year began, the baton passed from Papandreou to Mitterrand, who was determined to make a *bella figura* in the Presidency. If Europe could be led away from the brink during his tenure, his political stock in France could get the boost it badly needed. "One hoped for a miracle," a diplomatic adviser to Mitterrand in the Élysée Palace recalls. "By then, it was clear that only the heads of government could do something about the situation." That was because they had created it. "It couldn't be left to the bureaucrats. One couldn't afford a second failure. Don't think he tried to build a coalition against Britain. He didn't."

Relations between Mitterrand and Mrs. Thatcher weren't good. At Athens, they had exchanged digs through their press spokesmen. Besides, Mitterrand had been badly briefed for the Athens meeting, and had not distinguished himself there. Within the Élysée, he gets a good deal of conflicting advice, and he is said to lack confidence in his Foreign Minister, Claude Cheysson, as many senior French diplomats do. At the end of the year, Mitterrand decided to put the Community dossier in one pair of capable hands. He chose a prominent lawyer, Roland Dumas, and appointed him Minister for European Affairs; the following June, Dumas also became Government Spokesman. Dumas has handled a number of celebrated cases, including the tangled inheritance of Pablo Picasso and a wiretapping suit brought by *Le Canard Enchaîné*, the satirical weekly, against the Giscard government several years ago. He is one of a few establishment figures in Paris whose politics are left of center, and he is a close friend of Mitterrand's. Dumas knew nothing of the Community's difficulties, but lawyers of his quality routinely master complicated briefs. The next summit meeting would be in Brussels on March 19th and 20th. (The spring meeting is often held in Brussels.) Dumas and his



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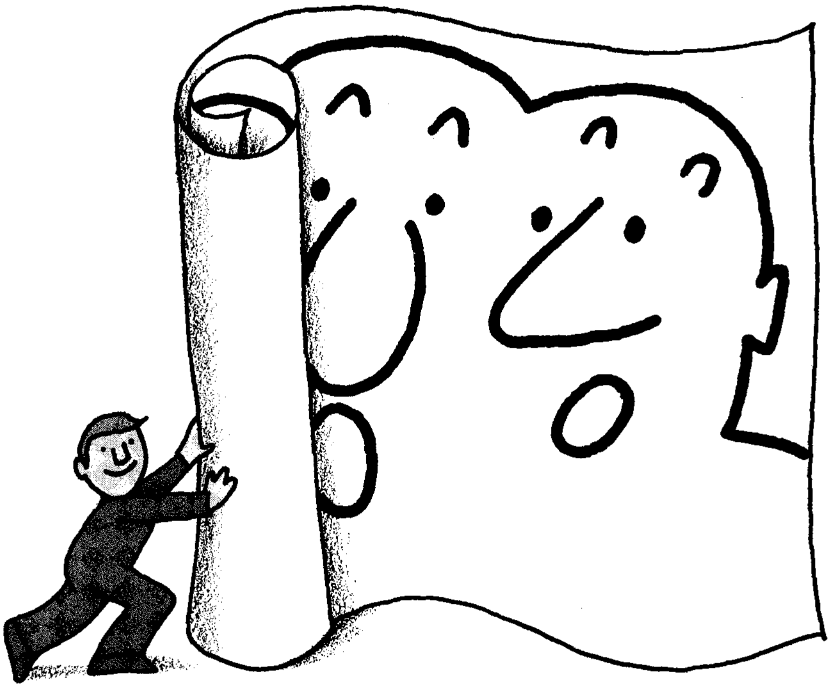

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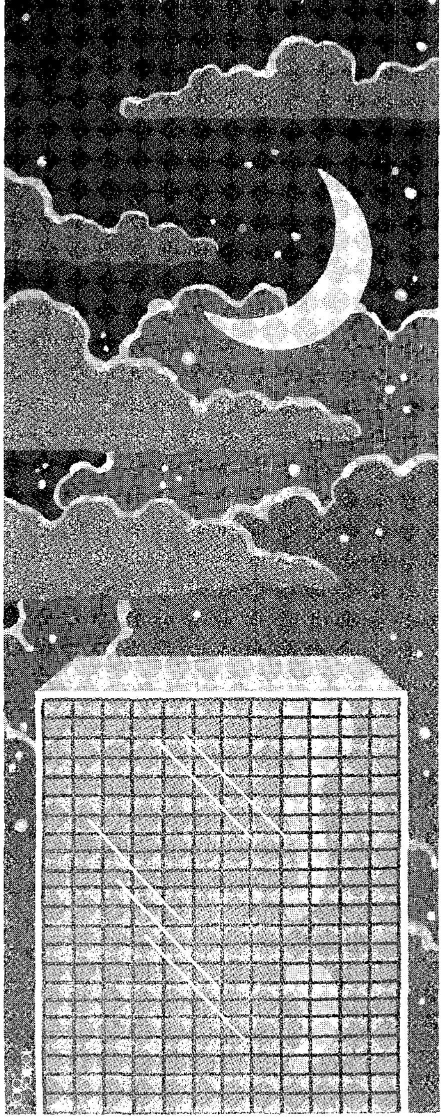

new client chose to prepare for it by arranging a series of tête-à-tête meetings with the other leaders, and over the next several weeks Mitterrand met privately with each of his nine partners—twice with Kohl and Mrs. Thatcher. By then, if not before, Mitterrand, who, unlike de Gaulle, was never hostile to the Community, had become very "European." Actually, no French President can now afford to be anti-European, but while Mitterrand has always been well disposed toward the Community, in the past year or so he has acted as if he were a "European" of the advanced, supranational variety. *Since he is generally seen as a* man of considerable ability but few, if any, commitments to goals and causes, his apparent advocacy of the kind of Community envisaged by the prophets was interesting. In June, he went as far as to propose that Community decisions be taken by majority vote instead of unanimously; no previous government—least of all de Gaulle's—would have considered yielding the power to veto decisions affecting France. "This is the most 'European' French government since 1958," says a French diplomat who works on Community matters. In Paris, many people see Mitterrand's "Europeanness" as part of a campaign to distance himself from his "Albanians"—the left-wingers in the government whom the country blames for damage done to the economy. (Recently, Mitterrand has also acquired a more distinct pro-American bias, which can only help him, since France seems to be as pro-American these days as it was anti-American in the nineteen-sixties. His admiration for things American was strongly reinforced by a stop in California's Silicon Valley during an official visit in March. There he met and talked with some youthful founders of very successful high-technology companies; they made it all sound easy—access to plenty of venture capital, plus a huge and expectant market. Mitterrand returned to a country where access to venture capital is difficult and government red tape stifles new endeavors. He began telling people, in effect, that he had just seen the future, and it works.)

The Germans, too, are led by a convinced "European;" Kohl is the most pro-Community Chancellor since Adenauer, and he is said to see himself, just as Adenauer saw himself, as "the last of the good Germans," which seems to mean being a European first and a German second. Kohl may have trouble at meetings with his Community brief, but he is strongly committed to the enterprise. He and Mitterrand work together closely and are usually in good rapport; in some ways, their relationship is reminiscent of the strong tie between de Gaulle and Adenauer. But, whereas de Gaulle tried to dominate West Germany by dominating Adenauer, Mitterrand influences Kohl by playing to his European bias. Like de Gaulle, he is trying to establish French political leadership, but he is also trying to discourage the old German temptation to tilt toward West and East at the same time. Although France and West Germany are each other's largest trading partners, and the old hostility between them is gone, the French continue to worry about the West Germans—specifically, about the possibility that more intimate ties with East Germany will tempt them to play an essentially neutral role in Europe. The more truculent American attitude toward the Soviet Union, not to mention Washington's interest in competing militarily in outer space, agitates the West Germans; their nervousness, in turn, agitates French leaders, who also worry about the Eagleburger line and what it may portend. Recently, a diplomat I know with several years' experience in Paris described the concern there with the Germans as obsessive. The French government's pro-American attitude reflects this, according to some diplomats. "The idea is that when West Germany was reliable—that is to say, well within the reach of Washington's influence—the French could afford to be anti-American," one of them says. "But now, with the Germans seemingly quite wobbly and American attitudes harder to read, the French are discovering the United States."

Although Mitterrand's views on Europe are very different from de Gaulle's, he resembles him stylistically in being Delphic and solitary; his ministers and aides (except for Dumas) are often kept in the dark about his intentions, and he sometimes puts them on a false scent, just as de Gaulle did with his entourage. Mrs. Thatcher strikes some people as being even more like de Gaulle, since she, too, is highly nationalistic, and she, too, can be a bully. But the resemblance stops there; she lacks, among other things, de Gaulle's knowledge of the world and the diplomatic method. In her meetings with Mitterrand before the summit in Brussels, she did most of the talking. She was holding very good cards and was in no mood for compromise, and she was untroubled by the threat of a major crisis. Her nine partners, however, were troubled by that threat, and more prone to compromise than most of them probably realized. By then, the French side had acquired a keen appreciation of the merits of Britain's position and was ready to lead the others more than halfway to it. Thanks mainly to Mitterrand's private talks and Dumas's heavy-duty diplomacy at the next level down, the path to agreement, although still a bit rough, was open. On Monday, March 12th, just a week before the summit began, the ten agriculture ministers, negotiating in what *The Economist* called "a fit of pre-summit fever," agreed at last to moderate their spendthrift system, mainly by capping the production of milk. This unprecedented step seemed to augur well.

WHAT the Brussels summit produced was not the agreement that was within reach but a black comedy. The opening talks, held on Monday afternoon, went badly, and the dinner that evening was a disaster. It was held at the Val Duchesse, a stately former monastery where the Treaty of Rome was negotiated, and which is now used by the Community for entertaining dignitaries. Mrs. Thatcher and some of the others fell to arguing bitterly about an arcane budget matter that few of them understood and that had, in any case, already been disposed of by diplomats, who were appalled when they heard what was happening. Mrs. Thatcher was described to me as having been "domineering and finger-pointing," as having "poisoned the atmosphere." But meanwhile Dumas and a few key people on the British team were beavering away toward a compromise. Whatever they worked out, assuming it was blessed by the Germans, would sweep up the smaller members. The main issues were the amount of Britain's rebate and the means of paying it. The Thatcher people were holding out for 1.25 billion E.C.U.s (starting in 1985), and the French were proposing one billion. The British continued to insist on a permanent mechanism for routinizing the procedure. Sometime during the evening, Mitterrand offered 1.1 billion without the mechanism. Mrs. Thatcher and her advisers

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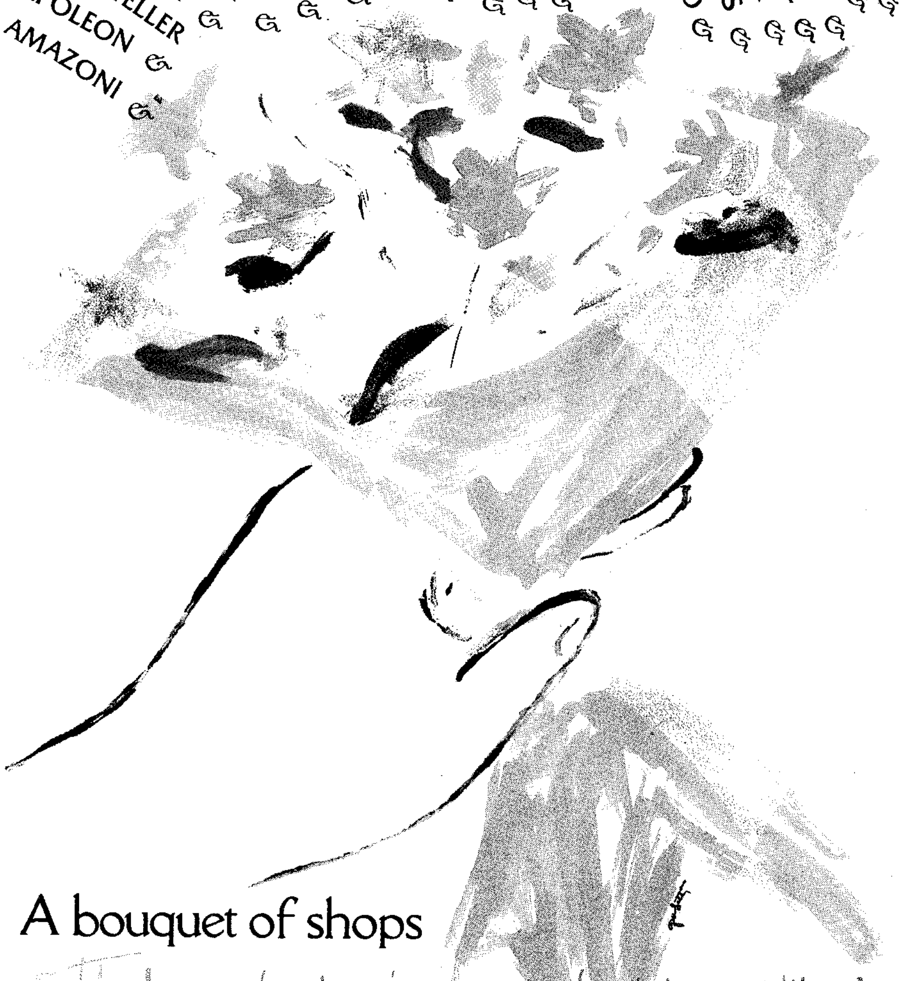

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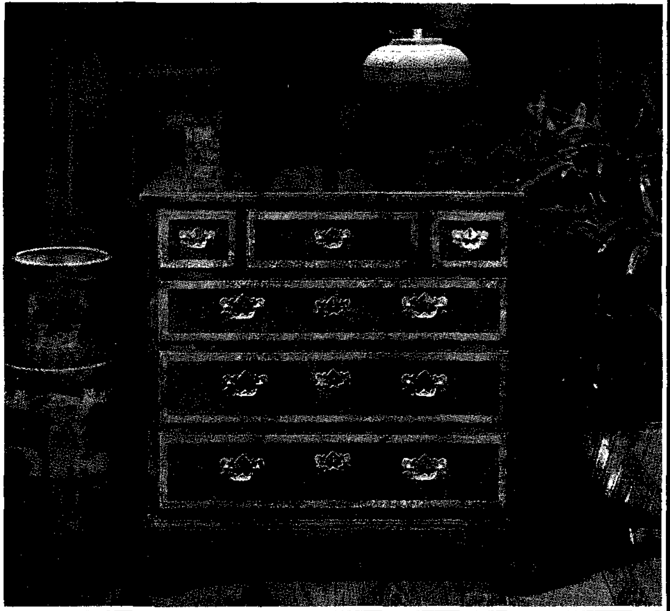

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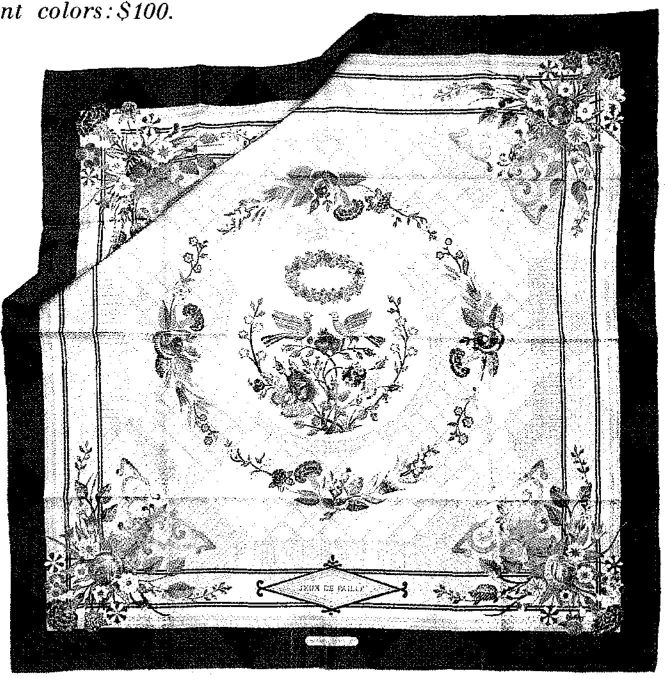

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demurred. On Tuesday morning, Dumas was instructed to work out a deal; the remaining differences seemed quite manageable. Dumas and a British diplomat toiled through most of the morning, and drew in the Germans as the two positions began to converge. "It was all precooked by us and the French," a member of the British team says. "By lunchtime, it looked as if it would succeed."

But the conference room that afternoon seethed with bitter feelings left over from the fiasco at dinner. Shortly after the talks resumed, Ireland's Prime Minister, Garret FitzGerald, spoke up. Mrs. Thatcher, he said, wasn't the only person there with a special problem. He, too, had one. The Irish economy depended on milk, and FitzGerald wanted his dairy farmers exempted from the production limit agreed to a week earlier. Some of the others objected—Mrs. Thatcher with particular vigor—and FitzGerald thereupon stalked out of the meeting, not to return. A little later, with tensions running even higher, Helmut Kohl utterly confused matters by offering his own solution to the British problem. What he actually proposed indicated that he hadn't understood what had been going on all morning, or even some of what was in the German position. Still, his proposal derailed the Anglo-French compromise. Some of the other Germans, I was told, tried to "walk back" Kohl's proposal, but couldn't. Mrs. Thatcher had pronounced the offer unacceptable, and thus the others, in the words of a British diplomat, "lined up behind it like sheep."

A sense of lost opportunity lingered for weeks, especially in Paris and London. "The Brussels package"—the deal with Britain that had been all but completed—was "marvellous, a miracle," said a French diplomat who works closely with Dumas. "She'd have taken eleven hundred million E.C.U.s with the system"—the mechanism—said a British diplomat who was there with Mrs. Thatcher. Such an outcome was well within reach. Just before the meeting ended, on Tuesday evening, however, some of the foreign ministers refused to approve a rebate to Britain for 1983 (seven hundred and fifty million E.C.U.s, the equivalent of six hundred million dollars) that had been agreed to at Stuttgart nine months earlier. Their gesture, a foolish one, may have been aimed at reminding Mrs. Thatcher that the others had some cards of their own. Instead, it enraged her, and created a serious possibility that the Community's second-largest contributor would react by withholding further payments to the budget. On the Continent, Mrs. Thatcher drew all the blame for the failure, but all parties, including the British, applauded France's preparations for the meeting. And, having come so close, Mitterrand still wasn't ready to give up. On Thursday, two days after "grim Tuesday," he called Mrs. Thatcher and proposed a special meeting of the foreign ministers on the following Tuesday. When she agreed, he called the others, and the ministers found themselves back in Brussels for another try. The idea was that since the leaders weren't getting along, their more compatible deputies might accomplish more. What occurred on Tuesday the twenty-seventh isn't wholly clear. Nothing actually happened, the British say, because the nine put nothing significantly new or different on the table. Others disagree strongly, and say that Sir Geoffrey Howe ignored two concessions that were offered. The first was scrapping the plan Kohl had offered the week before. The second, and more important, they say, was offering Britain a mechanism and making it retroactive (numbers to be worked out). But Howe, they say, refused even to call Mrs. Thatcher about this, though he was under heavy pressure to do so. (Howe was under such pressure to call that one foreign minister simply assumed that he must have done so, and mistakenly told me that he had.) Some of the people at Brussels believe that Howe had so little bargaining room in his instructions that he just didn't bother to call Mrs. Thatcher. But a British diplomat who would know says, "She was hopping around then and hard to deal with." She was still furious about the move to cancel Britain's 1983 rebate. "Howe didn't dare telephone," this diplomat says. The meeting ended with the nine announcing a withdrawal of the concessions they had offered to Britain.

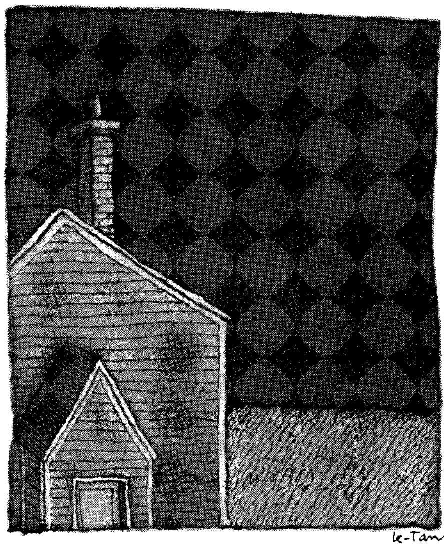
MITTERRAND would be yielding the Presidency to Ireland—to Garret FitzGerald—on July 1st. The Fontainebleau summit on June 25th and 26th would be his—and probably the Community's—last chance to solve the British problem before the money ran out. No one thought it could be done with the Irish presiding. "They would be a disaster," a German diplomat said. "They aren't competent to deal with the problem. And they are antagonistic to the British." (The Irish do lack the bureaucratic resources for dealing with complex Community problems.) Mitterrand apparently decided that the best preparation for Fontainebleau would be the least preparation. April and May were prelude to what seem to have been the most politically episodic few weeks in Europe's recent past. They began with a surprise event—actually, a nonevent. Helmut Kohl invited himself, through intermediaries, to take part in the June 6th ceremonies in Normandy marking the fortieth anniversary of the Allied invasion of Europe. Kohl seems to have felt that by joining Queen Elizabeth II, Presidents Mitterrand and Reagan, and Prime Minister Trudeau he would be pointing up the reconciliation that has taken place between Germany and her former enemies. But Mitterrand was worried about antagonizing veterans' groups and creating an issue that France's far right might exploit, and he turned down his great confederate, thereby bruising German feelings. "They cannot ask us to deploy all these nuclear weapons on our soil and then not allow us to take part in the ceremony of reconciliation," a German diplomat said to me. Most Europeans think Kohl should not have invited himself but that Mitterrand committed the larger error in not letting him come. (Washington did not intervene on Kohl's behalf.)

On June 7th, the major Community countries met in London with the United States, Japan, and Canada for an economic summit, at which serious issues were ignored for two days and nothing was accomplished. On June 12th, the foreign ministers of Britain and the six original Community members met to discuss European defense coöperation; specifically, they talked about reviving the Western European Union, or W.E.U., a dormant organization that had been created by and for Europeans in the late nineteen-forties. But for Europe's concern about the quality of American leadership and the constancy of American policy, this meeting would not have been called; nothing is likely to come of it. All the senior figures were also heavily involved in political campaigns, because elections were being held throughout the Community in mid-June: a new European Parliament was being chosen. Although very little attention is paid to this body, which consists of representatives of the political parties in each country and meets one week a month (except holidays) in Strasbourg, the elections themselves are major events: they test the popularity of sitting governments, and hence are strenuously fought and closely watched. On June 18th, the day after the elections ended, the Community foreign ministers arrived in Luxembourg for two days of meetings to prepare the ground for Fontainebleau. Meanwhile, Mitterrand, who was trying to shore up a shrinking political base, had complicated his life by proposing to reform private education in France and reduce government support for it. (His popularity had fallen to the lowest level ever recorded for a French President under the Fifth Republic.) A huge wave of Church-supported protest developed.

The election campaign gave Mitterrand a strong reason for doing as little as possible about the Fontainebleau summit. He had to avoid any gesture that could be interpreted in France as further indulgence of Mrs. Thatcher; anti-British sentiment was running high. And in London the British were showing at least as much unconcern. "All bets are off. We can afford to wait," a senior Foreign Office official said to me two weeks before the Fontainebleau meeting. Some French officials, on instructions, were going beyond indifference and talking about a "two-speed Europe"—one in which strongly committed members would do more together and move more rapidly toward unity than the less committed members (i.e., Britain), which would move slowly, at their own pace. Only in Paris was this notion treated with any seriousness; in the other capitals it was ridiculed. "They can't go at half speed or full speed with no money," observed a British diplomat who advises Mrs. Thatcher. Her own view was contained in an interview in the *Daily Express* on June 4th. "We haven't yet got a common market, and we're a very long way from it. I must tell you that I do not believe in . . . a united states of Europe. I do not believe in a federal Europe and I think to ever compare it to the United States of America is absolutely ridiculous. . . . They talk about things like a two-speed Europe and people like me say, 'Oh, and what do you mean?' All right, if you mean a two-speed Europe, let me tell you what I mean—those who pay most are in the top group and those who pay less are not." One of her loyal advisers characterized this provocative language as "silly." A French diplomat told me he found it "very Gaullist." It seemed odd to hear Mrs. Thatcher, the adversary, described like that in the Quai d'Orsay. Another French diplomat—one who was heavily involved in the British problem—sounded even odder, saying, in the same breath, "Mrs. Thatcher must choose—total war [*la guerre à outrance*] or agreement" and "British diplomacy is remarkable. It is very intimidating."

As before, Mrs. Thatcher was holding trumps, because the financially depleted Community can't endure without British money. The pressure was on Mitterrand. "The British have prevailed all along," one of the foreign ministers said. "Now François Mitterrand cannot afford another failure. Too much of his prestige is at stake." The elections on Sunday, June 17th, went very badly for Mitterrand—worse than had been expected. His Socialist Party drew only twenty-one per cent of the vote, while the center right—the main opposition—had forty-one per cent. (The surprise was the performance of the radical right; it got eleven per cent, a modern high, while the Communists also had eleven per cent, which for them was a modern low.) None of the other leaders of the Community fared as badly as Mitterrand did in these "Euro-elections." On the following day, the hundred-and-sixty-ninth anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, the foreign ministers had another go in Luxembourg. They met in a tall, modern structure situated on the edge of town and divided by an overgrown field from a Holiday Inn, where most of the delegations stayed. It was a busy, if unfruitful, two days; most of the action was outside the conference room. Roland Dumas and Sir Geoffrey Howe had three private sessions. "We've heard fifteen new suggestions, each of them less useful than the last," a British diplomat said late on Tuesday. "They don't like making concessions to the lady," he added. "They would like to settle here." But no one expected that to happen. The last roll of the dice for the Community before the money at hand ran out and the Irish took the helm would be the Fontainebleau summit, the following Monday and Tuesday.

I spent the intervening days—Wednesday through Sunday—in Brussels talking to Community officials and assorted diplomats. Opinion on the likelihood of agreement was evenly split. The pessimists felt that Britain had overplayed a good hand and thereby pushed the nine into a wholly uncompromising, possibly irrational state. And they couldn't understand why the British seemed to be going out of their way to worsen the situation by blaming the failure at Brussels on Kohl, who was known to resent being made a scapegoat. One Ambassador described this British indiscretion as "pinning the tail on a German donkey." I especially looked forward to a meeting with an astute and very capable member of the Commission. Like many others, he felt the British problem had become a test of strength out of all proportion to its importance. "But, for the first time since 1965, we confront the possibility of an empty chair," he said. He was referring to de Gaulle's boycott. "The others won't want Britain there if they don't pay up." He did feel, though, that the chances for agreement were reasonably good. The thinking (or hope) was that Dumas and a few of the Thatcher people would put something together, if they hadn't already, and then sweep up the others. At the end of Friday afternoon, however, I was told that nothing was happening on any front.



On Sunday the twenty-fourth, Paris was engulfed by the private-school partisans; although orderly, their demonstration was the largest the city had experienced since the Events of May, 1968, which nearly brought down de Gaulle. Some newspapers estimated the size of the procession as more than a million people. But the impact was considerably less than many had feared it would be. Mitterrand had returned the day before from a state visit to the Soviet Union, where, in a toast at the Kremlin, he had linked the plight of Dr. Andrei Sakharov, the dissident scientist, to feelings in the West about human rights. This was a bold and unprecedented step; it stirred the French and did the faltering Mitterrand a great deal of good.

At noon at Fontainebleau the next day, a mob of journalists and photographers jammed the château's Cour des Adieux, where Napoleon made his formal farewells before leaving for Elba. (There were roughly thirteen hundred journalists and photographers at Fontainebleau.) They were awaiting the arrival of the dignitaries, which would be the only "photo opportunity" of the conference. Outside the gate, a few hundred people were shouting pro-European slogans and waving banners and signs. The sun appeared just minutes before Mitterrand arrived, wearing a light-gray suit and looking very fit; he mounted the large horseshoe staircase, on which the Garde Républicaine was deployed in force. Only the French could have imparted so much theatre, and even splendor, to such an affair. The arrivals of the official guests were carefully spaced a few minutes apart; each leader would arrive (in most cases with a foreign minister), mount the staircase, take a salute from the Garde, and be greeted gravely at the entrance by Mitterrand. After the first four or five leaders had come and vanished inside the château, a roar from the crowd alerted the fidgeting photographers to the arrival of La Dame de Fer. It wasn't an especially disapproving roar—no boos or catcalls—just a rather high-spirited roar. She walked slowly up the stairs, shook hands solemnly with Mitterrand, and went inside. Next came Helmut Kohl, and the last to arrive was Papandreou, accompanied by a magnificently turned-out figure with flowing hair and a luxuriant mustache, who was identified for me as Foreign

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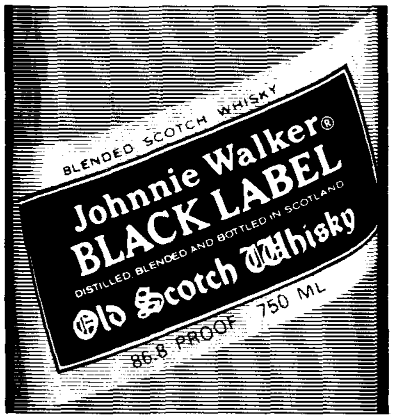

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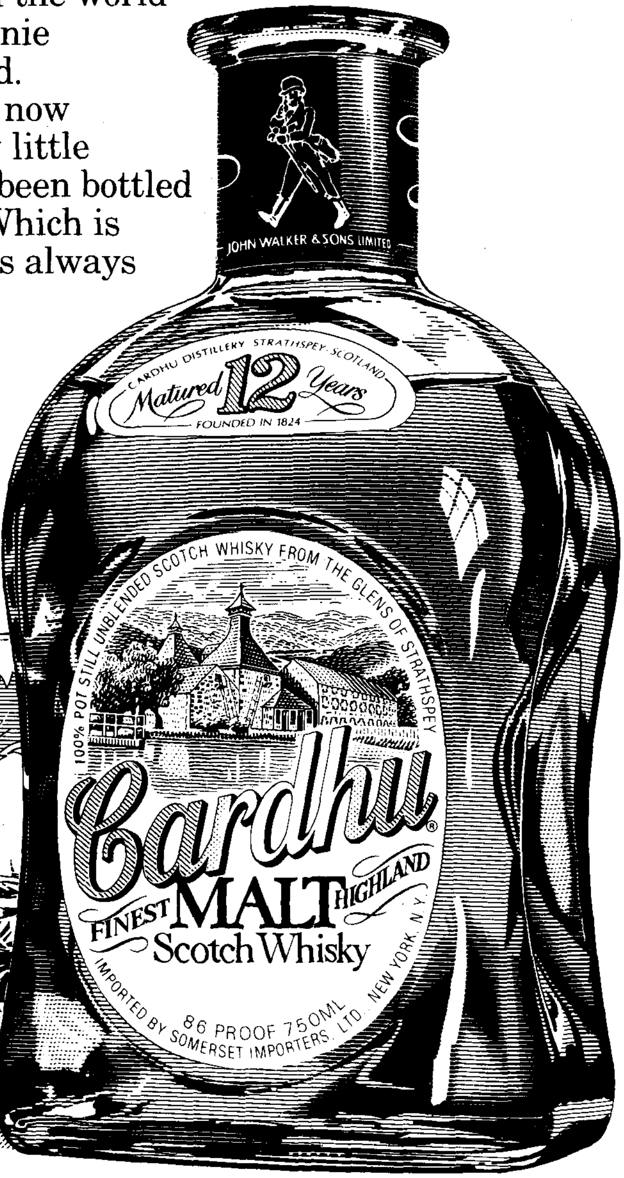

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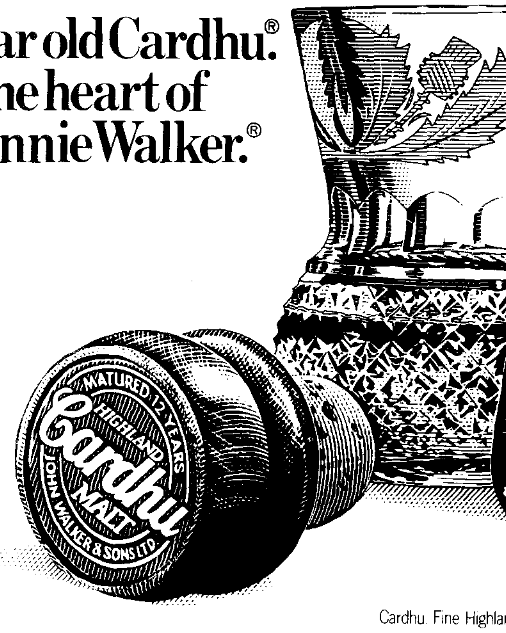

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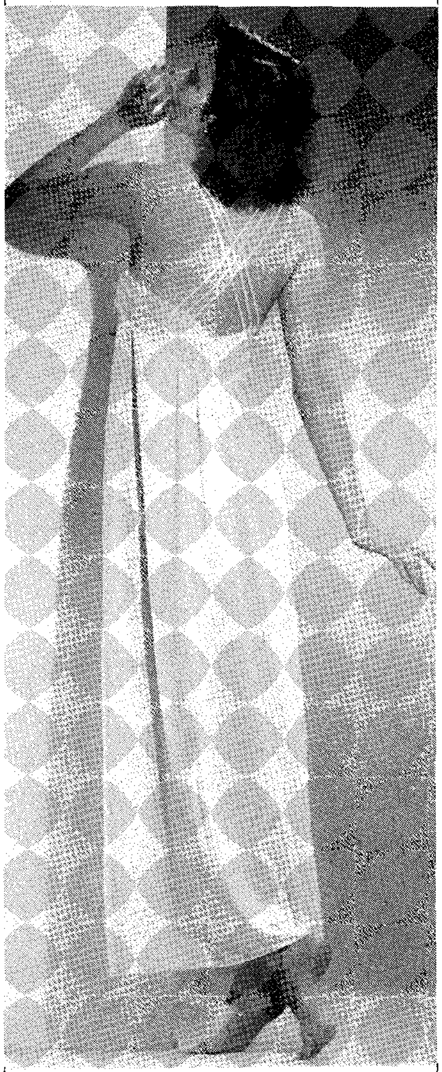

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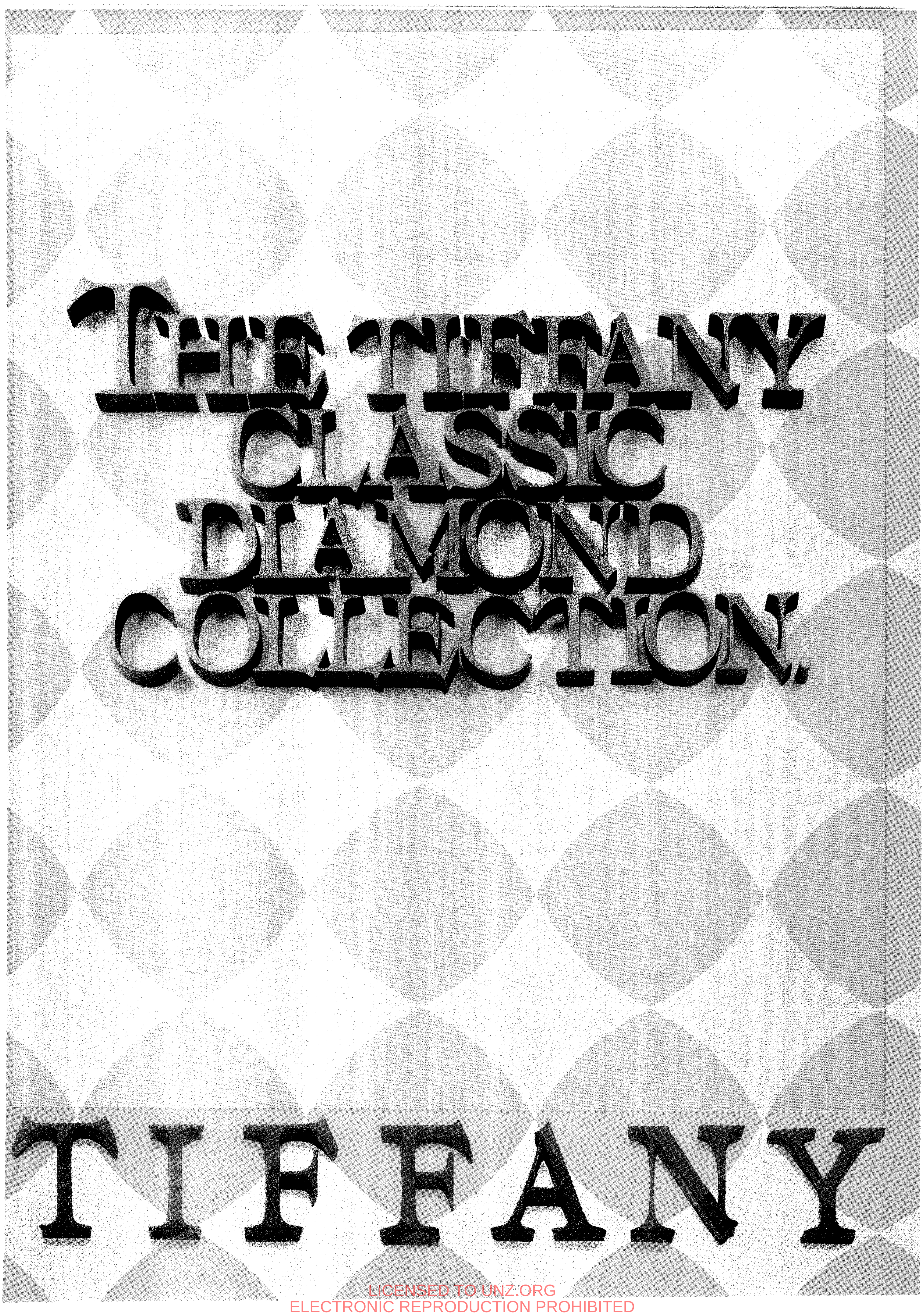
Minister Yannis Charalambopoulos. He alone was a stylistic match for the setting.

The agenda was said to be laden with suggestions for steps that a healthy, aggressive Community might wish to take. Mitterrand wanted to keep alive his notion of a two-speed Europe, to prevent Mrs. Thatcher and her problem from dominating the conference. "He is preparing the ground for failure by emphasizing a political agenda," a French official of the Community told me. "FRANCE SEEKS E.C. STRATEGY TO BYPASS BRITISH ISSUE," read one newspaper headline. No one I spoke with thought it would work; the only serious business of the conference was the British problem. In any case, much of the afternoon was wasted. After the leaders and ministers had lunched at a trestle table in the Hall of Columns, Mitterrand briefed the others on his talks in Moscow. He then invited Kohl to describe a trip he had just made to Hungary. Kohl, it seems, thereupon spoke at such length that he depleted the time available for afternoon discussion. The source for that information was Bernard Ingham, a droll Yorkshireman who is Mrs. Thatcher's press spokesman and a source of constant entertainment for the European press. At a midafternoon briefing, Ingham went out of his way to emphasize the interminable aspect of Kohl's performance, and I had to wonder why the British were hounding the Germans. It seemed not only pointless but foolish.

Later in the afternoon, I met with one of the most capable and experienced of the experts. He was very gloomy. The British problem was a "non-problem," he said. "But no one knows what to do or what should happen. The only common thread is that no one wants a collapse." Britain's real problem, he added, was that "it lacks a fantasy." He meant that instead of concentrating on a rebate the British should try more seriously than they had in the past to extract some program or project from the Community which would be of special value to them. He said, "Each of the other countries has fought to have something—some benefit—that would balance the advantages acquired at their expense by the other members. The Community," he added, "is feeble and rudderless. The dream of Monnet, Schuman, and de Gasperi is dead."

The mood within the château Monday afternoon was catatonic; one had a sense of people dispassionately repeating things they had said before. I discovered why the next day. On Sunday evening, just hours before the conference was to begin, one of Mitterrand's aides had given the British a new proposal that to them was a long step backward. It offered a smaller rebate than the figure already agreed to by the Community—a billion E.C.U.s. Howe immediately called Dumas, who may not have been informed of the proposal. (A fair amount of free-lancing is done in Mitterrand's Élysée.) In any event, this initiative caused Mrs. Thatcher to prepare herself for another failure. Moreover, the German delegation—the other important one—arrived at the château confused and divided. "It was rather like dealing with the Reagan Administration," one of Mrs. Thatcher's advisers said. When a colleague of his asked a member of the German delegation—an old friend—what its position was on the British issue, he replied, "I don't know. We have two."

That evening, while the foreign ministers held a working dinner, an aide to Dumas and a few key members of Mrs. Thatcher's team met for several hours and disposed of most of the issues, including the method for calculating the rebate: Britain would get back a fixed percentage of the difference between what it pays into the Community and what the Community spends in Britain. The critical number—the size of the percentage—remained to be worked out. Mitterrand and Mrs. Thatcher were briefed early the next morning, and the talks at the château resumed at ten o'clock. Mrs. Thatcher insisted on having back sixty-six per cent. She did not, as so often in the past, try for a higher figure than the one she wanted and then agree to split the difference. She insisted on sixty-six per cent and stuck to that figure. For quite a long time, Kohl insisted on giving her no more than sixty per cent. When I heard about that later on, I wondered whether Ingham's remarks about Kohl's wordy account of his trip had hardened the German position. (The page-one story in the London *Times* on Tuesday morning said, "Mrs. Thatcher's hopes that the subject [her problem] would be raised quickly were dashed when Chancellor Kohl was invited . . . to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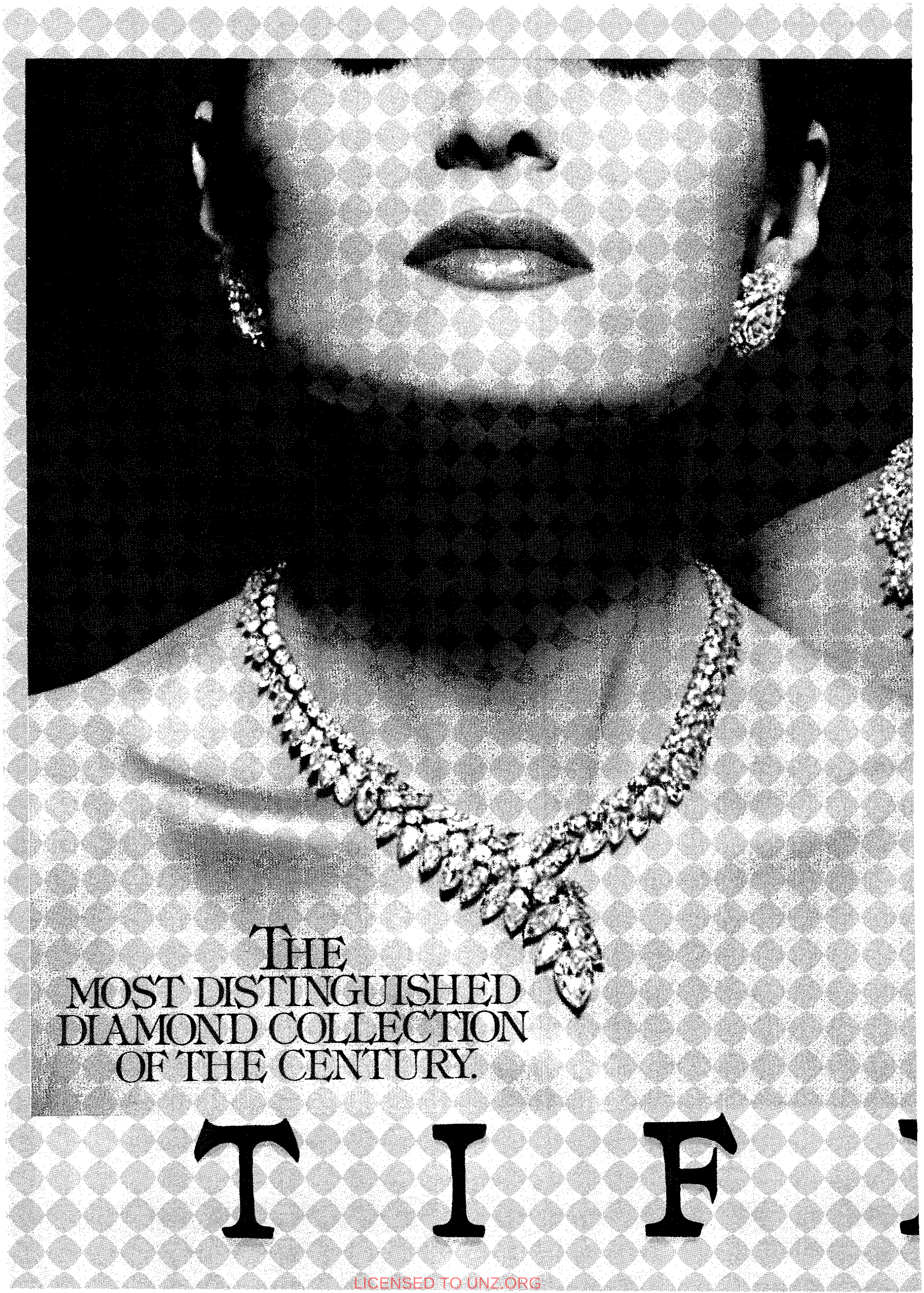
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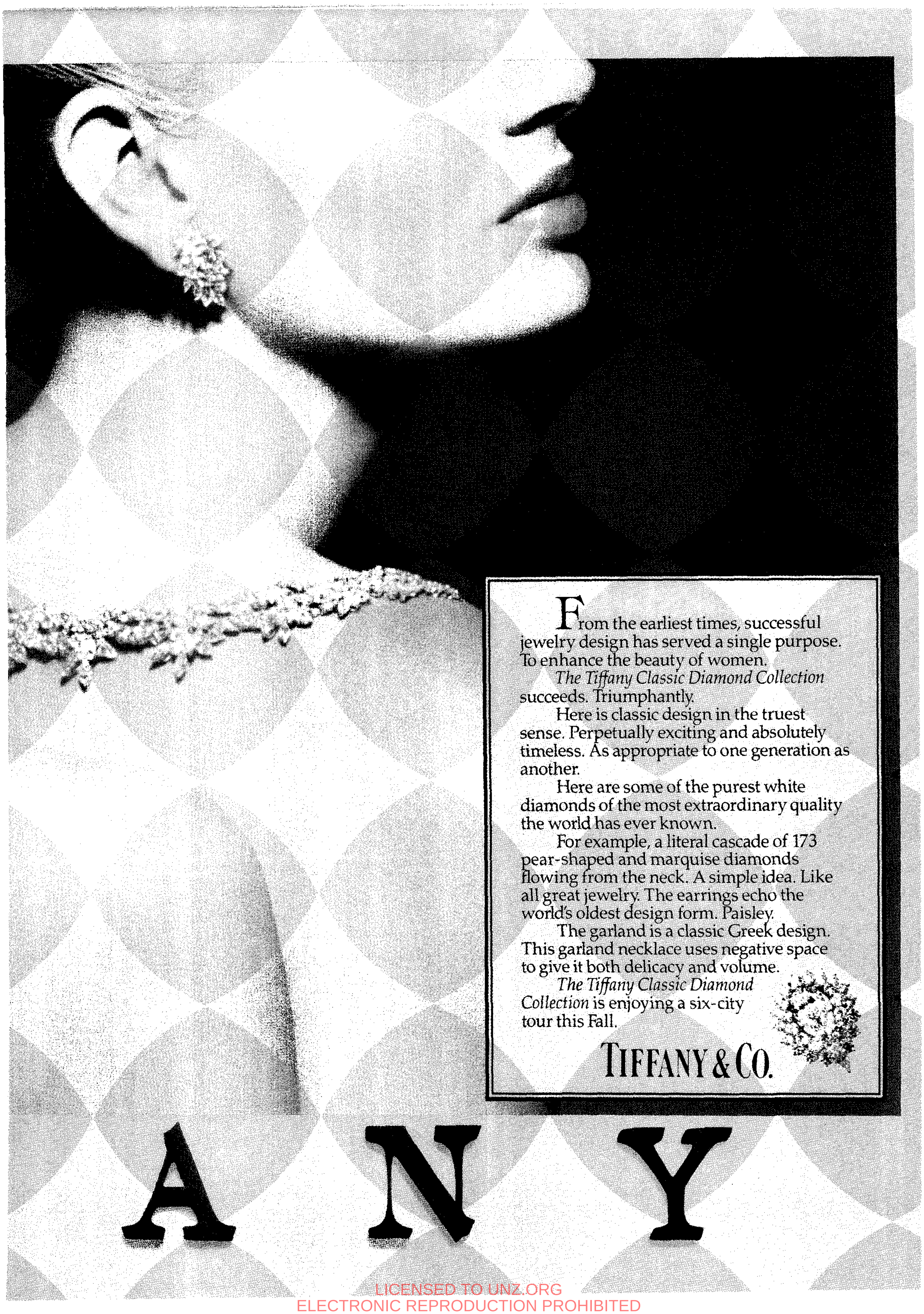

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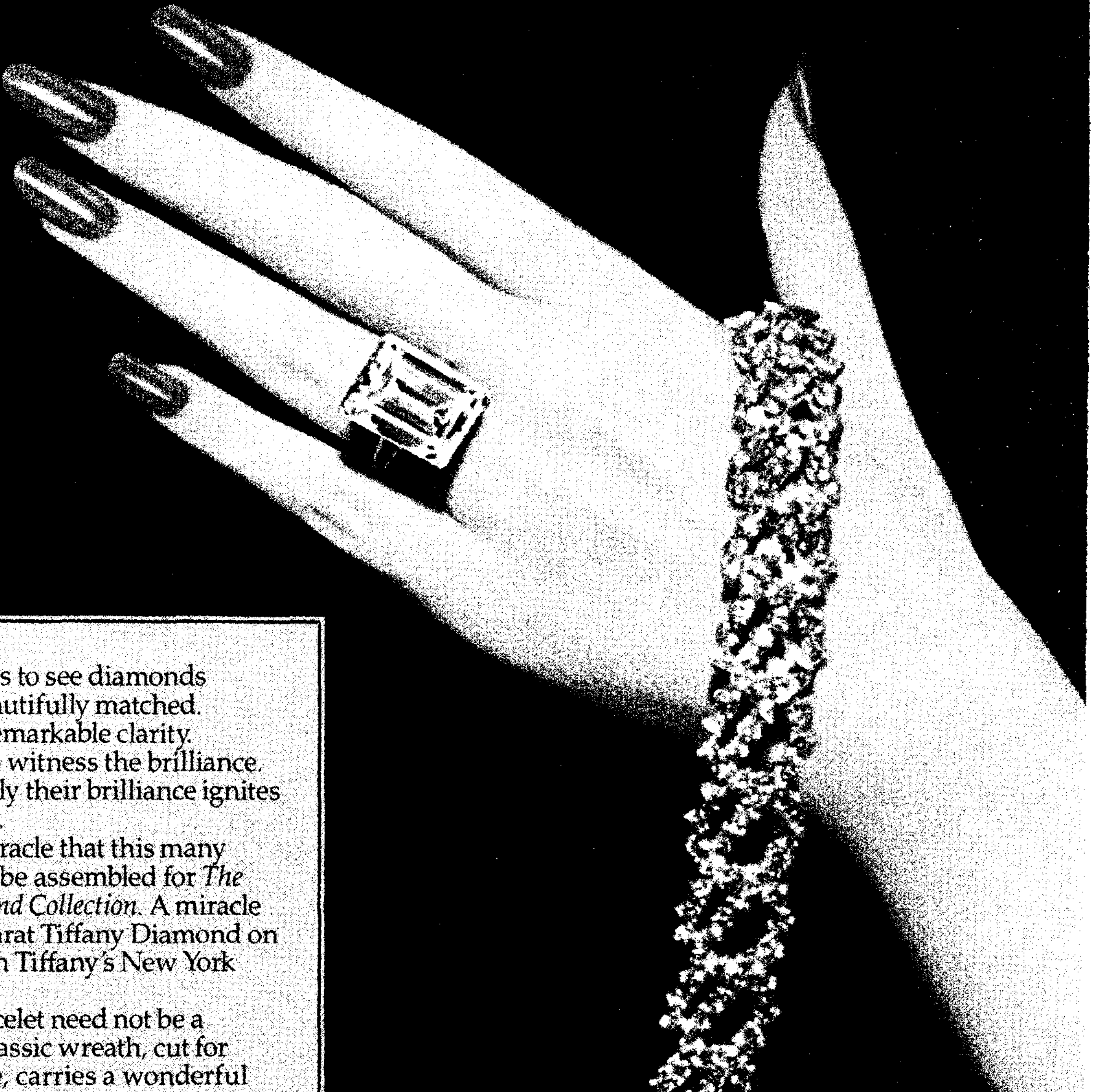

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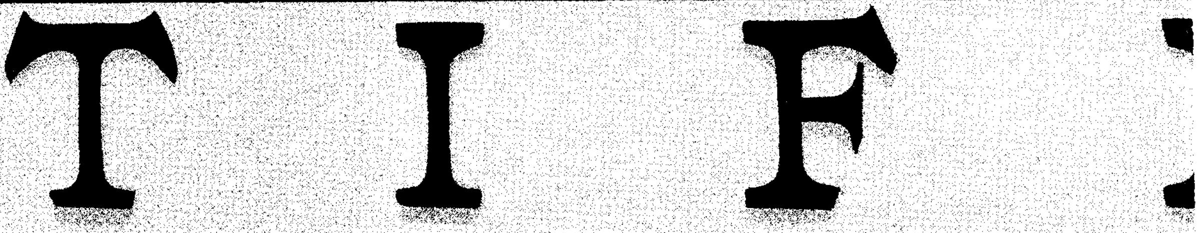

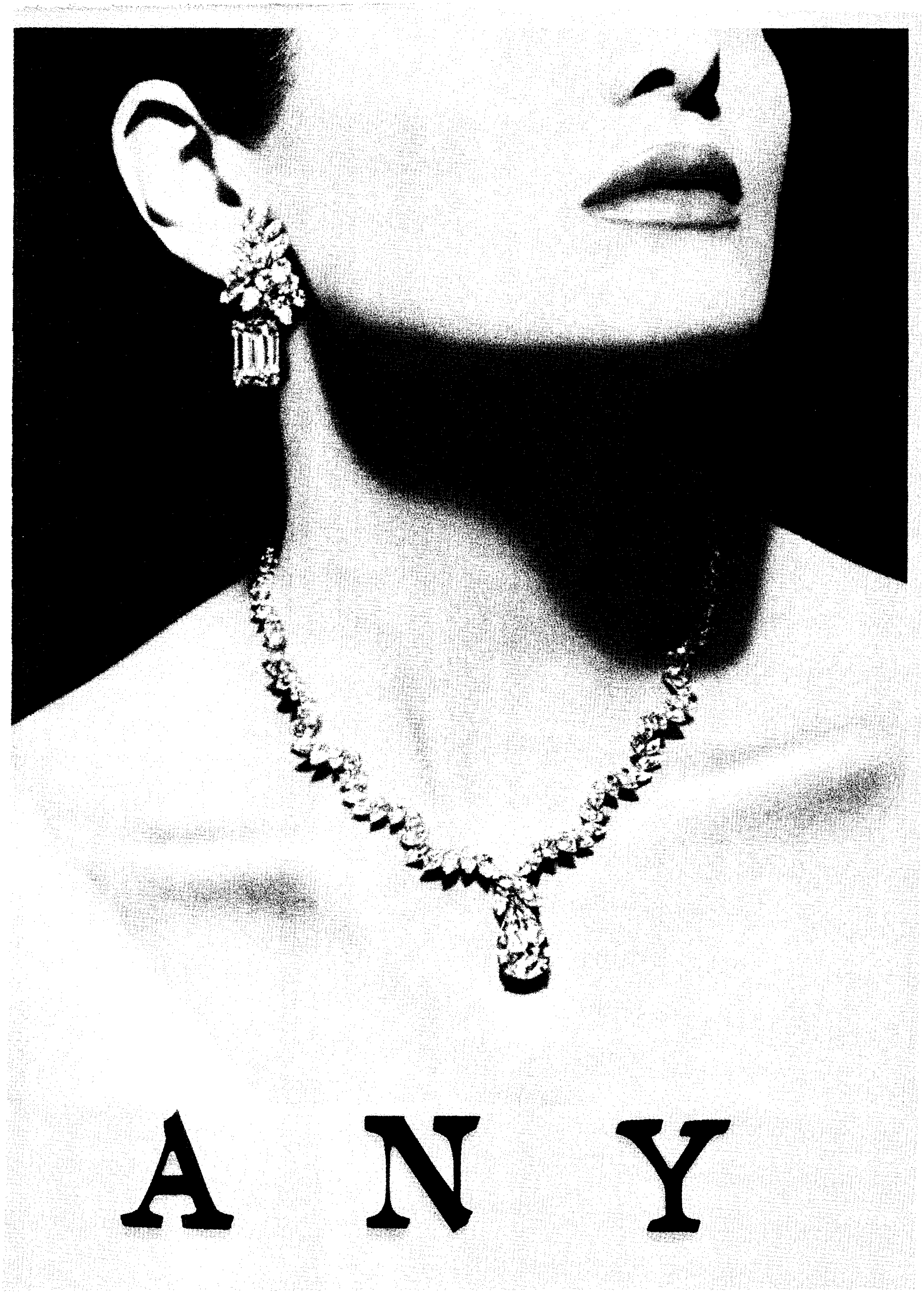
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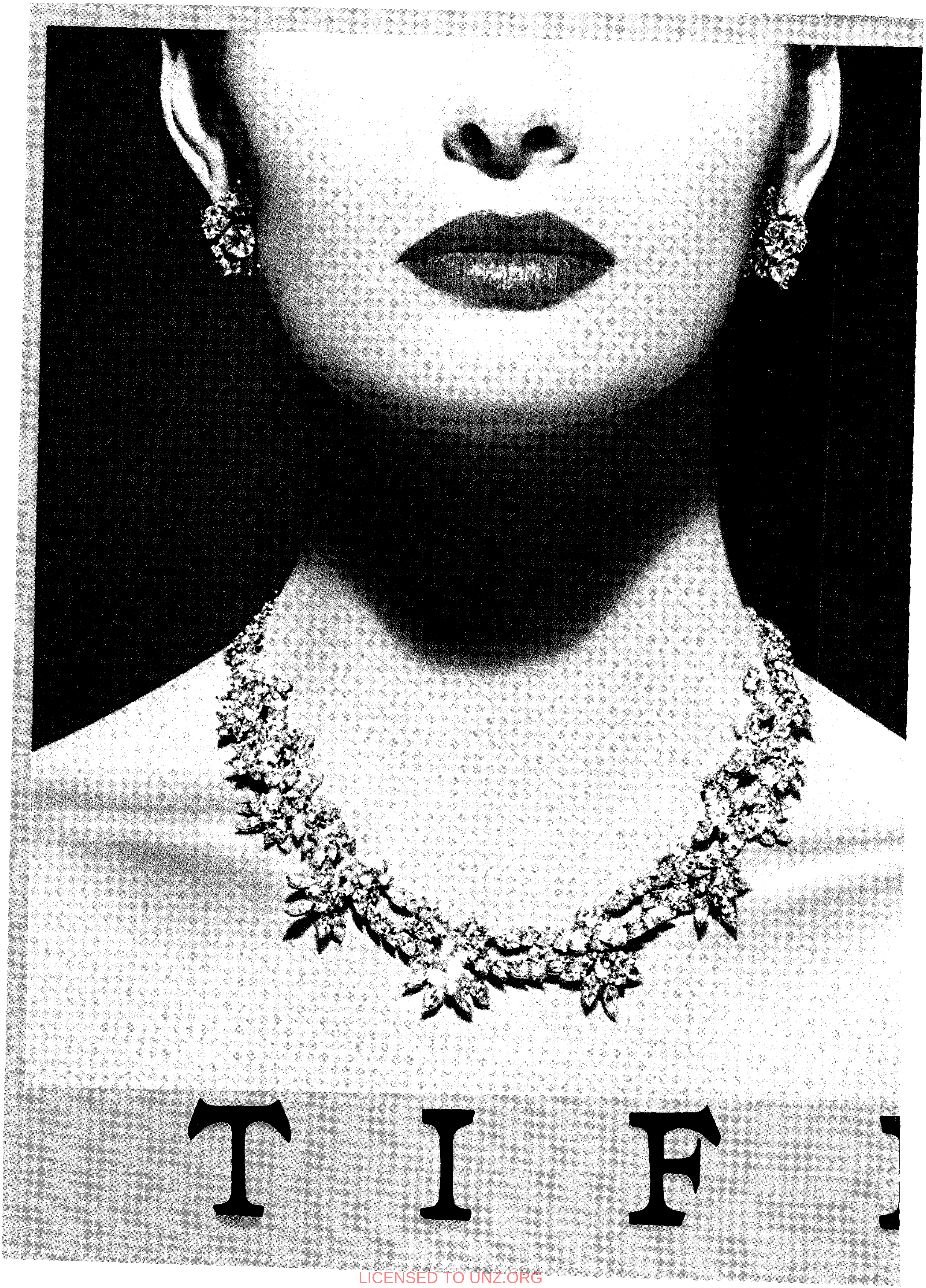
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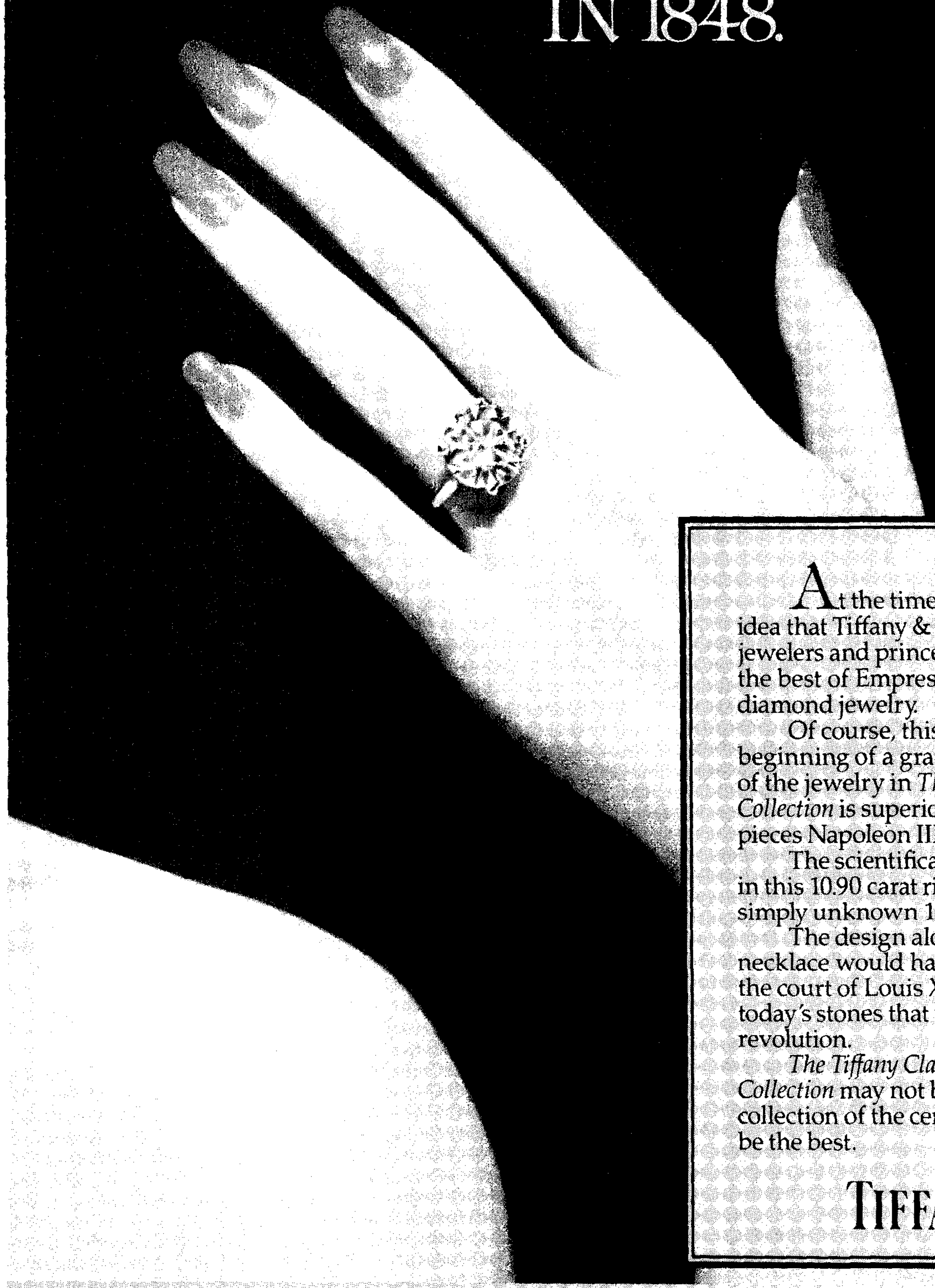

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give a report on his recent trip to Budapest. The West German Chancellor was grateful of the opportunity and spoke at such length that there were scarcely two hours left to deal with the main purpose of the meeting before the dinner break.")

The French hadn't given up on their political agenda, but the discussion of the British problem continued uninterrupted until two-thirty in the afternoon, when the parties decided, mirabile dictu, that at long last they had put it behind them. Kohl yielded his position when the others agreed to allow the Germans to pay a smaller share of the British rebate than in the past. Mrs. Thatcher got her sixty-six per cent—starting in 1985. The British left the château feeling more satisfied than triumphant. They had obtained what seemed quite a good arrangement, although the French lost not a moment in putting it about that Mrs. Thatcher had settled for less than she could have had at Brussels. A strict comparison of the two arrangements suggests that the agreement in silhouette reached at the working level in Brussels may have been slightly more favorable to Britain—but only slightly. In any case, the differences between an agreement in silhouette and an actual agreement approved by governments are of small importance and quickly forgotten.

THE British problem came back to harass the Community's leaders and senior diplomats on the eve of their August holidays. On July 27th, the European Parliament voted against paying Britain its 1983 rebate of seven hundred and fifty million E.C.U.s. The vote was 212–70, with only two of the losing votes cast by non-British members. Earlier in the week, Britain had angered the others by rejecting a proposal to expand the budget so as to meet the Community's deficit for this year. The nine had agreed to the proposal; the British wanted to cut expenditures instead. What the Parliament did was interpreted as a retaliatory gesture. It was also a way of expressing the strong anti-British feeling that had built up during the crisis. The merit of Britain's case had been obscured by the bitterness arising from failed summit meetings and a sense of the force majeure Mrs. Thatcher was seen to have used against her peers. The Parliament's action astounded the member governments. Mrs. Thatcher called it despicable, and in a television interview she managed to link the Community to the late Errol Flynn, who, it seems, once complained that his net income was not enough for his gross habits. Mitterrand, too, expressed his unhappiness with what had happened, through Dumas. The French were mainly worried that the broad agreement reached at Fontainebleau would unravel, since Britain's 1983 rebate was a part of it.

That probably won't happen; earlier this month, the governments got the normally weak and inept European Parliament to reverse itself. However, a larger British problem remains. After thirty-five years or so of thinking about Europe and Britain's diminishing world role, and after a decade of being a Community member, the British people, by and large, do not feel that they are part of Europe. Old habits and instincts, however anachronistic, die hard. The other members—certainly the original six—do feel that they are part of a European community. They resent Britain's unwillingness to break with the past and its old tendency to involve itself with Europe only when it feels a need to restore a comfortable balance of power. Mrs. Thatcher's style aggravates such feelings. The Continentals argue, perhaps correctly, that by being so bloody-minded Mrs. Thatcher has actually added to Britain's difficulties. They won't concede, as they should, that she wouldn't have done nearly as well on the rebate issue if she hadn't been rather bloody-minded. And they dislike being reminded that even with the rebate in place Britain is still the second-largest net contributor to the Community. What the Continentals don't understand, or accept, is that experience has left Britain very wary of Europe. After being made to feel a supplicant, Britain was rejected by and then excluded from the Community for many years. The long delay in having legitimate British complaints dealt with has deepened the society's sense of insularity—an attitude that extends even into the Foreign Office.

Early in June, I asked an American diplomat who deals with the Community if its leaders were likely to agree at Fontainebleau. "Maybe they will," he said. "Europeans have no alternative to the Community. There is no American alternative, and even less is there an Eastern alternative. Western Europe can't become an appendage of either superpower." Britain is part of Western Europe, and has no place else to go. A large part of the Conservative Party has always understood that, and

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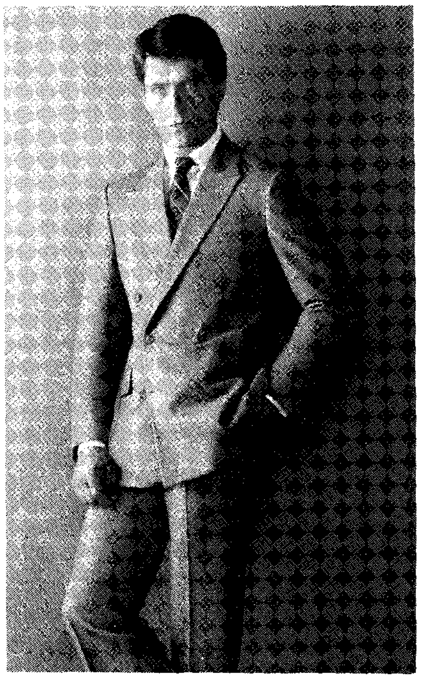

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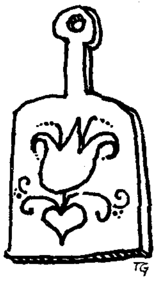
the moderate alliance of the Liberal and Social Democratic Parties is strenuously pro-European. The Labour Party is anti-European, but no longer presses for Britain's withdrawal from the Community. A majority of the British people, if asked, would probably say they didn't like the Community. However, if asked whether they would like it kept intact for their children, a majority would probably say yes. Mrs. Thatcher, I'm told by people who work with her, takes the point and is more of a European intellectually than her manner would lead one to think. Perhaps. But understanding it all intellectually probably won't be good enough if she persists in behaving like an insular Little Englander—a breed that other Europeans have very little patience with.



In theory, three countries—France, Britain, and West Germany—should dominate the Community. In practice, the French and the Germans dominate it; only in special situations do the British exercise as much influence as the other two. And as the Community becomes larger and less cohesive, a dominant inner circle is essential. Britain is tempted by the idea of being part of the inner circle, but hasn't been willing to give up much, if anything, to be there. (In 1978, Schmidt and Giscard created something called the European Monetary System; it was designed to contain exchange-rate fluctuations between European currencies. Only Britain has stood aside from this Community project, saying from time to time that it will join "when conditions are right" but failing to explain what those conditions might be.) Actually, Britain isn't sure that it wants to be part of the inner circle if being there would create the impression of a tri-directorate managing Europe's larger affairs; the British—many of them—say they are reluctant to upset the Italians and the smaller members by taking such a step. "A tri-directorate would be undesirable," a senior Foreign Office official told me. "We can do the same things bilaterally." Several experienced British diplomats feel differently. "A tri-directorate is the only way," one of them said recently. "We, the three big ones, have the only world view." He conceded the presence of hostile attitudes elsewhere in Whitehall.

In Paris and London, many diplomats see the Anglo-French relationship, which is now so tense, as being potentially even more important than the close tie between those old enemies France and Germany. An astute and very capable British diplomat (who favors the tri-directorate) sees "a convergence of French interest and our interests." A senior French diplomat says, "On strategic matters, we are very close to Britain. Its position on demilitarizing space and on anti-ballistic missiles is very like ours. We are very much concerned about space warfare. Things are happening in the strategic domain that are unsettling to both countries." In Europe, only Britain and France have nuclear weapons, deploy large, modern navies, and have world political roles. It was because of these attributes that de Gaulle kept Britain out of the European Community; he didn't want to share the leadership of Europe which he sought for France. Today, the old anti-British bias of the French is flourishing. "Public opinion here is far more hostile to Britain than to any other friendly country," says Pierre Hassner, a French political scientist. The polls confirm this, and also show the British people as being just about as sour on the French. Both societies, according to the polls, like the Germans a good deal more than they like each other.

At the Élysée, I asked one of Mitterrand's people about a tri-directorate. "The French are suspicious of Britain's interest in the trilateral approach," he said. That struck me as at least ironic, since the larger part of Whitehall is also suspicious of it. At Fontainebleau, circumstance drove the British and the French together, and agreement followed. Unless their larger interests, as distinct from circumstance, can align them more reliably and comfortably, Britain will probably remain half in and half out of Europe. Europe itself will remain incomplete and unfulfilled.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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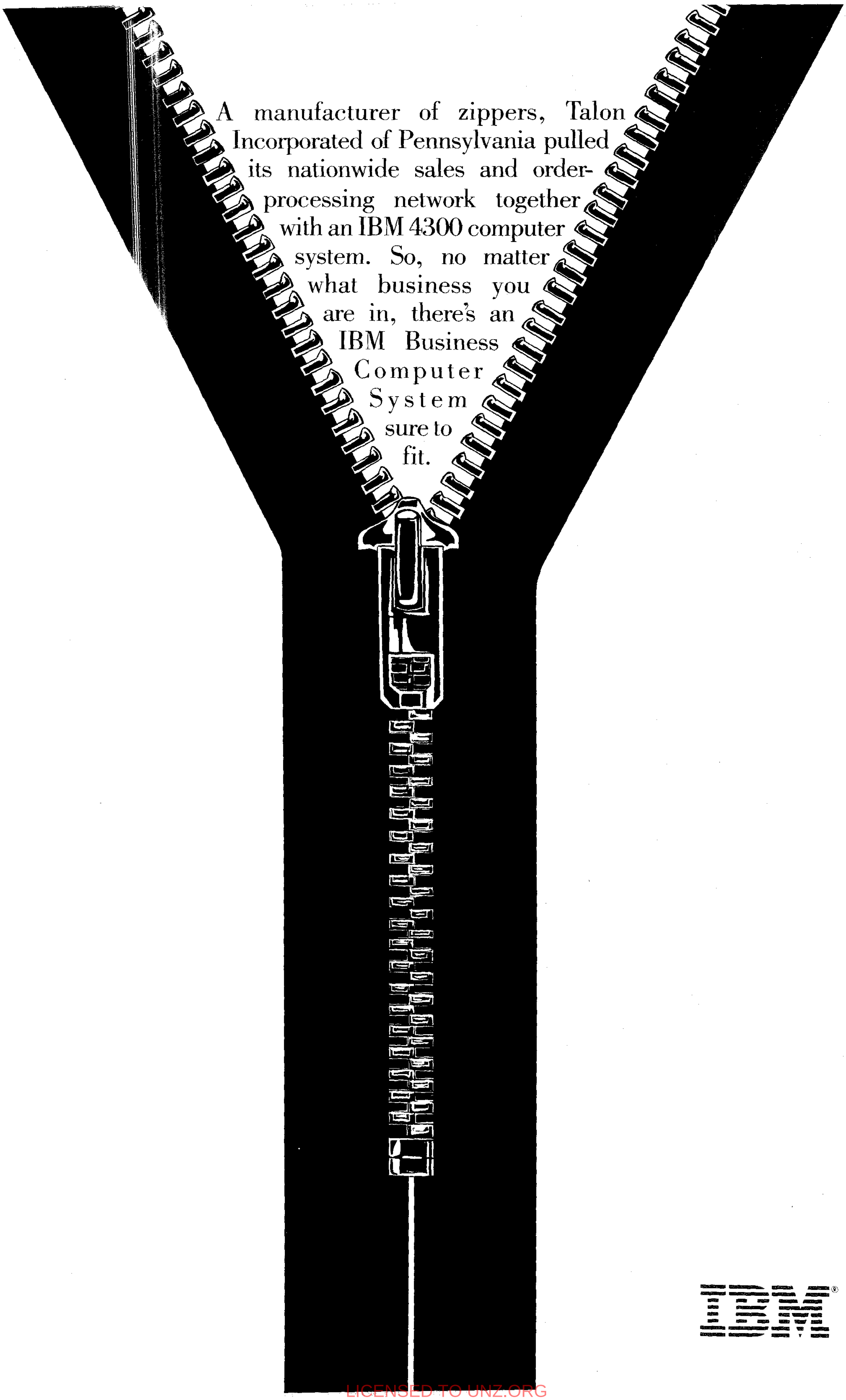

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ANNALS OF EUGENICS

A SECULAR FAITH—III

EUGENICS was British by invention and American by legislative enactment. In the nineteenth century, Francis Galton, stimulated by his cousin Charles Darwin's remarkable theory, launched the idea of effecting the biological improvement of the human race through the manipulation of heredity, but it was his twentieth-century American followers who managed to write a eugenic program into law. Eugenicists elsewhere in the world envied the American legislative victories, particularly the sterilization statutes that at the opening of the Great Depression were on the books of twenty-four states and had been made constitutionally secure by the United States Supreme Court's decision in Buck v. Bell. Students of human genetics knew that certain diseases, such as hemophilia, were inherited. Eugenicists believed that so, too, were deficiencies in character and mental competence which, in various combinations, produced a range of heritable social "diseases," including criminality and poverty. They worried about the "differential birthrate," by which they meant the tendency of the supposedly worse sort to reproduce at a higher rate than their betters. Many of them deplored public-health measures for interfering with natural selection and thus permitting more of the worse sort to survive.

In the thirties, eugenicists marshalled statistical evidence that America's mental institutions would soon house more than half a million people—one for every two hundred and fifty persons in the country. It was said that twice as many families sent a child to an institution for the mentally handicapped as sent one to college. But no American statistics matched in authority the evidence provided by a report issued in 1929, after a five-year survey, by the British government's Joint Committee on Mental Deficiency. According to what the committee considered a conservative estimate, there were at least three hundred thousand mental defectives in England and Wales, which meant that since 1908, when the last survey was completed, the incidence of deficiency had doubled. The committee's report was hedged with cautions: the increase in the number of mental defectives did not necessarily result from proportionately more unfortunates' being born; it no doubt indicated, among other things, that more were surviving into adulthood because of improved public-health services. But the report's central conclusions, not its cautions, commanded the headlines. Neville Chamberlain solemnly told the House of Commons that the doubling of the estimated incidence of deficiency "must give serious anxiety and apprehension among all who care for the future physical and mental condition of our people." And in Chamberlain's set the anxiety increased sharply with the Depression.

Mainline eugenicists—the doctrinaire hereditarians of the movement—attributed the economic collapse to biological deterioration, a consequence of the differential birthrate. They insisted that the unemployed were by reason of biological destiny mentally incompetent, improvident, irresponsible, and thriftless. The Depression added a strong fillip of interest to their pro-sterilization arguments. In Britain, the Eugenics Society—as the Eugenics Education Society had re-named itself, in 1926—printed ten thousand copies of a pamphlet explaining the advantages of sterilization; demand for the pamphlet was so brisk that it had to print ten thousand more. The editor of the respected scientific journal *Nature* devoted space to sterilization matters, including the view of one biologist who proposed "compulsory sterilization as a punishment for parents who have to resort to public assistance in order to support their children." In the United States, people talked

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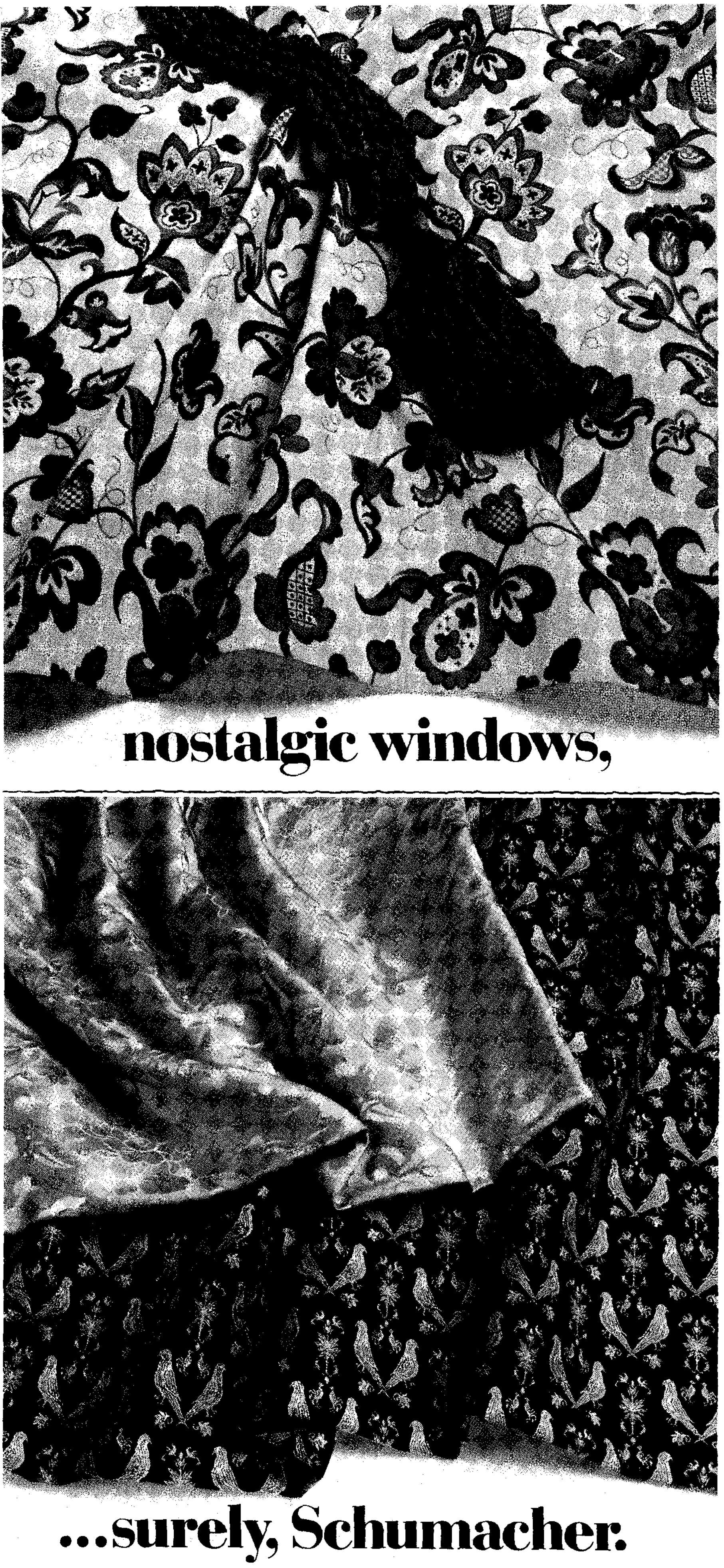
"At this point in the campaign, you have to expect a certain amount of erosion."

of similar measures for potential parents who had been on relief beyond a certain length of time. A 1937 *Fortune* poll revealed that sixty-three per cent of all Americans endorsed the compulsory sterilization of habitual criminals and sixty-six per cent were in favor of sterilizing mental defectives. Eugenicists on both sides of the Atlantic insisted that sterilization was humane as well as practical, and in proof of the point they cited "Sterilization for Human Betterment," a report published in 1929 by the American eugenicists Ezra Gosney and Paul Popenoe on the history of the procedure in California. Since early in the century, California had led the nation in sterilizations, and by 1929 it had six thousand two hundred and fifty-five operations to its credit—almost twice as many as all the other states combined. According to Gosney and Popenoe, sterilization was prescribed with kind judiciousness by a group of doctors, social workers, and mental-health professionals in consultation with the family, and the operations—vasectomy or tubal ligation—were carried out in a scrupulously professional fashion, with a very low rate of infection and a minuscule number of fatalities. Many of the patients—or, at least, their families—were reported to have welcomed the procedure. Particularly grateful were numerous women, "many of them pathetic in their expression of gratitude and their wish that other women who faced the combination of pregnancy and psychosis might have the same protection."

In Britain, sterilization on any ground was assumed to be repugnant to the law. No statute forbade it directly, but various laws were held to imply that the eugenic sterilization of the mentally deficient would be illegal. Most frequently cited was the Offences Against the Person Act of 1861, which made it a crime for one person to cause grievous bodily harm to another. Although sterilization would probably not constitute such an injury, British doctors were reluctant to perform the operation even on volunteers, let alone on anyone who, by virtue of mental incompetence, could not in either legal or common-sense terms make a voluntary choice. And in the United States, despite Buck v. Bell, the large majority of the mentally afflicted were safe from the surgical knife. The import of the Court's decision was to sanction compulsory sterilization only of inmates of state mental institutions whose disabilities were



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judged to be hereditary. Yet if the road was narrow the constitutional traffic light remained green. By 1935, four more states had passed sterilization laws, and bills for the same purpose were pending in the legislatures of seven. Through the nineteen-twenties, the national sterilization rate had annually run between two and four per hundred thousand. In the mid-thirties, the rate shot up to fifteen, and it had climbed to twenty by the end of the decade; the national sterilization total would reach almost thirty-six thousand by 1941. Moreover, from 1932 to 1941 sterilization was actually practiced—as distinct from merely legislated—in a greater number of states than before. California's share, while still the largest, was about a third of the national total. Second in rank, with a seventh of the national total, was Virginia, where Buck v. Bell had originated. Howard Hale, a former member of the Montgomery County, Virginia, Board of Supervisors, recently recalled, for the benefit of the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, that in the thirties the state sterilization authorities raided whole families of "misfit" mountaineers. At the time, Hale was the proprietor of a small candy store that catered to those families. "Everybody who was drawing welfare then was scared they were going to have it done on them," he said. "They were hiding all through these mountains, and the sheriff and his men had to go up after them. . . . They really got them up on Brush Mountain. The sheriff went up there and loaded all of them in a couple of cars and ran them down to Staunton [Western State Hospital] so they could sterilize them." Hale added, "People as a whole were very much in favor of what was going on. They couldn't see more people coming into the world to get on the welfare." Sterilizations of males at the Virginia Colony for Epileptics and Feebleminded, at Lynchburg, were carried out regularly on Tuesdays; females were sterilized on Thursdays. Still, Dr. Joseph S. DeJarnette, who was a powerful voice in Virginia eugenics and a major influence on its sterilization program, thought that the state was sterilizing too few people. In 1934, he urged the legislature to broaden the sterilization law. "The Germans are beating us at our own game," he said.

Hitler's Cabinet had promulgated a eugenic sterilization law in 1933. Going far beyond American statutes, the German law was compulsory with respect to all people, institutionalized or not, who suffered from allegedly hereditary disabilities, including feeblemindedness, schizophrenia, epilepsy, blindness, severe drug or alcohol addiction, and physical deformities that seriously interfered with locomotion or were grossly offensive. After January 1, 1934, when the law went into effect, physicians were required to report all "unfit" persons to hundreds of Hereditary Health Courts, established to adjudicate the German procreational future. Each court consisted of a jurist and two physicians, including at least one specialist in heredity. Decisions could be appealed to a higher eugenic court, whose rulings were final and could be carried out by force if necessary. Within three years, German authorities had sterilized some two hundred and twenty-five thousand people—almost ten times the number so treated in the previous thirty years in America. About half were reported to be "feebleminded."

Sterilization was, of course, only the beginning of the Nazi eugenic program. In the interest of improving the German "race," the government provided loans to biologically sound couples, whose fecundity would likely be a credit to the *Volk;* the birth of a baby would reduce the loan indebtedness by twenty-five per cent. A number of German cities established special subsidies for third and fourth children born to the fitter families. To foster the breeding of an Aryan élite, Heinrich Himmler urged members of the S.S. to father numerous children with racially preferred women, and in 1936 he instituted the *Lebensborn*—spa-like homes where S.S. mothers, married and unmarried, might receive the best medical care during their confinements. For a time, the Nazi sterilization program ran independently of the regime's anti-Semitic policies. Anti-Semitism had not strongly characterized the pre-1933 German eugenic leadership; in fact, before 1933 the leading German eugenic journal had assumed that the Jews of Germany were virtually members of the Aryan race. The American Jewish legal scholar Jacob H. Landman, who had earned a doctorate for a study of sterilization in the United States and was a critic of the practice, concluded in a 1936 issue of *Survey Graphic* that the German program was "not intended to exterminate non-Aryans but to improve the German national stock." He continued, "It does not include in its scope the sterilization of

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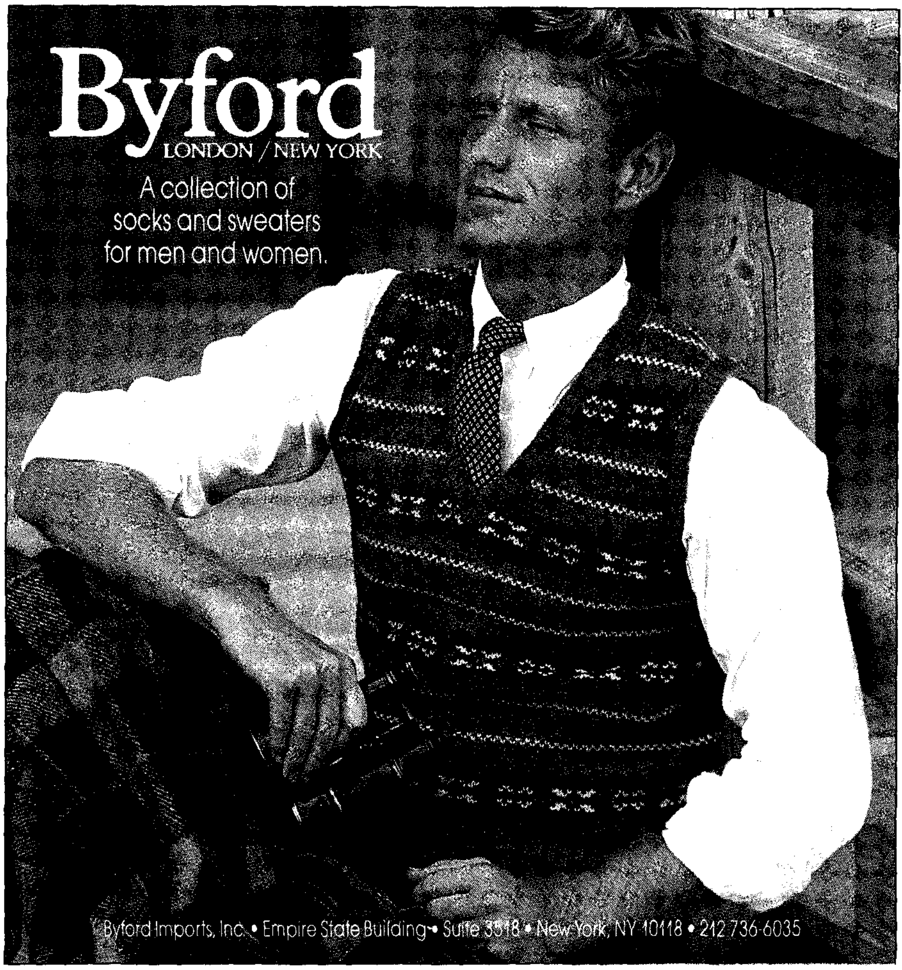

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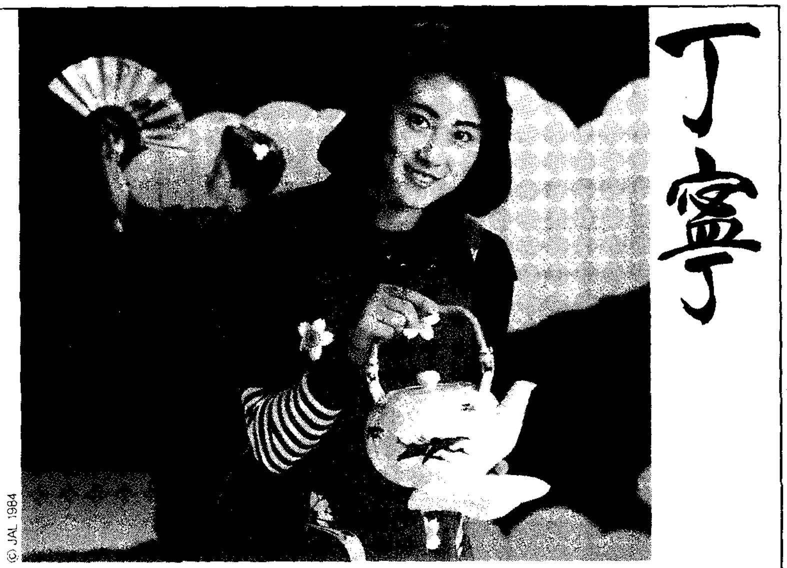
Semites or other non-Aryan groups. There is no evidence that the law has been violated so as to cause the sterilization of patients exclusively because they were non-Aryans." As Hitler turned ever more overtly against the Jews, however, Nazi racial and eugenic policies merged. The regime promulgated eugenic marriage laws prohibiting the espousal of persons with mental disorders, certain infectious diseases, or different "racial" backgrounds. Exceptions to the marital ban on the mentally disordered were permissible if the prospective partners had been sterilized, but after the Nuremberg Laws of 1935 no exceptions were to be made in the case of unions between "Jews" and "Germans." In 1939, the Third Reich moved beyond sterilization to inaugurate euthanasia upon certain classes of the mentally diseased or disabled in German asylums. Among the classes were all Jews, no matter what the state of their mental health. Some seventy thousand patients were eventually designated for euthanasia. The first groups were simply shot. Later victims were herded into rooms disguised as showers, where they were gassed.

In the early years of the Nazi regime, most mainline eugenicists in the United States and Britain could not know—and likely did not want to imagine—that a river of blood would eventually run from the sterilization law of 1933 to Auschwitz and Buchenwald. Shortly after the law was passed, an officer in the American Eugenics Society informed several newspaper editors that Hitler's sterilization policy showed great courage and statesmanship. Other observers, including Havelock Ellis, echoed Jacob Landman's report that the Nazi sterilization program was without nefarious racial content. German eugenicists, flattering to their American counterparts, said that they owed a great debt to American precedent, including the report of Gosney and Popenoe on the California program. In 1936, the University of Heidelberg voted an honorary doctorate of medicine to Harry H. Laughlin, a sterilization enthusiast who was in charge of the Eugenics Record Office, a part of the Carnegie Institution's Department of Genetics, at Cold Spring Harbor, Long Island. Laughlin, who accepted the degree at the German consulate, in downtown Manhattan, wrote to the Heidelberg authorities that he took the award not only as a personal honor but also "as evidence of a common understanding of German and American scientists of the nature of eugenics."

THE barbarousness of Nazi policies eventually provoked a strong anti-eugenic reaction, but the reaction, perhaps because of its pervasiveness, obscured a deeper historical reality: many thoughtful members of the British and American public had already recognized that much was wrong with mainline eugenics. Indeed, long before the Nazis came to power a growing, influential coalition—from diverse sources, both secular and religious—had turned against the mainline movement. Prominent in the opposition were Liberals and Labourites in England and civil-liberty-minded reformers in the United States, social workers, and social scientists, some of them members of minority groups who were entering the academic world. The critics included eugenicists who had never belonged to the mainline camp—a number were social radicals and feminists—and mainliners who had become apostates. Also among them were Protestants of various denominations, Jews, and, especially, Catholics.

The Catholic dissent rested intellectually on the Church's doctrine that in the scheme of God's creation man's bodily attributes are secondary, his spirit paramount. What to the eugenicist were biologically unfit people were to the Church children of God, blessed with immortal souls and entitled to the respect due every human being. In 1912, in a study for the Catholic Social Guild entitled "The Church and Eugenics," Father Thomas J. Gerrard dubbed radical eugenic doctrines "a complete return to the life of the beast" and criticized the more commonplace versions for holding that man was primarily and essentially animal in nature and that "his betterment is chiefly if not entirely a matter of germ plasm, milk, fresh air, sentimental art, and illuminated certificates [of eugenic worth]." The Church stressed the role of love and religious ethics, rather than parental perfection of physique and intelligence, in producing offspring with eugenic qualities. "The Church declares the root cause of degeneracy to be sin," Gerrard said, "and the root cause of betterment to be virtue." For parents in danger of producing hereditarily disabled offspring the Church insisted upon abstinence rather than contraception; the latter not only allowed for what Gerrard called the



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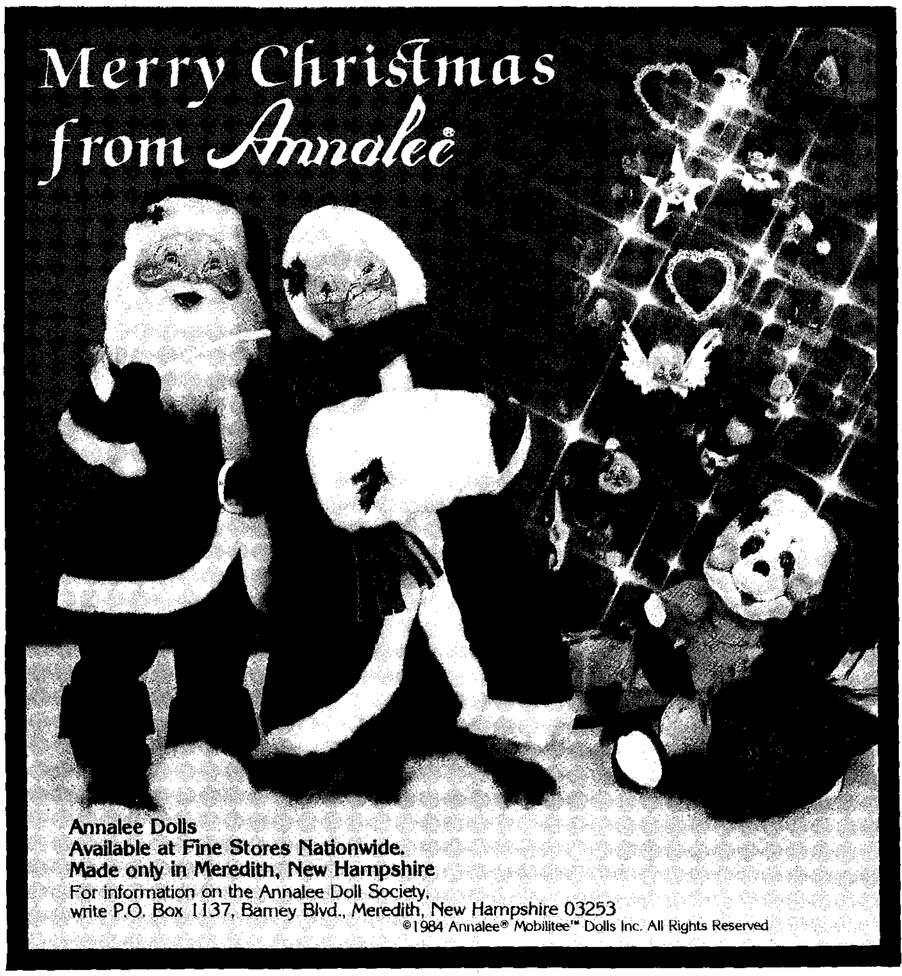

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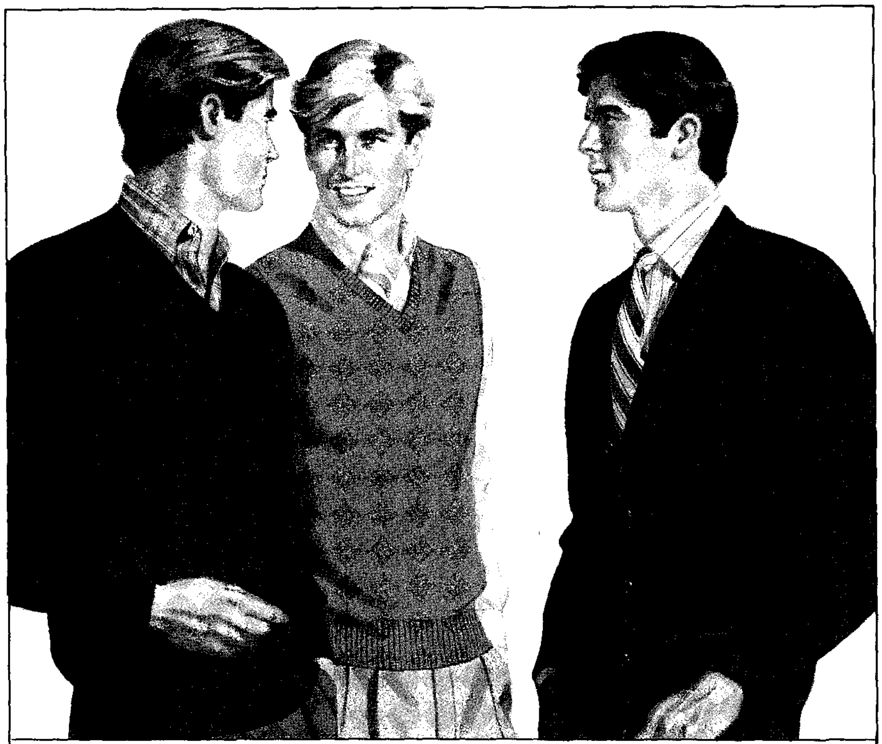
"perversion of the appetite within the marriage state" but also made for race suicide. Catholic authorities linked eugenics with the modern permissiveness that threatened the integrity of the family, the obedience of wife to husband, the subordination of erotic passion to moral will. In 1931, Pope Pius XI revealed the congeries of Catholic fears in the encyclical "Casti Connubii," in which he condemned eugenics along with divorce, birth control, companionate marriage, and the celebration of animal passion in films, the press, and the theatre.

Secular critics of eugenics hardly agreed with all the Church's sweeping denunciations, but there was a good deal they could applaud in the Catholic attack—particularly the assault on the biological reductionism of the mainline creed. Critics of a humanist bent identified the offensiveness of eugenics with what they resented about the ever-mounting authority of science. G. K. Chesterton, in the years before the war, had fired salvos of acrimonious essays against the pretensions of mainline eugenics, indicting its advocates for having discovered "how to combine the hardening of the heart with a sympathetic softening of the head" and for presuming to turn what common decency held to be commendable deeds—marriage to an invalid, for example—into "social crimes." The essays, collected in the early nineteen-twenties—about the time of Chesterton's conversion to Catholicism—into a book entitled "Eugenics and Other Evils," became a staple of the anti-eugenic arsenal on both sides of the Atlantic. Chesterton linked eugenics to Prussianism, to "the same stuffy science, the same bullying bureaucracy and the same terrorism by tenth-rate professors that have led the German Empire to its recent conspicuous triumph." In his view, science had long sought to tyrannize, and through eugenics it proposed to extend its tyranny "to reach the secret and sacred places of personal freedom, where no sane man ever dreamed of seeing it; and especially the sanctuary of sex." He predicted that eugenics would mean forcible marriage by the police.

When various American states enacted eugenic marriage laws, practical analysts scoffed that, like such sumptuary legislation as Prohibition, the measures would be largely unenforceable—people could avoid marriage laws in one state by getting married in another. However shrill a Chesterton or however practical the legislative analysts, it was commonly understood that eugenic interference with marriage and, more fundamentally, with procreation was an unwarranted and dangerous invasion of civil liberty. Various critics pointed to the mainline eugenic movement's distrust of democracy, to its claim that men were not created equal even in political rights, to its threat to establish some sort of caste system of government. Bertrand Russell speculated that eventually opposition to a given government would be taken to "prove imbecility, so that rebels of all kinds will be sterilized." Writing in *The American Mercury* in 1926, Clarence Darrow warned that if the state was invested with eugenic authority "those in power would inevitably direct human breeding in their own interests," and added, "At the present time it would mean that big business would create a race in its own image." Principle fired the anti-mainline dissent, but principle was strengthened by the experience of social workers, who confronted face to face the human objects of eugenic attack in charitable agencies, settlement houses, and institutions for the mentally deficient. Principle also drew energy from the eugenic threat to lower-income groups. Catholic theologians denounced eugenics not only because they found it incompatible with the canons of the Church but because so much of the flock consisted of the poor immigrants of Liverpool and London's East End, of New York City, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. Father John J. Burke, the general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, thought eugenics advocates were "recommending that the lower classes be less productive on account of economic conditions, holding that infant mortality, arising from want of care and from the prevalence of ignorance and disease, should be reduced not by improving social conditions and curbing those who exploit the poor but by fitting the habits of these classes to their condition." In the impassioned view of many dissidents, to put the merits of the national germ plasm of the future ahead of the human needs of the socially disadvantaged in the present was morally outrageous. Social reformers argued from hard experience that what needed to be halted was social rather than racial decline, and that what needed to be furthered was not racial but social betterment.

Principle was further reinforced by



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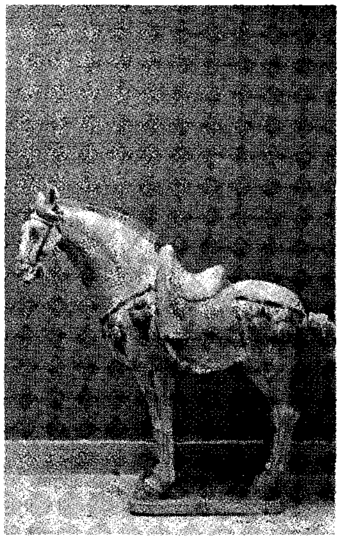

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the newer findings of various social sciences—notably anthropology, sociology, and psychology—which, often without specific regard to eugenics, were trending in anti-eugenic directions. Yet for some years principle had to do without the endorsement of genetics. Many geneticists, both British and American, either were themselves caught up in the mainline creed or were reluctant, in the self-professedly apolitical community of science, to offend their pro-eugenic colleagues. Nevertheless, a growing number worried that mainline eugenics was tarnishing the genetic enterprise: eugenic writings, with their attention to sexuality, infant health, and family life, smacked of a deplorable pop science. Others found mainline eugenics morally or socially offensive. But important above all for most scientists, much of what passed as eugenic research was slipshod in method, evidence, and reasoning. The more genetics advanced in the first third of the century, the more its practitioners recognized that on scientific grounds they were, in the words of the Harvard geneticist William E. Castle, scarcely able to do more eugenically "than make ourselves ridiculous."

During the First World War, a number of geneticists began to separate themselves from mainline eugenics, declining office in eugenic organizations, objecting to meetings that combined eugenics with genetics, insisting that journals of genetics refrain from publishing eugenic material. Thomas Hunt Morgan, of Columbia University, resigned from the eugenically connected American Breeders' Association, privately denouncing its journal for "reckless statements" and "unreliability." The Princeton embryologist Edwin Grant Conklin, in the numerous editions of his "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men," called into question the more extravagant mainline claims. Hermann J. Muller, the future Nobel-laureate geneticist and outspoken socialist, roundly condemned the mainline creed at the Third International Eugenics Congress itself. And Raymond Pearl, a professor of biometry and vital statistics at Johns Hopkins and a member of H. L. Mencken's iconoclastic circle, lambasted "the biology of superiority" in the November, 1927, issue of *The American Mercury*, asserting that eugenics had "largely become a mingled mess of ill-grounded and uncritical sociology, economics, anthropology, and politics, full of

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emotional appeals to class and race prejudices, solemnly put forth as science, and unfortunately accepted as such by the general public."

THE leading scientists in the anti-mainline assault—the most powerful and sustained in their critique—were the British biologists J. B. S. Haldane, Julian Huxley, and Lancelot Hogben and their American colleague, Herbert S. Jennings. Haldane was a professor of genetics and, later, of biometry, at University College, London; Huxley headed the London Zoological Society; Hogben was a professor of social biology at the London School of Economics; and Jennings was a professor of zoology at Johns Hopkins. They were advocates of the new mode in biology—experimentalism, the interpretation of life phenomena in terms of physics and chemistry, and the subjection of biological problems, where appropriate, to mathematical analysis. "An ounce of algebra is worth a ton of verbal argument," Haldane said, for all of them. With different emphases within the new mode, all four made salient contributions to the increasingly related fields of genetics and evolutionary biology. Huxley's research accomplishments included theories of the evolution of behavior in birds—particularly the rituals associated with courtship and mating. Jennings demonstrated that the asexual reproduction of paramecia yielded genetically uniform offspring, and untangled the roles of heredity and environment in their development and behavior. Hogben's work ranged from cytogenetics to the inheritance of intelligence. Haldane, a virtuoso, covered physiology and biochemistry as well as biometry and genetics. Most important, he was one of three scientists (his British colleague Ronald Fisher and the American Sewall Wright were the others) to deploy mathematics in aid of establishing the theory of evolution on a genetic basis, an achievement that Huxley summarized in his classic book of 1942, "Evolution, the Modern Synthesis."

The British wing was united by personal attachment. Haldane and Huxley had become friends at Eton. Hogben joined with them in 1922, at the University of Edinburgh, to help found the *Journal of Experimental Biology*. Jennings, who had got a late professional start, was the old man of the anti-mainline leadership—forty-six at the outbreak of the First World War, when the others were just finish-

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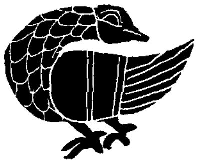
ing their university training or getting settled in their first jobs. He knew well the lesser lights in the American anti-mainline attack—especially Raymond Pearl, his colleague at Johns Hopkins. Although the British and American biologists were separated by the Atlantic Ocean most of the time, they were early tied together by Huxley, who taught from 1912 to 1916 at the Rice Institute, in Houston, with Hermann Muller, who had taken a job there after completing the requirements for his Ph.D. with Thomas Hunt Morgan.



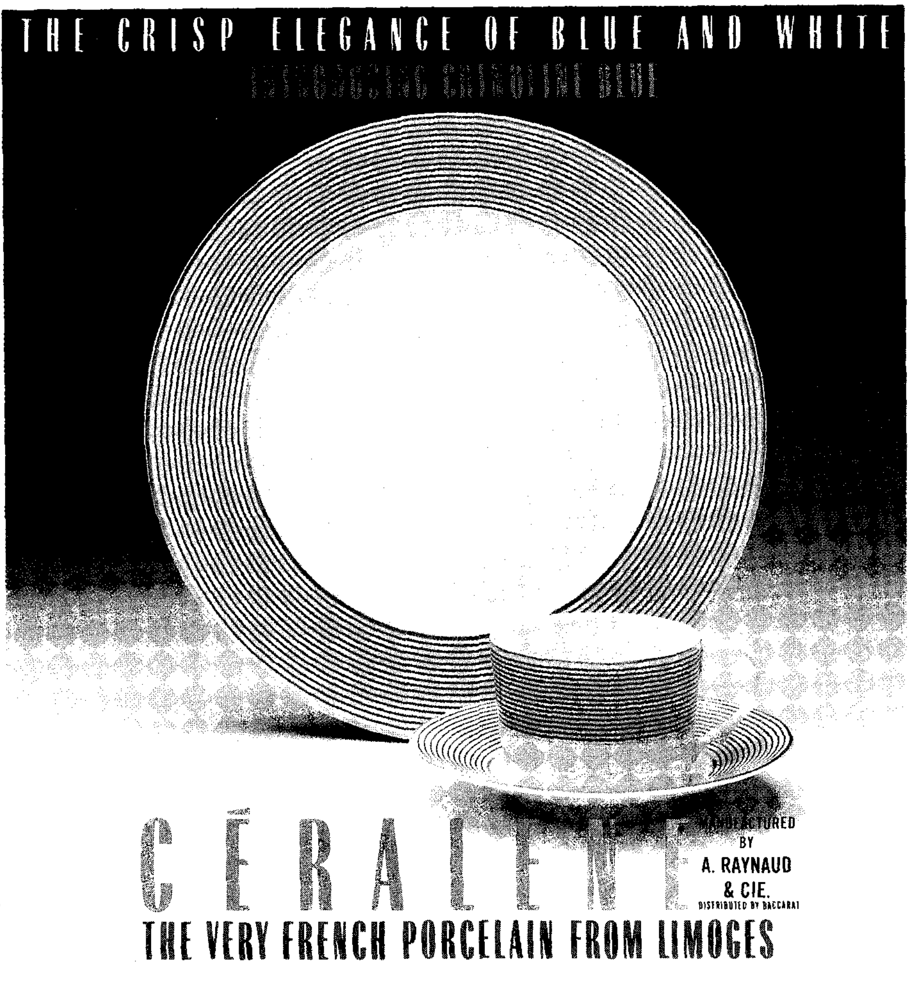
What Haldane, Hogben, Huxley, and Jennings knew so intimately about genetics by no means turned them as one man against the chief doctrines of mainline eugenics. To be sure, Hogben uncompromisingly opposed the mainline movement from early in his career, identifying it with "ancestor worship, anti-Semitism, colour prejudice, anti-feminism, snobbery, and obstruction to educational progress." But Haldane, who as a young man joined the Oxford Eugenics Society, sympathized for a time with the creed—particularly its denigration of the lower classes and its eagerness to reduce their rate of reproduction—and Huxley, at the beginning of the Depression, proposed that unemployment relief be made contingent upon the male recipient's agreeing to father no more children. Jennings, who had been a student (and a tenant) at Harvard of the biologist and prominent mainline eugenicist Charles B. Davenport, belonged to groups of a mainline character. The rapidly advancing field of genetics helped turn all four men against mainline eugenics, but so did factors of background, temperament, and sociopolitical belief.

Haldane and Huxley were the products of England's intellectual aristocracy. Huxley, who remembered sitting upon his grandfather Thomas Henry's knee, came naturally to science. So did Haldane, who learned Mendelian genetics at home as a boy by breeding guinea pigs. His father, an Oxford physiologist and frequent consultant to both government and industry, educated him as an assistant. (Once, in a mine, the young Haldane learned about the effect of firedamp at his father's behest by standing up and reciting a Shakespearean speech until he collapsed panting on the floor, where the air was all right.) Hogben grew up on the southern coast of England, where his father, a minister of the Plymouth Brethren, delivered fire-and-brimstone sermons on the Portsmouth beach, presided over daily family prayers, and proscribed card playing, alcohol, and dangerous thoughts—including scientific ones. It was because his mother dreamed of her son's becoming a medical missionary that Hogben was permitted to read books on botany and zoology. When the family moved to London and he entered a secular school, there was no quelling his autodidactic intellectual appetite. Jennings grew up in Tonica, Illinois, a small town with three churches and no saloons. Yet, like Haldane and Huxley, he came to science as a birthright. His father, an impecunious physician, founded the local literary society, became an apostate from the strict Protestant faith of his forebears, and earned a reputation as the town infidel. He middle-named his future biologist son Spencer, his other son Darwin, and taught his children the new religion of evolution.

Lancelot Hogben, whose family's fundamentalist religiosity set him apart as a boy, remained a prickly outsider. By his undergraduate years, at Cambridge, the evangelical Christianity had been transmuted into a fervent anti-imperialist, socialist radicalism. During the First World War, Hogben served in the Friends' Ambulance Unit, and then, declining to claim his medical student's eligibility for exemption from military duty, he refused call-up on conscientious grounds and went to Wormwood Scrubs prison. In postwar London, he gave time and energy to socialist and labor groups, including his friend and neighbor Sylvia Pankhurst's Workers' Federation. J. B. S. Haldane, by contrast, volunteered for the Scottish Black Watch within days of Sarajevo, went to the trenches, and discovered, to his discomfort, that he actually liked killing. He risked his life above and beyond the call of duty and, twice wounded, was commended by Sir Douglas Haig as "the bravest and dirtiest officer in my Army." Exposure to the common soldier taught Haldane that the lower orders of society might be worth redeeming after all. In 1924, he complained in an article in *The Nation & the Athenæum* that genetic theory was being used in Britain "to support the political opinions of the extreme right, and in America by some of the most ferocious enemies of human liberty." Like so many intellectuals of his generation, Haldane came away from the war disillusioned by the failure of Liberal aims—particularly the ingrained Liberalism of his family. But though turning to a nominal socialism, he continued to be an imperialist sympathizer—he was patronizing toward colonials—and a studied inactivist.

Julian Huxley, whose politics had tended to a tepid middle-of-the-roadism, was jolted to the left by the Depression and the Fascist threat. So, even more, was Haldane, who went to Spain as an adviser on civil defense to the Republican forces. Doubting the ability of either a Conservative or a Labour government to stand up to the Nazi menace, Haldane became a committed Marxist; in 1942, he would follow his wife, the journalist Charlotte Burghes, into the Communist Party. Hogben, uncomfortable with Marxist certainties and Soviet repressiveness, hewed to an independent, idiosyncratic radicalism. His open criticism of Soviet Russia provoked disapproval among British radicals, including many of his colleagues at the London School of Economics, but he was commonly identified with Haldane and Huxley as a prominent member of the country's scientific left. Jennings, who had known at first hand the bitter experience of persistent penury, found his politico-economic perceptions compellingly mirrored in the English journalist William Stead's "If Christ Came to Chicago," an influential tract that infuriated conservatives by asking what the Christ of the Sermon on the Mount might have to say about the brawling city's mercenary, churchgoing establishment. Jennings never embraced political activism, nor did he ever become self-consciously political in the manner of Haldane, Hogben, or Huxley. Nevertheless, he had been a Populist sympathizer in the eighteen-nineties, and in later life he strongly leaned toward the progressive side of the political spectrum.

Their political liberalism or radicalism inclined all four to recognize that mainline eugenics expressed race and class prejudice. Hogben's convictions on the point had been confirmed during a stint in the late twenties as a professor at the University of Cape Town, in South Africa, which he left out of revulsion at the racial situation. Back in London, he persuaded Huxley to alter his mainline views concerning the unemployed, on the ground that they aided and abetted Nazism. Haldane, through the lens of his so-



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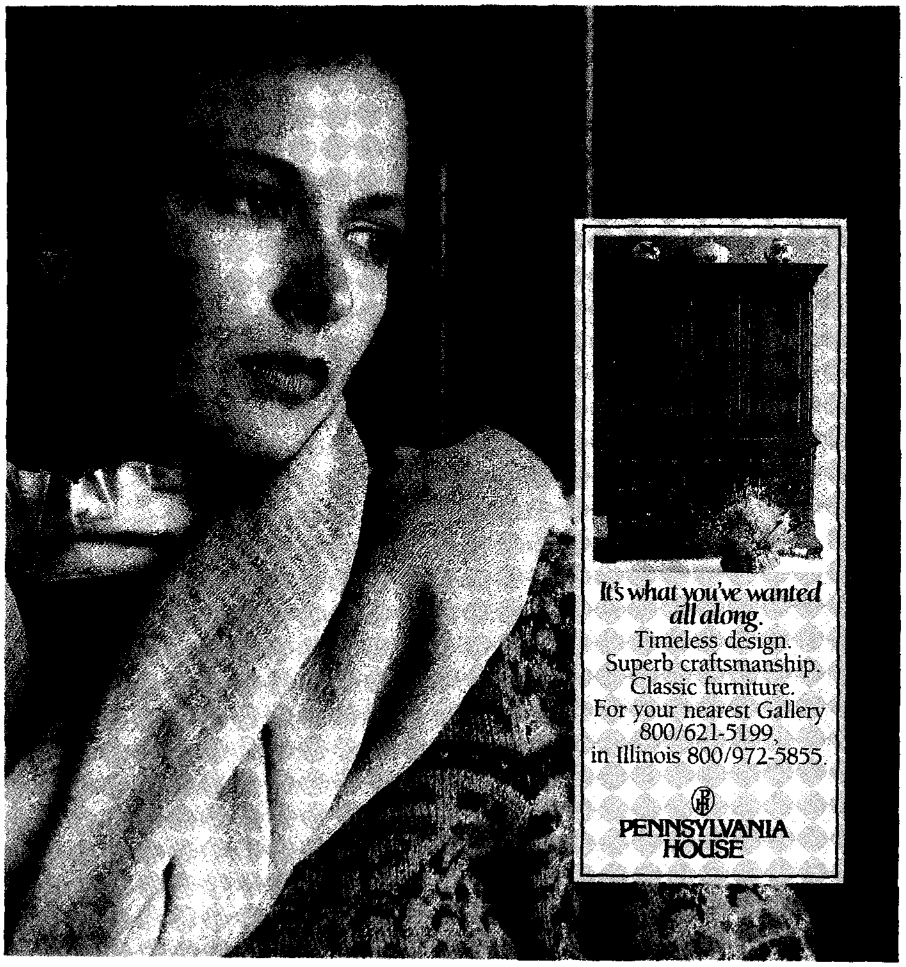

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cialism, saw—and was offended by—the sociopolitical presumptions hidden in mainline doctrine. Little was yet known about human heredity and, as Haldane put it, "many of the deeds done in America in the name of eugenics are about as much justified by science as were the proceedings of the inquisition by the gospels." The three British biologists, in particular, were all outspokenly modernist on issues pertaining to women's rights as well, and were at odds with the sexual repressiveness of mainline eugenics.

In the interwar years, these four men were among the leading public biologists—writers of books and articles for laymen on the content and social import of advances in the life sciences. Their works were published and widely read on both sides of the Atlantic. Hogben wrote with uncompromising force, Huxley with supple lucidity, Jennings with vigorous straightforwardness, and Haldane with wit and irreverence. Jennings noted, in a 1930 book, "The Biological Basis of Human Nature," that "a lot of fallacies" appeared to be "circulating under the guise of biological principles applicable to human affairs," and that "particularly abundant appear such fallacies in the attempts to apply to human problems, to social reforms, *the results of scientific study* of heredity." The fallacies included, in Jennings' view, the notion that biology "requires an aristocratic constitution of society," and—Huxley's critique—"the assumption of the eugenic superiority of the more prosperous classes over the artisan and labourer mass." In "The Nature of Living Matter," published the same year, Hogben complained that eugenicists had encumbered social biology with "a vocabulary of terms which have no place in an ethically neutral science." Between the wars, Haldane, Huxley, Hogben, and Jennings, together with their fellow public biologists, took it upon themselves to expose the fallacies, to disencumber the vocabulary, to cleanse the use of their science. The knowledge they injected into public discourse combined with the lay dissent to form an increasingly effective case against the authority of mainline eugenics.

MAINLINERS may have held that the race was degenerating as a result of the differential birthrate, but the figures they cited suggesting, for instance, an alarming rise in criminality were much less alarming when

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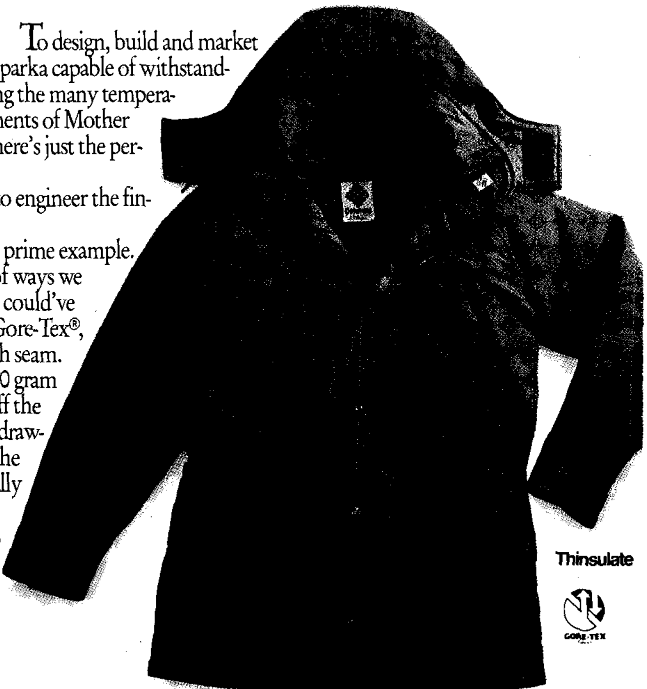

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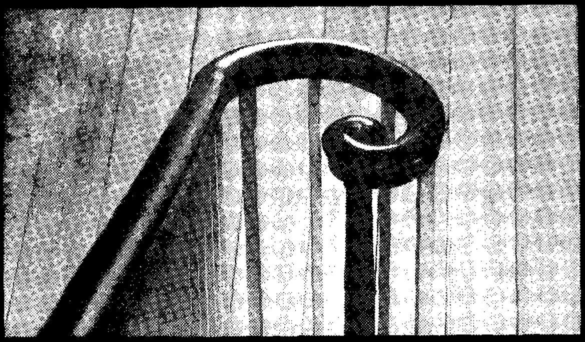
set against the total population. In England in the fifty years prior to 1911, the crime rate per hundred thousand of population had actually fallen by forty per cent; and in the United States between 1890 and 1904 prisoners per hundred thousand had dropped by about twenty-five per cent. In 1904, a British government committee that had been appointed to look into the physical-degeneration issue concluded that "the impressions gathered from the great majority of the witnesses examined do not support the belief that there is any general progressive physical deterioration."

By the twenties, a growing body of lay and professional opinion held that there had been no progressive intellectual deterioration, either. Walter Lippmann, in a series of articles in *The New Republic* in 1922, passionately attacked the conclusions drawn from the Army's wartime I.Q.-testing program, bluntly declaring, "The statement that the average mental age of Americans is only about fourteen is not inaccurate. It is not incorrect. It is nonsense." And he assailed the more fundamental pretension that the Army tests or any others measured hereditary intelligence. That claim, Lippmann declared, had "no more scientific foundation than a hundred other fads, vitamins and glands and amateur psychoanalysis and correspondence courses in will power, and it will pass with them into that limbo where phrenology and palmistry and characterology and the other Babu sciences are to be found."

Yet intelligence tests were not so much at fault as the insistence of psychologists who administered them that there was some concrete, invariant entity called intelligence that could be measured. "Intelligence," Lippmann insisted, "is not an abstraction like length and weight; it is an exceedingly complicated notion which nobody has as yet succeeded in defining." In the nineteen-twenties, American psychologists began to recognize the notion's complexity, in large part because of the strong links that had been detected between test performance and social and educational environment. Also troubling was the way that common-sense aspects of intelligence eluded capture by examinations. In 1930, the entire subject was reviewed by Carl Campbell Brigham, a professor of psychology at Princeton University, whose 1923 "Study of American Intelligence" had helped to promulgate the fear of mental degeneration. The more he studied the data, the more he



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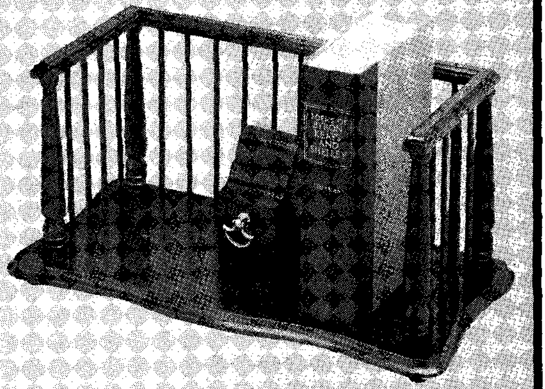

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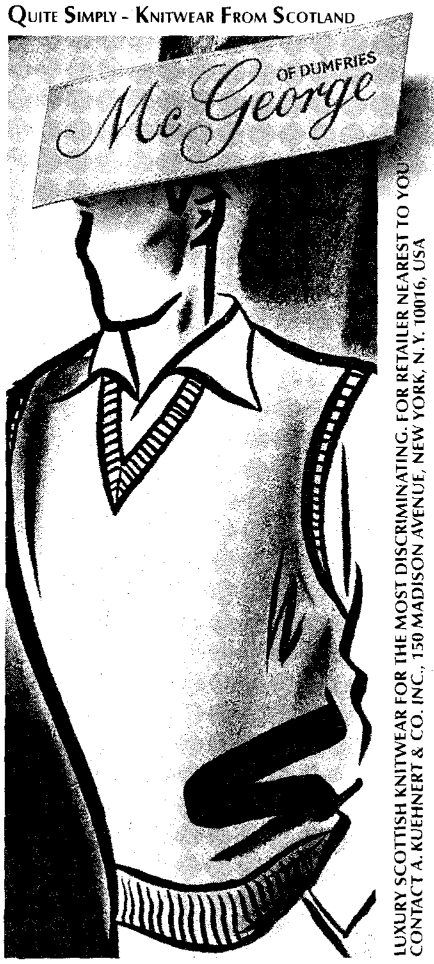
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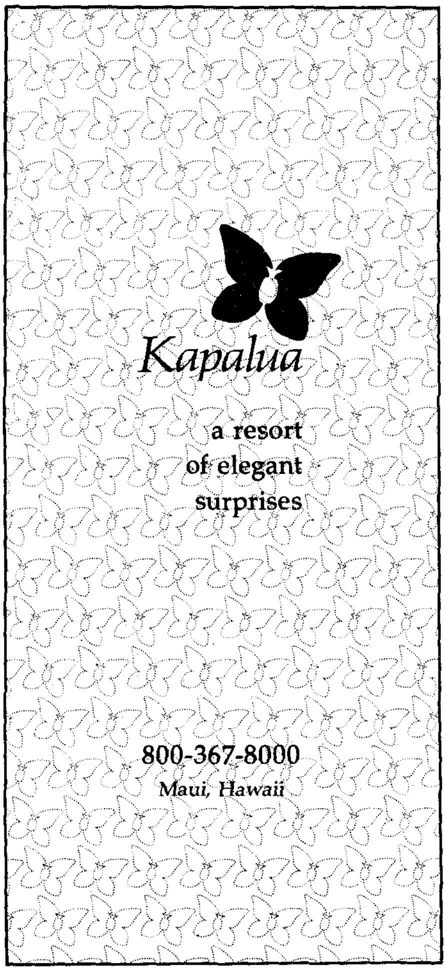
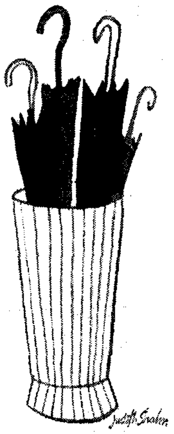


came to believe that the tests—verbal, mathematical, and behavioral—measured only how well the examinee did on a particular examination. To say that the scores taken together indicated something called general intelligence, Brigham concluded, was to indulge in "psychophrenology," to confuse the test name—e.g., "verbal"—with the reality of the trait, and to misidentify the summed traits with intelligence.

What I.Q. tests revealed about innate abilities was much more hotly contested in the United States than in Britain. Lancelot Hogben and his social-biology group at the London School of Economics were virtually alone in Britain in mounting a research program to untangle the relative weights of nurture and nature in measures of intelligence. British psychologists argued about the *technology* of testing—about whether particular tests truly assessed intelligence—and disputed little whether general intelligence could in fact be truly assessed. In the United States, the clash between the white Anglo-Saxon Protestant majority and various minority groups helped make I.Q. testing a volatile issue. The British lacked the polyglot social groupings of America, and they had no test results as comprehensive as those from the United States Army to fight about. I.Q. tests may have swept through American primary and secondary schools, but in Britain a good half of the local educational boards successfully resisted their introduction. Teachers considered the tests threatening to their authority. Besides, since Britain was not committed to the democratization of higher education, children did not normally have to be sorted into grades of academic potential. No matter that valuable academic talent might await its chance unnoticed at the bottom of the social scale: the British had, if not ethnic differences, those of class, and neither psychologists nor educators were on the whole disposed to query what they felt in their bones to be true—that the lower classes were on the average less intelligent than the upper.



But if the British were comparatively uninterested in the social issues of I.Q. testing they were far from indifferent to the closely related question of the decline of national intelligence—particularly to the fraction of the fall accounted for by the alleged increase in the rate of mental deficiency. Obviously, if the meaning of intelligence was vague and the measures of it were faulty the claims that it was declining were, to say the least, dubious. British social scientists eventually put the issue of decline to a direct test by comparing two studies of the "intelligence" of Scottish schoolchildren—one carried out in 1932 with eighty-seven thousand students, the other in 1947 with seventy-one thousand. The mean test score of the later group differed only slightly—and in the higher direction—from that of the earlier one. The improvement was attributed to greater test savvy in 1947, along with better nutrition.

In the early nineteen-thirties, Lancelot Hogben, responding to outcries over the alleged doubling of the incidence of mental deficiency since the early years of the century, pointed out that the increase was "far too great to have resulted from genetic selection in less than a single generation." Social observers argued that if mental deficiency had in fact doubled the rise was far more likely a result of the brutalizing impact of poverty than of any deterioration of stock. Hogben himself doubted the reality of the increase, and preferred to interpret any evidence of it as indicating that "the criteria of defect and methods of ascertainment have changed." In England, he noted, individuals were not certified as feebleminded unless they were taken before a police court, applied for poor-law relief, or were sent to special institutions for the retarded. There was therefore no means of estimating the prevalence of the deficiency "among the prosperous classes, where eccentricity fades into the diplomatic service." (J. B. S. Haldane observed that the proceedings of bankruptcy courts showed that "a considerable number of the nobility are incapable of managing their own affairs," and added, "They are not, however, segregated as imbeciles on that ground.") In the United States, analysts could find no basis for the claim that the mentally deficient had increased out of proportion to population growth. If more people were found in facilities for the mentally deficient, it was because such facilities had steadily expanded, making room for more patients. On both sides of the Atlantic, the statistics of mental deficiency tended to be strongly class-biassed. The more well-to-do the family, the more likely that a mentally deficient member would be entrusted to private care and escape the statistical net. The lower the income, the more likely that such a person would be consigned to a public institution and counted. Thus poverty could with ease be attributed to mental deficiency. Thus British mainliners could malign the differential birthrate as a dire threat to British society. And thus their American brethren could identify the supposed degeneration of their society principally with the proliferation of the new immigrants from Southern and Eastern Europe.

Harry Laughlin, of the Eugenics Record Office, had officially reported to the House Immigration and Naturalization Committee in late 1922 that immigrants were disproportionately present in the nation's mental institutions. An editor of the respected liberal magazine *The Survey*, fearful that the report, if true, would be difficult to combat, asked Herbert Jennings to write an article on Laughlin's handiwork. Jennings found Laughlin's conclusions so prejudiced, and as such so offensive to his sense of scientific propriety, that he formally contested them not only in *The Survey* but also in a letter to the leading professional journal *Science* and in his own statement to the House committee. He admitted that first- and second-generation immigrants did indeed show up more frequently than native-born Americans in public homes for the mentally deficient, and in prisons and public charity wards as well. But, he suggested, the effects of poverty, ignorance, and difficulty with the English language, rather than biology, might render immigrants more susceptible than natives to mental, moral, and physical breakdown. Laughlin's own results revealed that only twenty per cent of the country's mentally deficient were in the care of public institutions. Jennings asked, "Would not statistics from expensive private institutions in all probability show a reversal in the proportions of native-born and foreign-born?" Particularly infuriating to Jennings was Laughlin's claim that mental deficiency was commoner in immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe than in other "racial" groups. Even if Laughlin's own data were to be believed—and Jennings had his doubts—the Irish immigrants contributed the most to mental defi-

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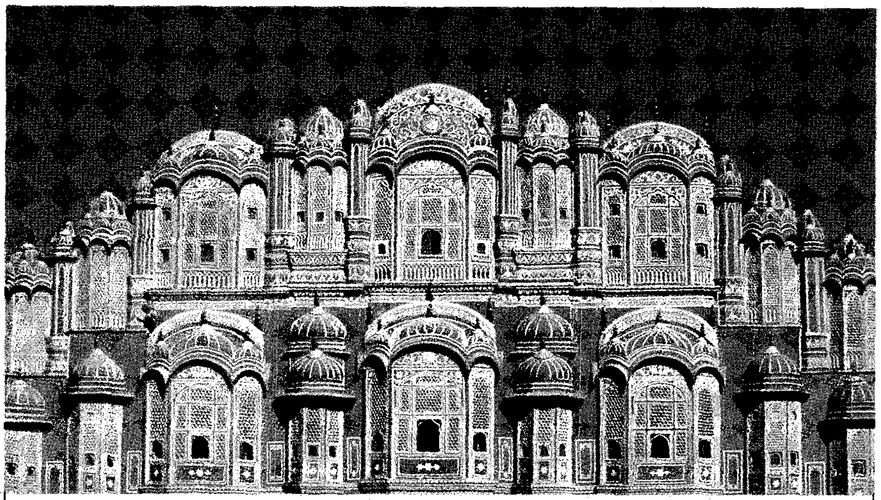
ciency in America, and those from the former Austro-Hungarian Empire the least. Czechs, Poles, and Yugoslavs were thus more desirable than a large class of Northern Europeans. Jennings saw no warrant for the claim that recent immigrants to the United States suffered defects and diseases arising from heredity. "It is particularly in connection with racial questions in man," Jennings complained, "that there has been a great throwing about of false biology."

The false biology proceeded from a false anthropology. Biology supplied no evidence for the mainline-eugenic assumption that Italians, Poles, Lithuanians, or other national groups were biologically uniform. Moreover, even where biological similarities were sufficient to warrant a racial identification there was no evidence that genetic differences between groups were at all socially significant. Thomas Hunt Morgan, in the 1925 edition of his "Evolution and Genetics," added a chapter on human heredity in which he took the trouble to declare, "Least of all should we feel any assurance in deciding genetic superiority or inferiority as applied to whole races, by which is meant not races in a biological sense but social or political groups bound together by physical conditions, by religious sentiments, or by political organizations." It was virtually impossible, he noted, to determine the genetic basis of behavior within even homogeneous groups; how extraordinarily more difficult to attempt such a task between groups that differed in material advantages arising from location, climate, soil, and mineral wealth, as well as in traditions, customs, religion, taboos, conventions, and prejudices. "A little good will might seem more fitting in treating those complicated questions than the attitude adopted by some of the modern race-propagandists," Morgan concluded.

The good will seemed all the more necessary once the Nazis had come to power. In 1935, Julian Huxley and the anthropologist A. C. Haddon published "We Europeans: A Survey of 'Racial' Problems," which castigated works like Madison Grant's "The Passing of the Great Race." ("When . . . we read in [Grant's book] that the greatest and most masterful personalities have had blond hair and blue eyes we can make a shrewd guess at its author's complexion. A flaw in his line of thought is that the same claims are made by brunets!") Going beyond ad-hominem



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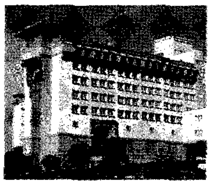

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ridicule, Huxley and Haddon advanced the genetic and anthropological consensus that the concept of "race" made no biological sense. What seemed like a racial group actually consisted of an intermixture of many biological types, the product of successive migrations and intermarriages. The Nazis might claim that Jews constituted a racial type, but in fact in every country Jews overlapped with Gentiles in every conceivable physical characteristic. Jews of one area differed genetically from those of another; they were biologically no more uniform than any people of Europe—including so-called pure Germans. The Nazis might celebrate a Teutonic type—fair, longheaded, tall, and virile. Huxley and Haddon wondered how close a composite of the black-haired Hitler, the broad-faced Rosenberg, the slight Goebbels, and the rotund Goering would come to the Teutonic ideal. Populations differed from each other, Huxley and Haddon stressed, only in the relative proportions of genes for given characters which they possessed. "For existing populations," the authors maintained, "the word *race* should be banished, and the descriptive and non-committal term *ethnic group* should be substituted." Huxley nevertheless supposed that, though it had not been proved, different human groups must possess "innate genetic differences" with regard to intelligence. So did J. B. S. Haldane, who insisted that simply because no such differences had been proved it did not follow that "the theory of absolute racial equality" was correct. Still, even Haldane conceded that in the absence of equal environmental opportunity one could not easily know the type and degree of innate racial differences. More important, whatever they might be, they were only statistical; that is, they applied to group averages, and not to individuals. "It is quite certain," Haldane declared, "that some Negroes are intellectually superior to most Englishmen."

By the opening of the nineteen-thirties, psychologists were coming to recognize that I.Q.-test results varied widely within given racial or ethnic groups: a large number in every group scored higher than the middle of the over-all highest group. To be sure, whites tended to score higher than blacks, natives outperformed immigrants. But such results began to be seen as indicative of faults in the tests themselves rather than as evidence of

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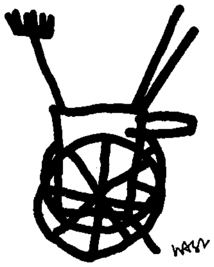
innate "racial" differences. In his 1930 review of the field, Carl Brigham concluded that "comparative studies of various national and racial groups may not be made with existing tests," and he courageously added that "one of the most pretentious of these comparative racial studies"—his own—was "without foundation."

Brigham's remarkable mea culpa, based mainly on technical considerations, also suggested a substantive dissatisfaction that was of special importance to assessments of mental differences among racial or ethnic groups. Walter Lippmann had adumbrated the issue in 1923, in a letter to Robert Yerkes, the head of the Army's wartime intelligence-testing program. He scolded Yerkes for presuming to think that the test results proved, among other things, that Irish children were inferior to English children. "You are in no position to assess the effects of the history of Ireland upon the Irish intelligence [test] behavior," Lippmann wrote. "You are in no position to disentangle the biological from the traditional causes of the result. You are in no position to disentangle the emotional disturbances of a migration not only across the sea but from a peasant to an industrial environment. You cannot examine the effects of clericalism, or the effects of a disintegration in America of the clerical tradition." Later in the decade, a growing number of American psychologists edged toward Lippmann's position: performance on I.Q. tests was considerably affected not only by education but by social and cultural environment.



In academic circles, the trend was given impetus by a group of social scientists gathered around Professor Franz Boas, of Columbia University, a German-Jewish immigrant who had become the country's best-known anthropologist. Boas included a chapter highly critical of mainline eugenics in his popular "Anthropology and Modern Life," published in 1928. Openly suspicious of I.Q. tests in general, he held that a person passing a test was proficient in what the test tested—that the meaning of the score was impossible to get at. Angered by the "Nordic nonsense" advanced by theorists like Madison Grant, he was certain that there was no proof of hereditary racially specific mental or behavioral traits in blacks, immigrants, or any other group, and he had provided technical consultation on the issue to Representative Emanuel Celler in the latter's losing battle to beat back the immigration restrictionists. Boas also stimulated a good deal of academic research into questions of race and intelligence. Among the products was the master's thesis of Margaret Mead, who studied the children of Italian immigrants and demonstrated that their performance on I.Q. tests depended on their families' social status and length of residence in the United States, and also on the extent to which English was spoken in the home. A decidedly more sustained product—Mead was already deep in her Samoan studies when she published her results—was the psychologist Otto Klineberg's authoritative body of work on race and I.Q.

In 1979, the American Psychological Association honored Klineberg with its award for psychological work in the public interest, citing his "long series of notable research and publications that shattered the claims for innate racial differences in intelligence, in sensory-motor performance, and in other psychological functions." Klineberg—today a diminutive, sparkling octogenarian, who recently returned to New York City after twenty years of teaching in Paris—likes to point out that he got into the field of race differences by accident. His professors at McGill University, from which he graduated in 1919, had discouraged his ambition to go into academic psychology. There were very few university jobs available in Canada, and Klineberg, a grandson of Austrian-Jewish immigrants to Quebec, was well aware of the anti-Semitism then prevalent in the academic world. After a year of graduate study at Harvard, he returned to McGill for medical school, thinking that he might at least become a psychiatrist, and went on in 1925 to further graduate work in psychology at Columbia University. Out of general curiosity, he took a course there during the summer of 1925 in "Culture and Personality" with the anthropologist Edward Sapir, a specialist in American Indian ethnology and comparative linguistics. In a recent conversation, Klineberg said that the course made him begin to think that "what we were talking about in psychology made no sense if we knew only people in our own culture and our own background." It was

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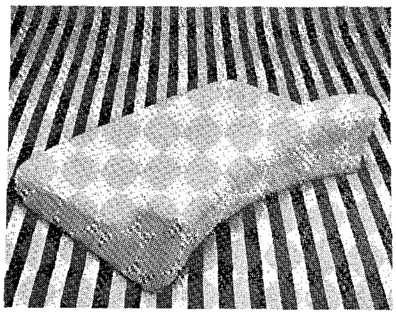

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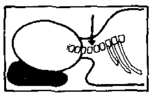

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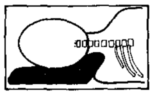

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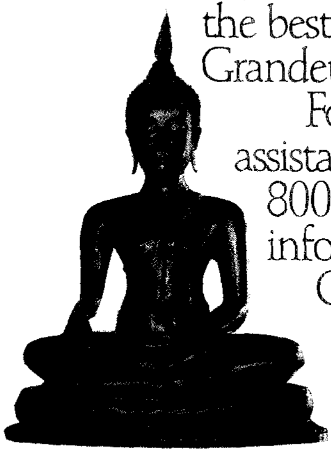

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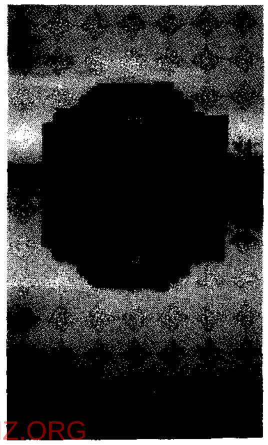

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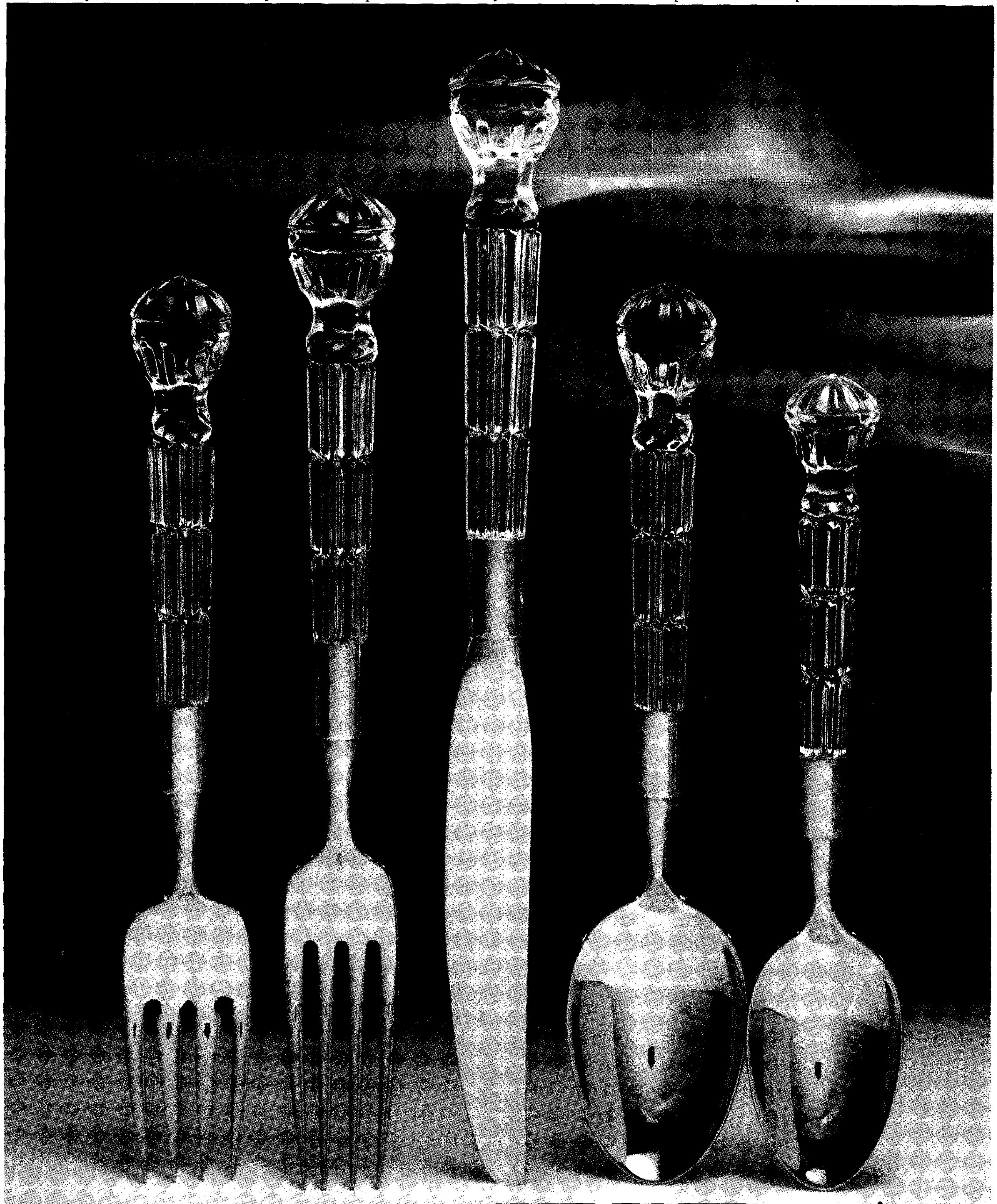

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"a kind of religious conversion—suddenly feeling that it's ridiculous to talk about human psychology if you knew only one particular group of human beings," he went on. "The anthropologists knew that, but the psychologists didn't." Klineberg avidly pursued both disciplines, slipped easily into the Boas circle, and regularly crossed the Hudson with the anthropologists for discussion soirées at Boas's home, in Grantwood, New Jersey. Even though Klineberg was technically taking his degree in psychology, Boas became, as he puts it, "*my* Papa Franz, too." Before entering Columbia, Klineberg had tended to accept uncritically the prevailing idea that racial and ethnic groups differed genetically in qualities of mind and character. Exposure to Boas and his disciples inclined him to the opposite view.

The following summer, two of Boas's students asked Klineberg to drive with them in an old Ford to the state of Washington, where they intended to do field work among the local Indians. Perhaps Klineberg could give the Indians some tests. He jumped at the chance—both to see the continent and to study the Indians in a way that combined anthropology and psychology. In Washington, he applied performance tests—another class of tests used to assess mental ability, and so called because they required the subjects to do physical, as distinct from verbal or mathematical, tasks—to children of the Yakima tribe and to white children in the town of Toppenish. He later described the results as "unexpected and exciting," explaining, "The Indian children worked much more slowly than the white but, perhaps as a consequence, made fewer errors. They seemed entirely indifferent to the amount of time required to complete the problem, and my exhortation to 'do this as quickly as possible' fell on deaf ears." The outcome excited Klineberg because though he was alive to the importance of culture in family relationships, behavioral motives, and the like, he had never thought of it in connection with such a seemingly technical character as speed of performance. That was a novelty. Suddenly, it struck him that culture intruded into even a very simple performance test like taking a piece of wood and putting it in the right place. He hadn't realized how culture could go "deep down into the little movements of the hands."

The Yakima project changed Klineberg's life; he determined upon work

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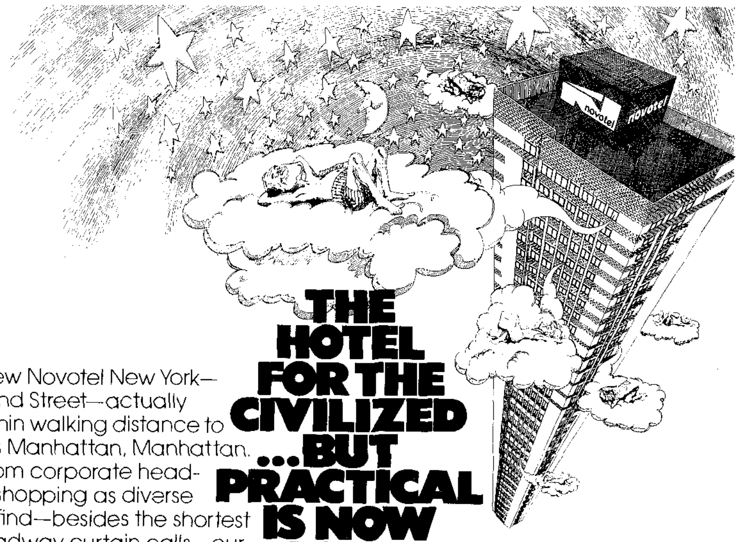

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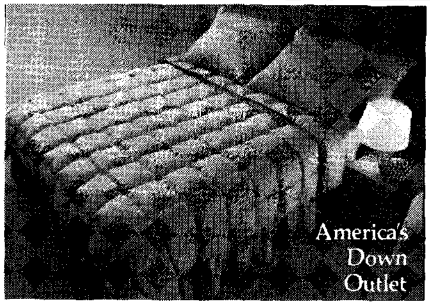

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in questions of race. In 1927, he embarked on research into the claim of Carl Brigham (who had not yet repudiated it) that the Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean "races" differed in native ability. At the time, most anthropologists, even Boas, believed in the biological reality of such races—though, obviously, not in innate mental or behavioral differences among them. Shortly before Klineberg finished the project, Brigham recanted, but Klineberg's results added considerable substantive force to Brigham's essentially methodological turnaround. Brigham had originally inferred racial abilities from I.Q.-test scores of nationality groups in America. Klineberg, who considered Brigham's procedure ridiculous, had gone abroad and given performance tests to the purest Nordic, Alpine, and Mediterranean groups he could find. He was able to report that—at least in the kinds of abilities measured by the performance tests—the three groups displayed no significant differences. Back at Columbia in 1929, Klineberg turned to the subject he had first taken up in his doctoral thesis—black-white differences in the United States. "I suppose my moral attitudes contributed to the shift away from European racial topics," he recalled. "I thought the problem the most important for an American race psychologist to study. Besides, it was tremendously interesting."

In Europe, Klineberg had observed that the performance-test scores of city dwellers among the three racial groups tended to be higher than those of rural residents. In the United States, he had also noticed that blacks in the urban North had on the average scored higher on the Army I.Q. tests than certain white groups in the rural South. One of the prevailing explanations of the phenomenon was the theory of "selective migration": people in an urban region or a particular geographical section scored better on mental tests because the more intelligent had migrated there from areas where people scored worse. The more intelligent blacks, in short, tended to leave the South for the North. Klineberg was inclined to an alternative explanation: the superior test performance of Northern blacks was attributable to their advantageous cultural and educational environment.

Klineberg devoted his research of the early thirties to deciding between the two theories. He examined school records of black children in three Southern cities to determine whether

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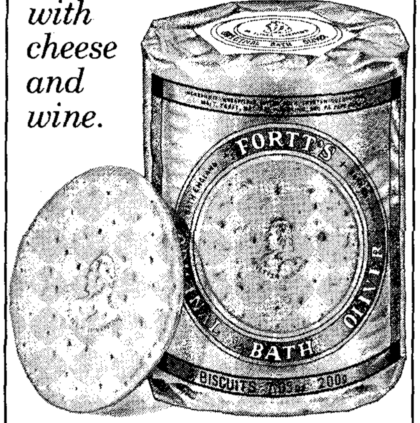

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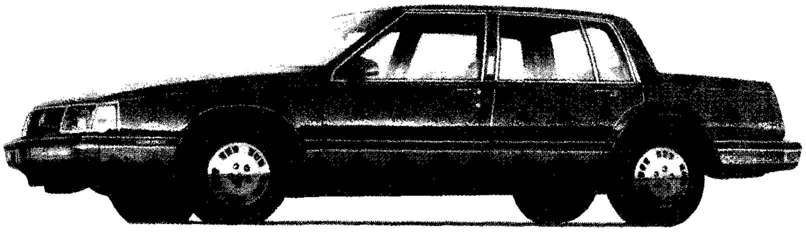

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*Awards beyond London valid from January 1, 1985. AAdvantage is a registered service mark of American Airlines, Inc. AAdvantage Program subject to applicable foreign laws and to change without notice. © 1984 British Airways the students who had gone North were any more "intelligent" than those who had remained in the South. He also gave intelligence tests to Southern-born blacks who had lived in New York City for different lengths of time, reasoning that if selective migration was at work the length of residence in the North should make no difference in the scores but if environment counted then the scores should rise in proportion to time in the North.

During his travels in the South, Klineberg, a warm human being, partied, picnicked, and became friends with many blacks. The experience was an eye-opener for a white man of the time—even someone who, like Klineberg, already suspected that mental ability had little, if anything, to do with the biology of race. "I could see some of the ways in which culture and race got confused," he recalled. "I remember being once at a football game between two black college teams, and at every time-out the band would begin to play. Whenever the band played, many black mothers would wave the arms of their babies in time to the music. I said to myself, 'Well, here you see mothers teaching their children rhythm.' You very rarely see that when two Ivy League teams play football. I noticed that same sort of thing with dancing. I also ran into a lot of blacks who had no sense of rhythm and who couldn't sing. The personal experience led me to query all the stereotypical ideas about blacks, and that skepticism came to be rather important in the work." In 1935, Klineberg reported the full results of the study in his pathbreaking "Negro Intelligence and Selective Migration." In his conclusions:

> The superiority of the northern over the southern Negroes, and the tendency of northern Negroes to approximate the scores of the Whites, are due to factors in the environment, and not to selective migration. There is, in fact, no evidence whatever in favor of selective migration. The school records of those who migrated did not demonstrate any superiority over those who remained behind. The intelligence tests showed no superiority of recent arrivals in the North over those of the same age and sex who were still in southern cities. There is, on the other hand, very definite evidence that an improved environment, whether it be the southern city as contrasted with the neighboring rural districts, or the northern city as contrasted with the South as a whole, raises the test scores considerably; this rise in "intelligence" is roughly proportionate to length of residence in the more favorable environment.

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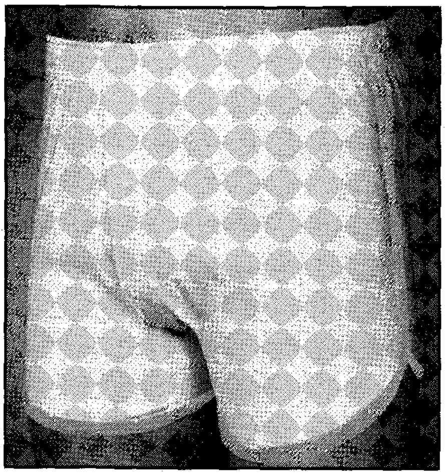

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argument against the biological nature of racial differences in mental ability, often pointing to the superiority in test scores of Northern blacks to that of various Southern whites. "I wasn't the first to notice those data," he recalled, with a smile. "But I used them. I did use them. My friendly enemies attributed the discovery to me and called it 'the Klineberg twist.' " The enemies rapidly diminished in force. The tide of thinking about innate racial differences was with Klineberg and a growing number of like-minded psychologists, anthropologists, and geneticists. Not all of them believed that there were absolutely no biologically determined mental differences between races, but virtually all held that no such differences had been scientifically demonstrated. By the end of the Second World War, with the aid of the Nazis, that view had replaced the orthodoxies of mainline eugenics.

In 1950, UNESCO issued a strong "Statement on Race." It was the product of an internationally distinguished effort—the drafters and commentators included Otto Klineberg, Hermann Muller, and Julian Huxley—and its principal points summarized the new views on the biology of race: The idea of race was merely a convenient tool of classification. Differences between human groups resulted from various combinations of heredity and environment. Racial groupings did not necessarily coincide with ethnic and cultural differences. The results of intelligence tests depended on some combination of innate mental ability and environmental opportunity, and there was no proof that the groups of mankind differed in their innate mental characteristics, in respect to either intelligence or temperament.

WALTER LIPPMANN early recognized that the stakes in the I.Q. issue went far beyond race. "The whole drift of the propaganda based on intelligence testing is to treat people with low intelligence quotients as congenitally and hopelessly inferior," he wrote in 1922, in *The New Republic*. The prominent testers believed, he wrote, "that they are measuring the capacity of a human being for all time and that this capacity is fatally fixed by the child's heredity." Lewis Terman, the Stanford University psychologist who in 1916 had revised the original Binet-Simon I.Q. tests, rose to the defense of hereditarian psychology, charging Lippmann with having brought more feeling than thought to

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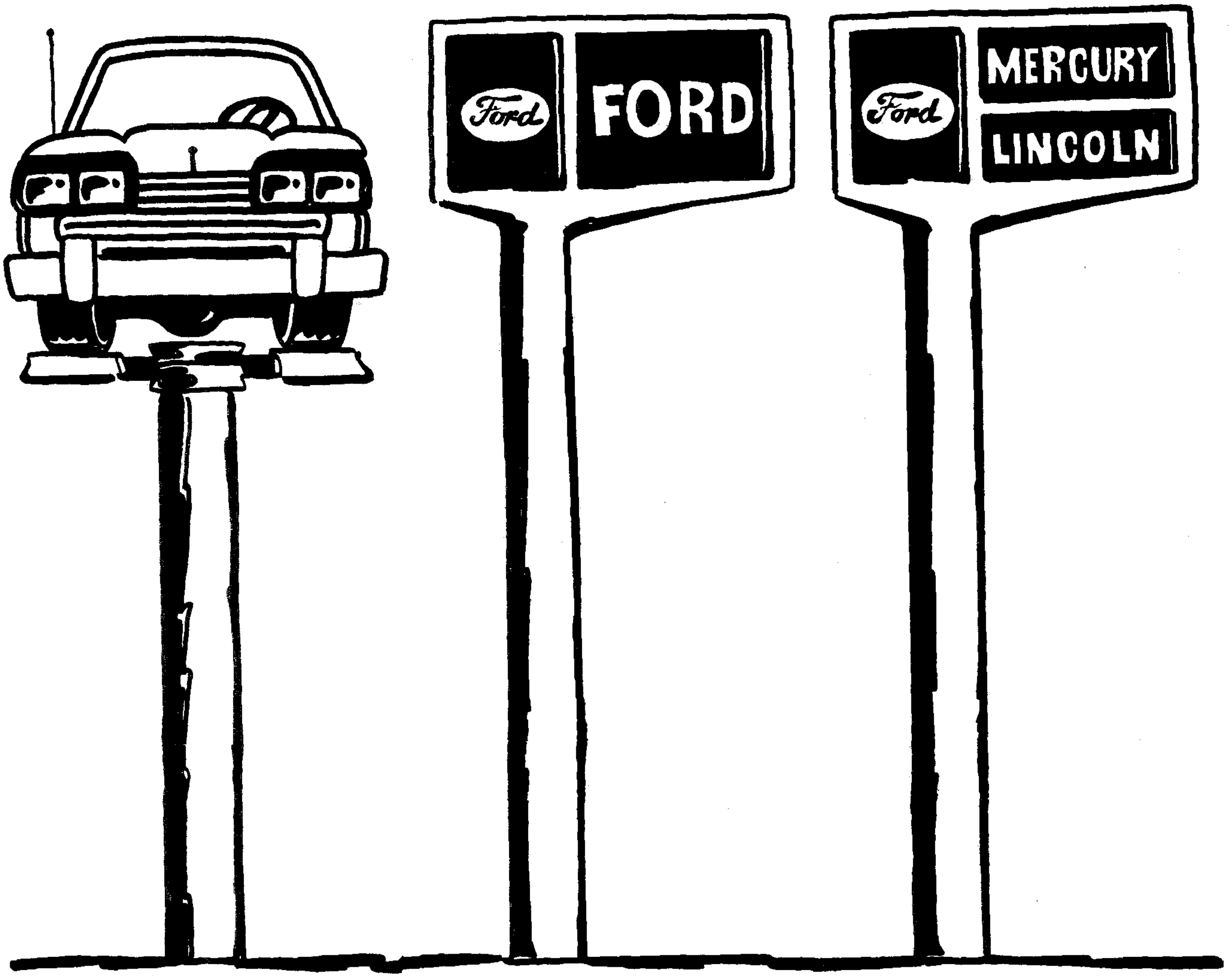

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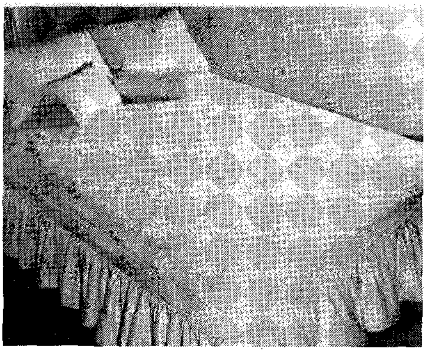

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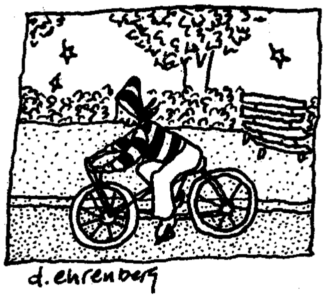
the issue, even to the point of denying heredity a role in intelligence. Writing in reply, Lippmann admitted to being emotional about the matter. "I hate the impudence of a claim that in fifty minutes you can judge and classify a human being's predestined fitness in life. . . . I hate the abuse of scientific method which it involves. I hate the sense of superiority which it creates, and the sense of inferiority which it imposes." And he had not refused to recognize the hereditary factor in mental ability, he said; he had simply denied Terman's "unproved claim" to have isolated it.

A common task in science is to determine exactly to what extent a given result may depend upon one among several variables—for example, to what extent the time of travel of a bullet from gun to target depends upon its shape, or the temperature of the air, or the velocity of the wind. It is a long-standing article of scientific method that to determine this dependence experimentally the result—the time of the bullet's flight—should be measured while holding constant all the variables save one (shape, say), which is allowed to change. Lancelot Hogben stressed that the hereditarian interpretations of intelligence violated this principle. I.Q. studies had grown mathematically more sophisticated in their use of correlational analysis; Hogben pointed out that "when used without proper regard for the limitations imposed by the way in which data are collected, correlation methods yield conclusions which throw more light upon the social prejudices of the investigator than upon the problem of nature and nurture." The prejudices were reflected in the usual I.Q.-test survey, in which neither hereditary nor environmental differences were sufficiently taken into account. To distinguish the force of nature from that of nurture in I.Q., the tests would have to be administered to groups similar in heredity whose environments varied, or vice versa. Francis Galton had pointed to a way of accomplishing the first approach: study identical twins—especially those reared apart. The same approach could be taken with fraternal twins or with ordinary siblings brought up in separate foster homes. Both types of non-identical siblings were assumed to be genetically similar enough to qualify for the constancy of heredity necessary to the procedure.

In articles published in British scholarly journals in 1943, 1955, and 1966, the English psychologist Cyril Burt would claim to have found and tested ever more numerous sets of identical twins reared apart—in the last article, the number reached fifty-three—with the results strongly favoring the hereditarian theory of intelligence. This work has recently been exposed as fraudulent. There were virtually no records of the twins he claimed to have studied, and the correlations for different pairs of children were so often the same as to imply strongly that Burt simply fabricated the numbers. In the nineteen-twenties, investigators who wanted to measure the I.Q.s of twins reared apart found precious few cases. They did better in searching out ordinary siblings raised separately, or comparing natural and foster children raised in the same environment. One of the first studies of the latter type was carried out in the mid-twenties by Barbara Burks, an associate of Lewis Terman at Stanford. Burks found that only seventeen per cent of the variability in the I.Q.-test performance of her subjects was attributable to environment; the rest was the result of heredity. Lancelot Hogben, along with psychologists like Otto Klineberg, judged the Burks study questionable, on the ground that many of the environmental influences she emphasized had no necessary bearing on test performance. In contrast, both Hogben and Klineberg awarded the highest grade to a sophisticated investigation—it soon came to be recognized as a methodological benchmark—carried out in the late twenties by three educational psychologists at the University of Chicago: Frank N. Freeman, Karl J. Holzinger, and Blythe C. Mitchell. Freeman, Holzinger, and Mitchell studied some four hundred foster children, with the aim of determining changes in measures of I.Q. both for children of similar heredity brought up in different environments and for children with diverse heredities brought up in similar environments. The children were tested before their foster placements and retested after several years in their foster homes. The I.Q. scores of children



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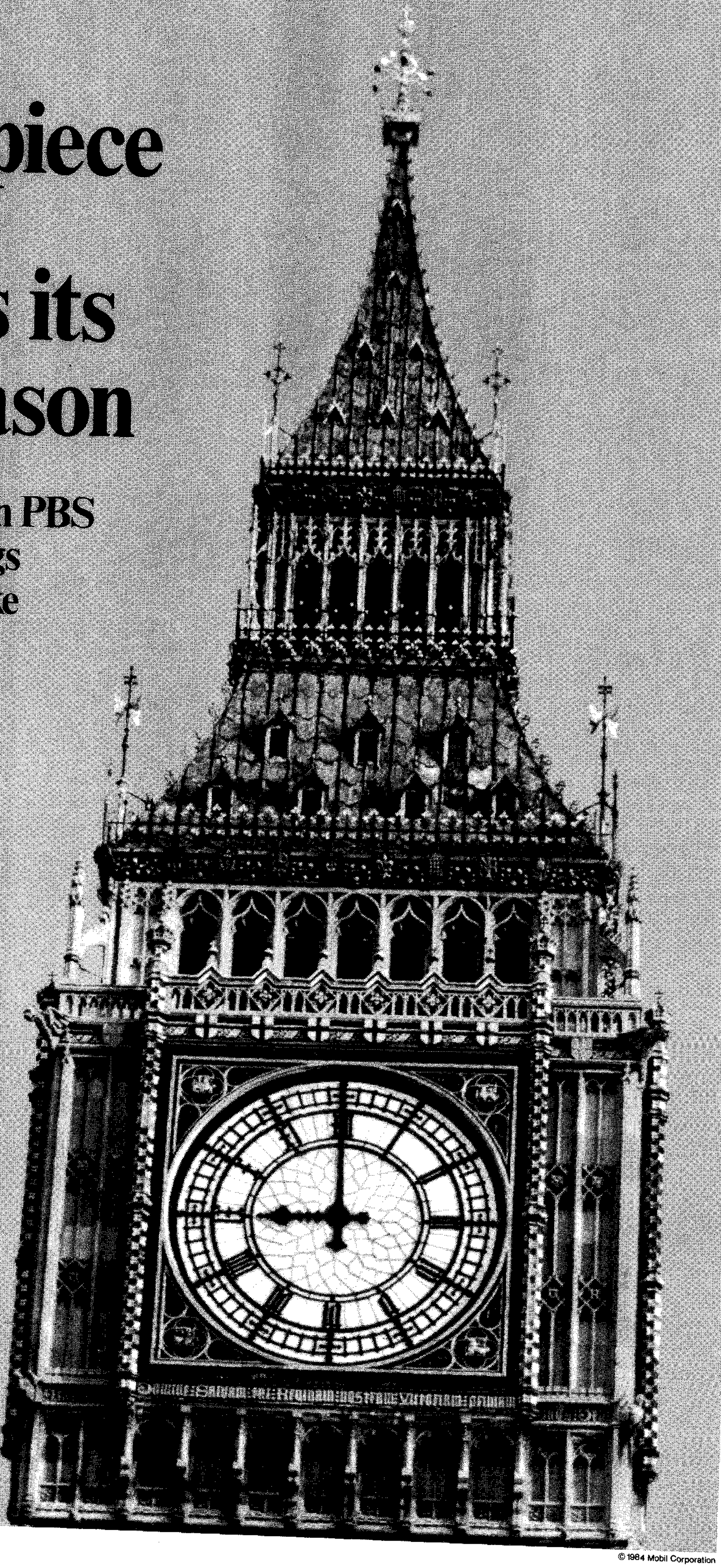

placed in superior foster homes tended to improve; and the higher the quality of the foster home and/or the longer the residence there, the greater the degree of improvement. Furthermore, siblings raised together tended to be closer in I.Q. than those raised in separate foster homes. Indeed, I.Q.s were particularly dissimilar for siblings separated before the age of six. No less significant, unrelated children raised in the same foster home tended to be more alike in I.Q. than siblings raised in different homes. Taken together with other studies, the results of Freeman, Holzinger, and Mitchell revealed that environment could either accentuate or reduce apparent genetic differences. And they strongly suggested that what I.Q. tests measured was some combination of nature and nurture.

Herbert Jennings knew from biology itself that from the fetal stage onward nurture acted upon nature to shape the organism. His own research showed that genetically identical paramecia would appear phenotypically diverse under differing environmental conditions. Fruit-fly geneticists had discovered that while certain strains of *Drosophila* might have a gene for an irregular abdomen the gene would not express itself if the flies were raised in a moist rather than a dry atmosphere. A variety of primrose would flower white if it was grown at hothouse temperatures, red otherwise. And then there was the axolotl, a large salamander beautifully adapted to living in water. If the young axolotl was given great quantities of thyroid material, its gills would disappear, its bodily features would change dramatically, and it would be transformed into a land salamander.

As with salamanders, so with human beings. The 1904 committee studying alleged physical degeneration in the United Kingdom had noted that all the evidence pointed to "active, rapid improvement, bodily and mental, in the worst districts, as soon as [the inhabitants] are exposed to better circumstances." Diet alone counted for a lot. By the mid-thirties, so much had been learned about the satisfactory human diet that it became clear that many physical defects were the result of undernourishment. In 1936, Sir John Boyd Orr published his celebrated "Food, Health and Income," a probing investigation of British dietary patterns, which revealed that one-tenth of the population was forced to depend on foods inadequate in fats,

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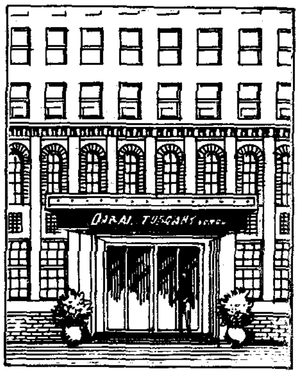

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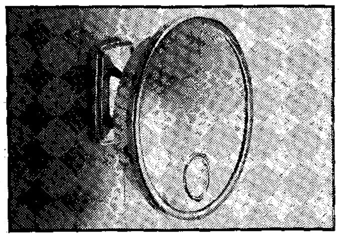

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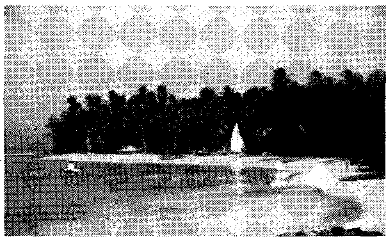

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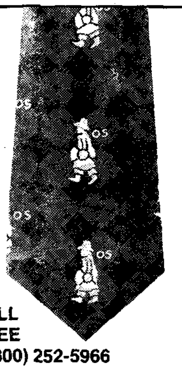

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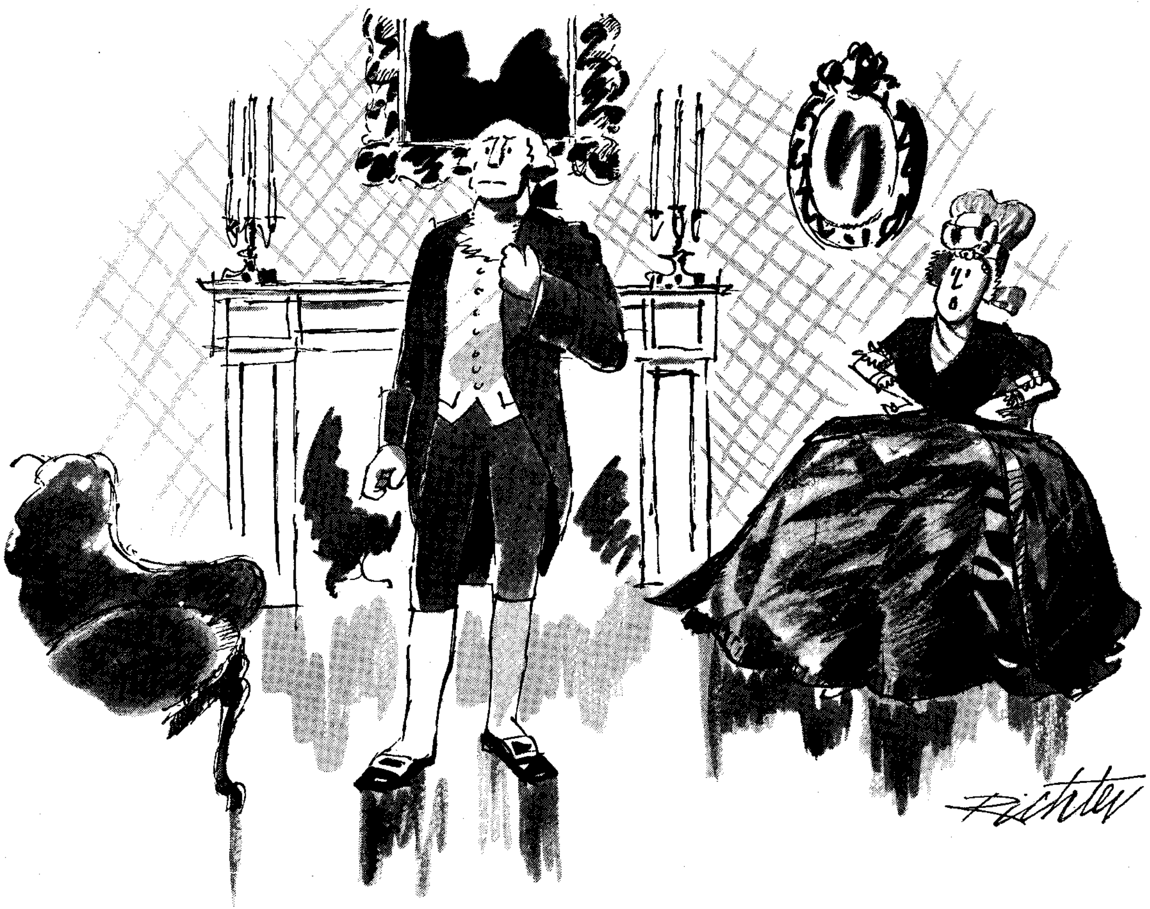

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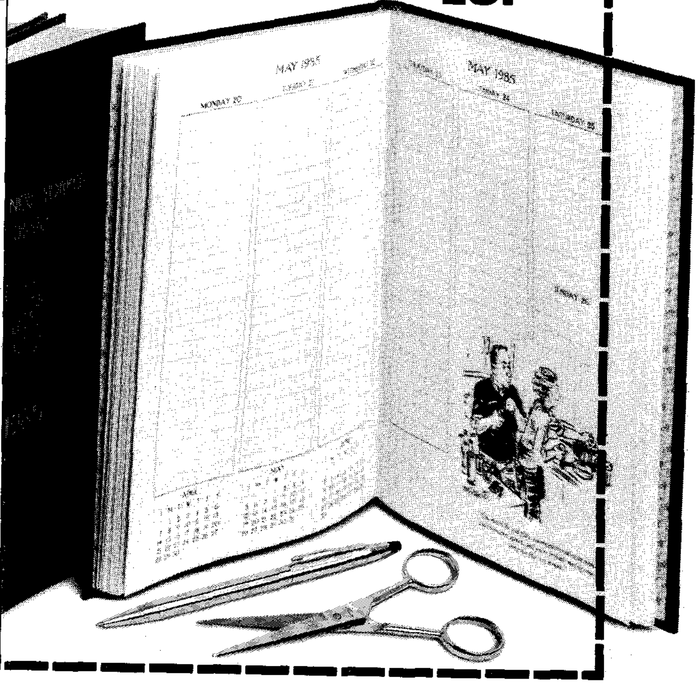

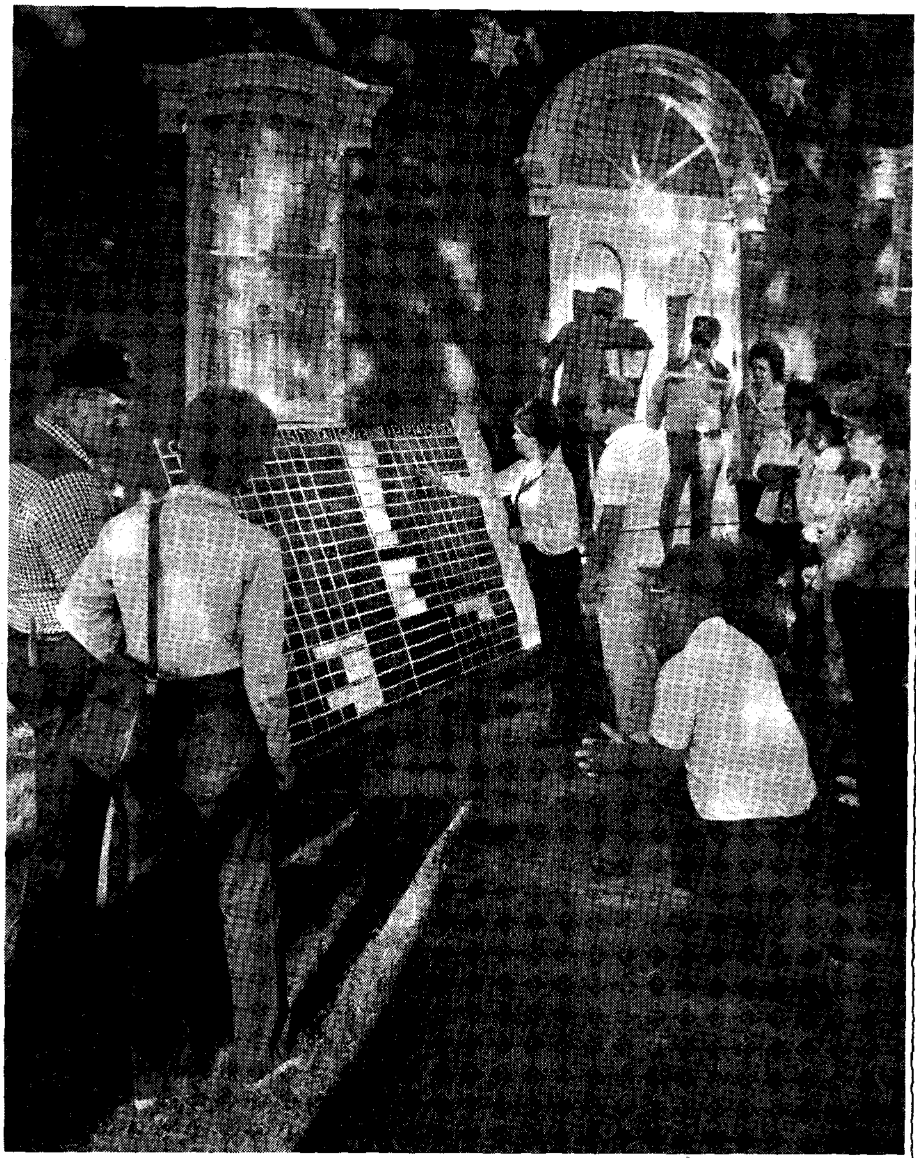

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proteins, calories, and vitamins. Manipulate the nutritional environment one way and biological organisms could be made to appear genetically sound. Manipulate it another and they could be made to appear genetically inadequate.

What made for social pathology, hundreds of reformist treatises declared, was the way environment interacted with human potential. In 1914, the London *Times* reported on an address by Sir James Crichton-Browne, an authority on mental and public health, noting his contention that slum life "favored the survival of those who could subsist on a relatively small amount of nourishment, and light and air; but . . . ruthlessly stamped out those who were strong and sensitive, and who demanded a copious supply of nourishment." It was a commonplace of the anti-mainline attack that social pathology was communicated, not inherited. Slum children became thieves or prostitutes because they grew up among numerous models to emulate; moral habits were learned, not determined by germ plasm. Anti-mainliners stressed that the lower reaches of the social order had produced enough geniuses—Shakespeare, Franklin, Pasteur, and Lincoln among them—to stock a pantheon. If they had not produced more, it was because social conditions, as Julian Huxley observed, condemned their Darwins and Einsteins, like their Miltons, to be "mute and inglorious." The British educational system, Huxley remarked, left "vast reservoirs of innate intelligence untrained in children from the lower social strata."

Mainline doctrine presumed that like produced like, that superior or inferior parents spawned superior or inferior offspring, respectively, through the transmission of traits by single Mendelian characters—"unit characters," as they were known. It was here that the principal disjunction lay between mainline ideas and the advance of genetics. While geneticists knew that many physical characteristics were inherited, and a number of them thought that there might indeed be a biological basis for mental and behavioral traits, they also knew that even in the simplest version of Mendelism like did not necessarily produce like. Among the reasons was that what counted in breeding was the genes of the organism, known as the genotype, and not the expression of them, known as the phenotype. One could not expect to produce superior progeny simply by breeding together phenotypically superior parents. By the First World War, the unit-character doctrine had generally been pronounced dead, though Herbert Jennings remarked in the twenties that, like the decapitated turtle, it was not yet sensible of its demise. In "Prometheus, or Biology and the Advancement of Man," a book he published in 1925, Jennings explained what he thought people concerned about eugenics ought to know:

> Neither eye color, nor tallness, nor feeblemindedness, nor any other characteristic, is a unit character. . . . There is, indeed, no such thing as a 'unit character' and it would be a step in advance if that expression should disappear. . . . Into the production of any characteristic has gone the activity of hundreds of the genes if not all of them; and many intermediate products occur before the final one is reached. In the fruit fly at least 50 genes are known to work together to produce so simple a feature as the red color of the eye; hundreds are required to produce normal straight wing, and so of all other characteristics.

Even if the environmental circumstances could be reproduced, no way was known to duplicate the genetic combination that yielded Plato or Newton, Dante or Darwin, Bach or Einstein. In virtually all forms of sexual reproduction, including the human, genes from one partner were sorted and then combined with those from the other in an infinite variety of unpredictable ways. And the new combinations for most characteristics were likely—as Francis Galton had discovered in arriving at his law of regression to the mean—to be closer to the average of the population. Jennings elaborated the point in "Prometheus":

> When they are taken apart, the new combinations made are almost certain to be the commoner types, less valuable than their parents. What occurs in such cases is seen when one of the valuable fruits—a fine variety of apple or orange—is allowed to reproduce by seed, forming thus new combinations of genes. Among the offspring are many types, mostly inferior ones, thorny, irregular, weak plants with worthless fruits. Almost never is one produced that equals the parent. This is the sort of thing that occurs regularly in man. . . . The same is true for the poor combinations. They, too, must disintegrate and pass into new groupings; and now the offspring may be better than the parents; certainly they will be diverse. And from the large population of commonplace types appears continually, as the generations pass, a few rare ones—for genius or for inferiority—then after a generation these drop back again into the great reservoir.

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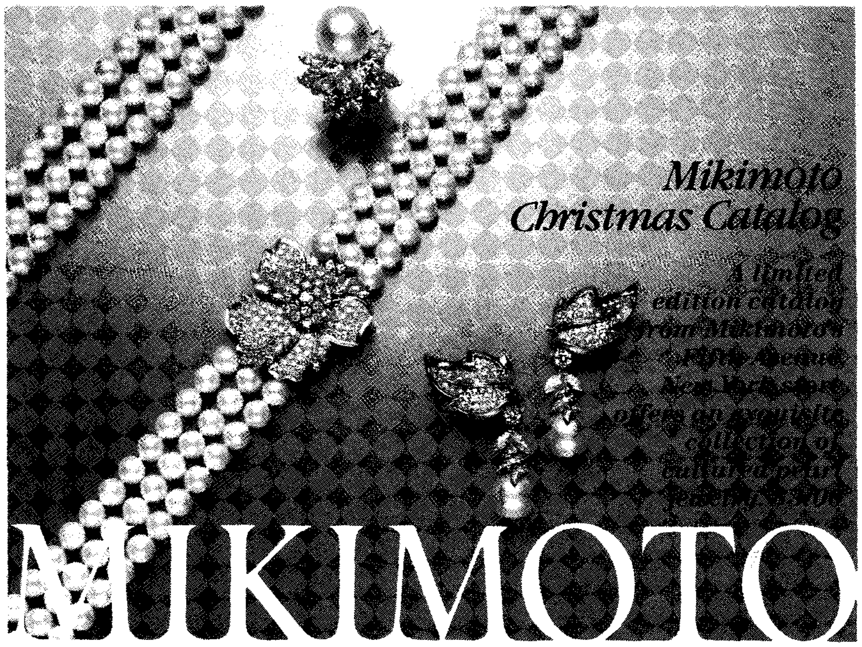
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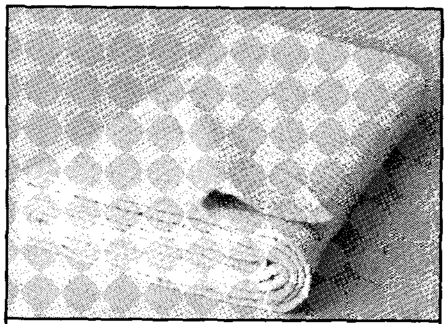

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in the vast diversity of its genetic makeup. The diversity allowed for a variety of types, and such variety was essential not only for the endlessly different tasks that man asked himself to perform but also for the variation in environments, both present and possibly to come, to which he had to adapt. J. B. S. Haldane held forth on the matter in 1932 from the steps of a building at Cornell University, where he was attending the Third International Congress of Genetics. A society composed of uniformly perfect men, he said, would be highly imperfect. The essence of perfection among plants, animals, and most certainly man was variety. The ideal society had to have room for all sorts of people, each best at some one thing or other.

But would it not be desirable to produce more Leonardo da Vincis, a reporter asked.

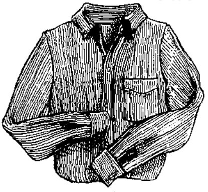
Da Vinci, Haldane remarked, would have been sterilized in some American states because of certain abnormalities.

F. A. E. Crew, of the University of Edinburgh's Institute of Animal Genetics, came wandering by. "Crew," Haldane said, "what is the perfect man?"

"There isn't any," Crew replied, with an eye to the importance of matching man to his environment. "Define us a heaven and we will tell you what an angel is."

IN 1919, Dr. Walter E. Fernald, a leading American authority on mental deficiency, reflected at a meeting of the National Committee for Mental Hygiene on the subject that had figured most prominently in the mainline-eugenic diagnosis of social problems. "A dozen years ago we had practically settled all the problems of feeblemindedness," he told his colleagues. "We had decided that the feebleminded were all of hereditary origin, that they were pretty much all vicious and depraved and immoral, that they were not capable of self-support." Now, Fernald went on, there were a number of reasons not to be so sure.

Questions about the genetic basis of mental defect had long been suggested by the fact that the children of men and women admitted to asylums often did not appear to be similarly deficient themselves. Some defects were in fact inherited, but matings between mentally deficient people did not necessarily produce deficient offspring in the numbers predicted by the Mendelian unit-character theory. In the specula-



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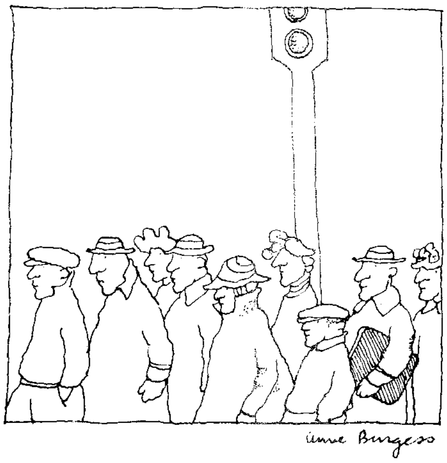
tion of geneticists, the reason was precisely because inheritance was polygenic. Then, too, the mental deficiency suffered by one parent might originate in a different set of genes from that found in another. In that case, Herbert Jennings pointed out in "Prometheus," "experimental breeding shows that the two parental stocks may supplement one another, so that the defect will not appear in the offspring," and added that "the characteristics that are predictable are extremely few; a new combination is produced with every child." But Jennings' explanation amounted merely to a well-intentioned extrapolation of the polygenetics of plants and animals; however plausible, it was based on little, if any, direct evidence from human beings. Just what genetic combinations made for mental deficiency were, to say the least, unclear. Mental deficiency was found in many forms. Complex in its expression, it was presumably diverse in its causes. Certain forms of it seemed to be hereditary; many others did not; and many of those that did appeared to flout Mendel's laws, even in their polygenic form.

Few scientists were closer to the confusion than Edmund O. Lewis, a British physician and an expert on mental health, who had conducted the survey on which the British government's Joint Committee on Mental Deficiency based its influential 1929 report. Lewis was trained in both experimental psychology and medicine, and he had an acute interest in social conditions. In the course of the survey, which sampled six areas in England and Wales, he had encountered more than five thousand cases of mental deficiency. He was struck by the complexity of the data—particularly the diversity of case types and their relation to social and geographical circumstance. Among the "feeble-



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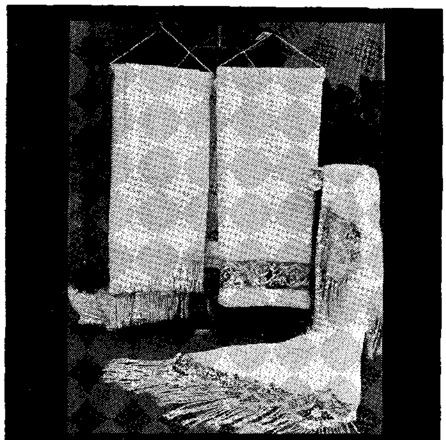

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minded"—in British usage, the term denoted the highest grade of mental deficiency—the "moral defectives" frequently did not lack intellectual ability, but the "intellectual defectives" were often morally incapable. The two categories were not sharply separated; indeed, many individuals displayed both inadequacies. Then, too, Lewis noticed that "defectives" of the lower grades—idiots and imbeciles—seemed to occur in all social classes, while the merely feebleminded, who accounted for three-quarters of the mentally deficient, tended to be concentrated in families persistently below the average in income and social character. These families included, in the words of the Joint Committee report, a much larger proportion of "insane persons, epileptics, paupers, criminals (especially recidivists), unemployables, habitual slum dwellers, prostitutes, inebriates, and other social inefficients" than did families with no mentally deficient members. In the nomenclature of the report, they constituted a "social problem group" that made up about a tenth of the English and Welsh population. Lewis also observed that some types of mental deficiency seemed to be familial, while others did not. He was disturbed by the apparent large increase in the rate of mental deficiency since the 1908 survey—especially because the data suggested that the rise had occurred mainly in rural areas. He noted, in a section of the Joint Committee report that he wrote, that "a prosperous future in agriculture is impossible if our rural population has an unduly large proportion of men and women of low mentality," and declared, "Agriculture is becoming more scientific every year; and this trend makes an increasing demand for a higher level of intelligence among all rural workers." Yet Lewis, who was sympathetic to the British countryman, cautioned that mental capacity had to be judged against the standards of the subject's own community. "There should be no confusion of mere rusticity with feeblemindedness," he wrote. For Lewis, the study for the Joint Committee on Mental Deficiency raised many more questions than it answered. Was the increase in rural mental deficiency real? If so, was the rise attributable to the urban migration of the more intelligent, to local inbreeding, or to something else? More generally, just how did one form of deficiency differ from another? And how were the various types to be categorized?

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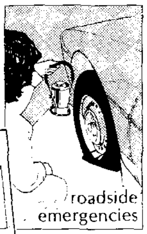

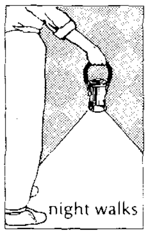

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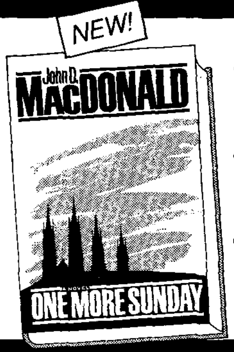

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Despite the newer views of mental deficiency, it remained standard practice in Britain to divide all forms into primary or secondary amentia. By definition, primary amentia was the result of heredity; secondary, of environment. But Lewis suspected that the categories of primary and secondary amentia were simplistic and faulty. Further research into the problem was imperative, and so he insisted to anyone who would listen, including, in 1929, Ruth Darwin, one of Charles Darwin's granddaughters and a principal of the newly created Darwin Trust, who was very glad to listen, indeed.

The object of the Darwin Trust was to foster research into "mental defect, disease, or disorder." It had been formed to administer the income from a property owned by Ruth Darwin's recently deceased father, Sir Horace Darwin; the property in question was rented to the Royal Eastern Counties' Institution, a hospital for the mentally deficient. In 1930, at the instigation of Lewis, who had been made a Darwin officer, the Trust proposed to the Medical Research Council—the British equivalent of the nascent United States National Institutes of Health—an authoritative scheme for research in mental deficiency, to be funded coöperatively by the Council, the Trust, and its institutional tenant. Lewis undoubtedly saw a special opportunity in a research venture involving the Royal Eastern Counties' Institution, a major facility with more than a thousand patients. It was situated at Colchester, about fifty miles northeast of London, in Essex. One of the areas sampled in his survey, the region was heavily rural and, of the six, had the highest incidence of mentally deficient children. Lewis's guiding hand was evident in the stated importance of the scheme: "Of all problems, the causation of mental deficiency is the one in which research is most needed. The classification of causes given in the most modern textbooks can scarcely be regarded as satisfactory." A broad attempt at classification might well reveal that "the underlying conceptions are unsound and misleading from both the biological and clinical standpoints." Within weeks, the Council had committed itself to an annual grant of five hundred and fifty pounds—enough, combined with the income from the Darwin Trust and three hundred and seventy-five pounds from the Royal Eastern Counties' Institution, to provide a workable budget of

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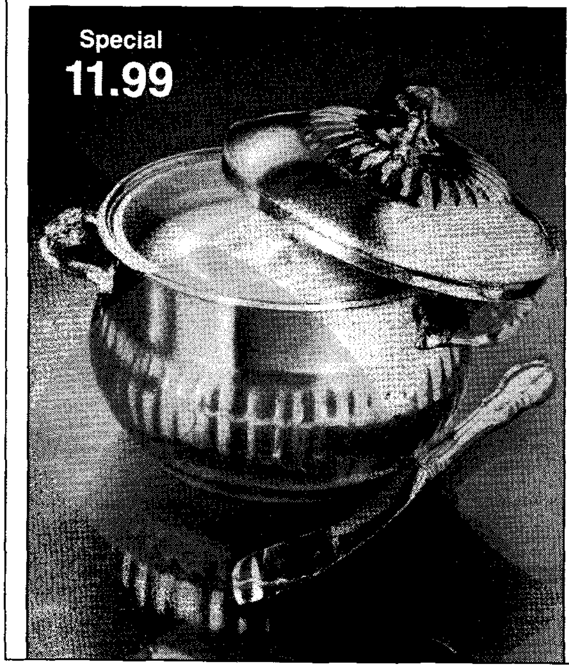

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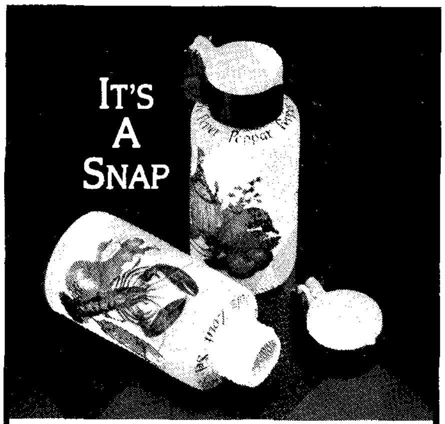

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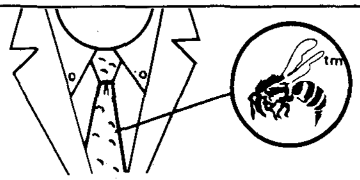

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about twelve hundred pounds a year. Most of the money was to go to pay the salary of a medical investigator appointed to the Colchester staff, who was to undertake a complete physical and mental classification of all the patients and attempt "to discover the causes of the mental defect in each case, more especially as to whether the cause is what is now called primary or secondary amentia." By October of 1930, the Darwin Trust had found its investigator. He was Lionel S. Penrose, a physician in his early thirties. "He is not an administrator," Ruth Darwin explained to the chief of the Medical Research Council, "but there is no doubt that he is a thinker."

LIONEL PENROSE was a product of the type of well-to-do, polymathically capable British family whose fecundity eugenicists liked to celebrate. His father was an accomplished portrait painter and a fellow of the Royal Hibernian Academy. His brother Roland Penrose was the prominent Surrealist painter and art critic. Penrose himself possessed the sort of crisp, incisive, pellucid mind that makes for exquisite science. With the Colchester appointment, he embarked on a career that rapidly led to pioneering preëminence in the field of mental deficiency and that, by the nineteen-fifties, had inspired J. B. S. Haldane, a man not given to overstatement, to call him "the greatest living authority on human genetics."

Penrose grew up in a rather stern Quaker household, whose atmosphere was closer to severity than to serenity. The physical demonstration of affection was rare, and any expression of feeling was strongly discouraged. Such indulgences as fiction, theatre, and music were prohibited, although games like chess were allowed—card games, too, as long as jack, queen, and king were replaced, as if they were Biblically proscribed graven images, by 11, 12, and 13. In 1919, Penrose matriculated at Cambridge, where he plunged into the forbidden—the work of the dramatic society, the pleasures of classical music. He became a lifelong Mozart addict. He also became a loyal member of the select Cambridge Society of Apostles, that remarkable informal hothouse of so many illustrious intellectuals. He came to think during this period that religion stunted mental growth—that religious belief ought to take a back seat to knowledge. Many years later, his daughter remarked, "To him, God

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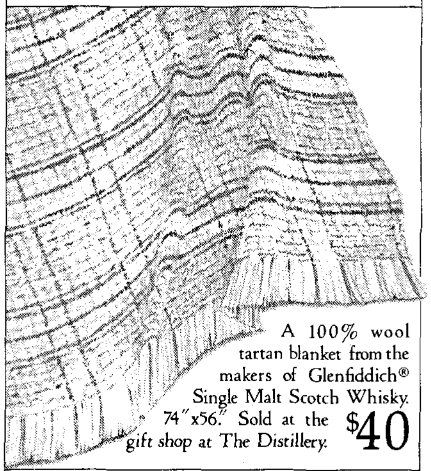

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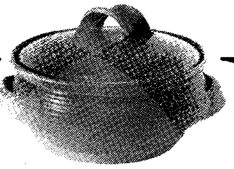

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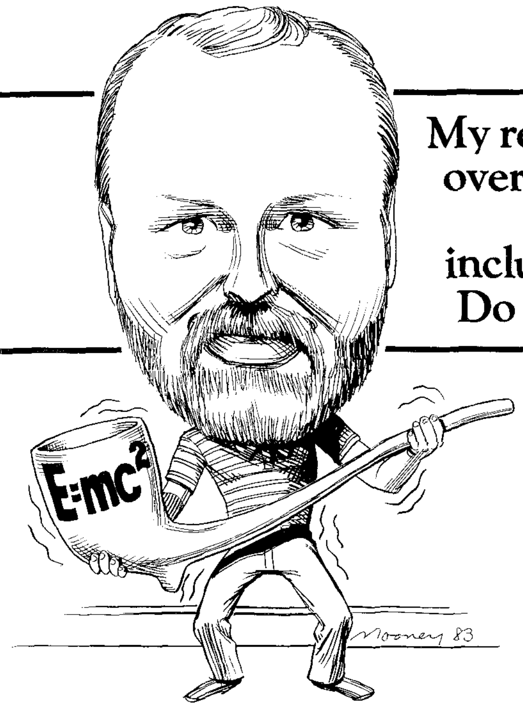
was simply too vague a concept. It was one of those ideas that you couldn't quantify or test." By the Cambridge years, the knowledge he cared about had gone beyond mathematics and science to include Freudian psychology.

At Cambridge, where Penrose had hoped to find a forest of psychological knowledge, he confronted what he subsequently referred to as "an intellectual desert." But here and there he found brave Freudian shoots. Among them were the lectures of W. H. R. Rivers, an anthropologist and neurophysiologist, who was the leading Freudian on the faculty. There was also John Rickman, a physician, whose example helped steer Penrose in the direction of professional work in mental illness. Rickman, a marvellous raconteur, had often come to Penrose's preparatory school, Leighton Park, where he was an "old boy," to regale the students with his tales, and at Cambridge Penrose met him again, by chance, on the street. Rickman was working at the nearby Fulbourn Asylum. "The difference between me and the patients," he explained to Penrose, "is that I have a key and they haven't." Soon after this meeting, Rickman, attracted by Freudian psychology, went to study in Vienna. "So it came about," Penrose recalled in an unpublished memoir, "that, after learning nothing at Cambridge except a little mathematical logic . . . I set off . . . to Vienna with the vague idea of following in Rickman's footsteps."

In Vienna, Penrose met Freud, made his way into the circles of Viennese psychiatry, and underwent analysis for about a year. But gradually a certain skepticism concerning psychoanalysis set in. A friend remembers his remarking at the time that the aim of psychoanalysis was "the acquisition of a quiet effrontery." The skepticism was evident in a notebook jotting—a heavy-handed "psychoanalysis of chess" that described the game as "a sadistic activity" whose object, checkmate, was "strictly the castration of the opposing party." Penrose remained fascinated by Freudian insight, but he came to consider psychoanalytic theory too elusive, too slippery for scientific test. His dissatisfaction with it, as with God, boiled down to the fact that you couldn't quantify its terms. Increasingly, his interests swung toward the abnormal mind, and toward the biological role in mental disorder. He needed a solid grounding in medicine, so in 1925 he returned to Cambridge and earned a medical degree while



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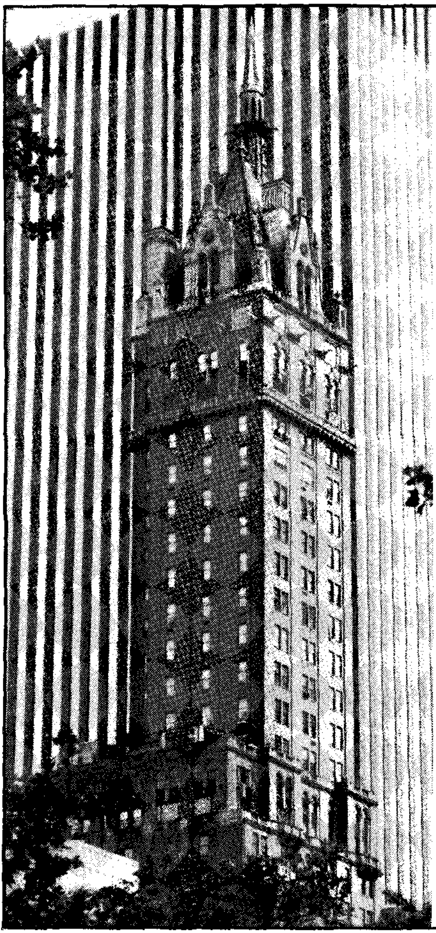

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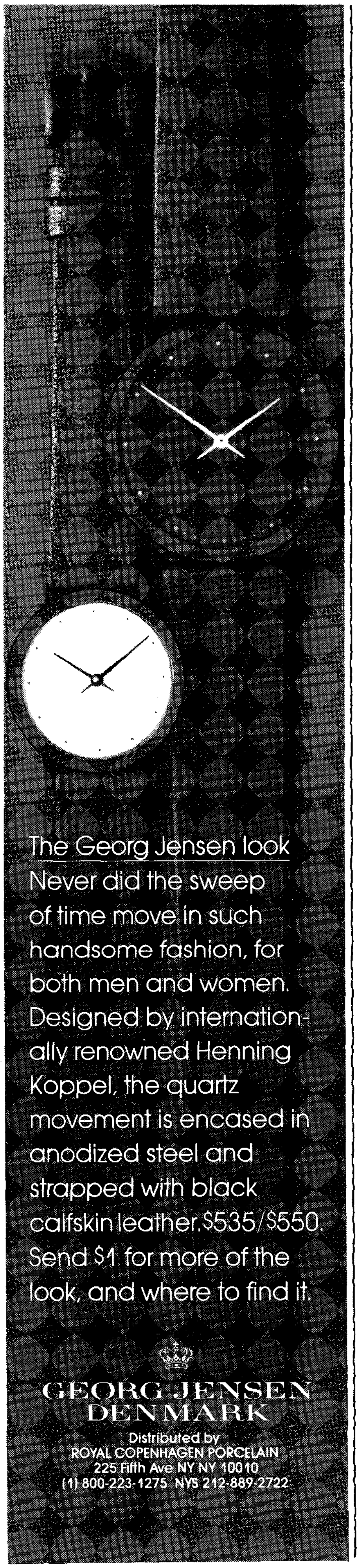

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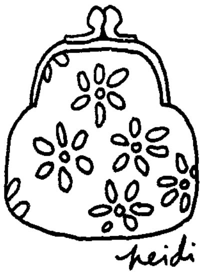
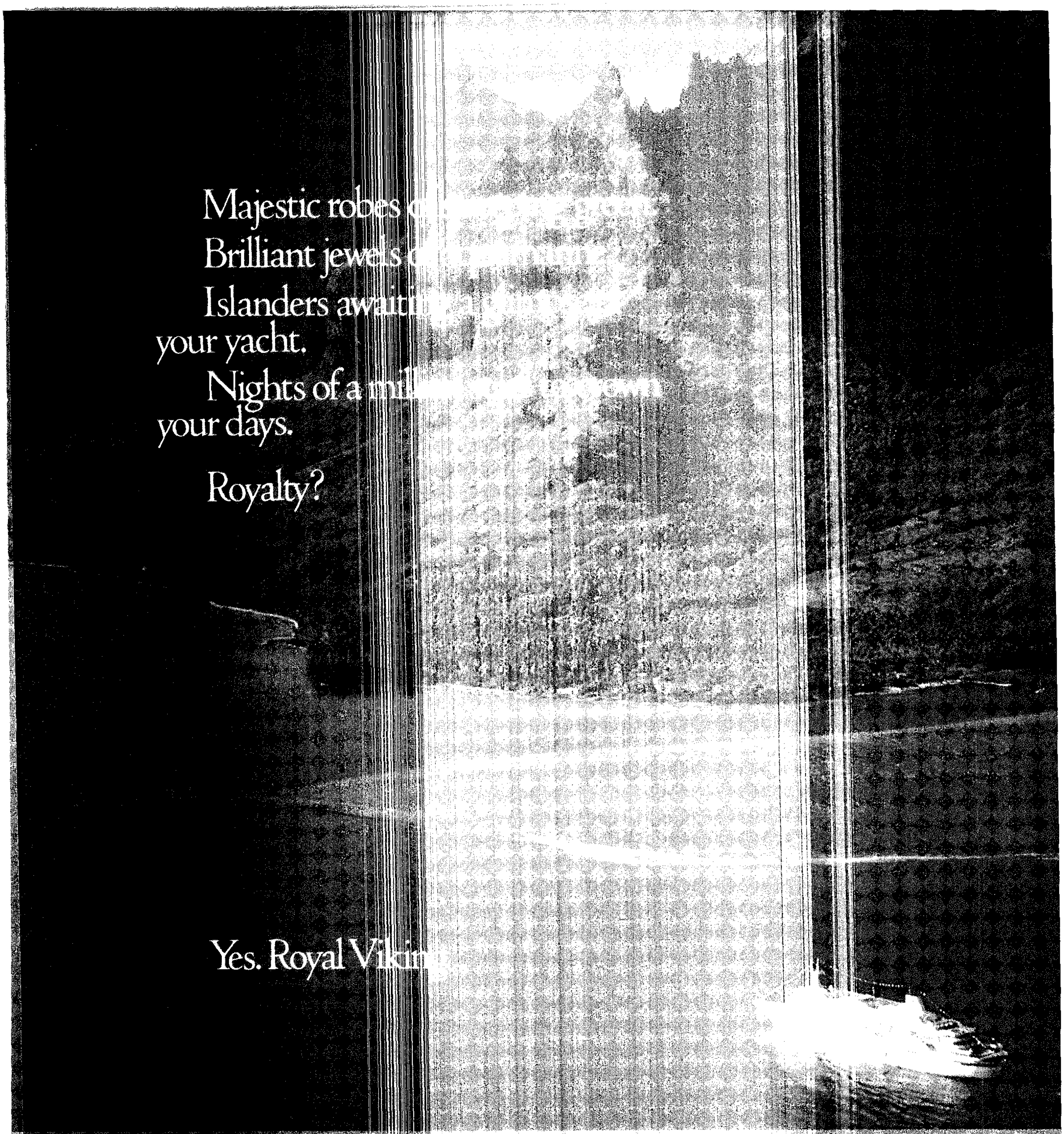
spending some of his time each week as an analyst at the London Clinic of Psychoanalysis. He took his doctorate at the Cardiff City Mental Hospital with a thesis on a set of schizophrenics, including one of special interest who had been there for twenty-two years and had established his own universe—complete with a calendar, astronomy, natural history, theology, and social order—in a series of notebooks.

Penrose may have seen a bit of himself in the patient with the fabricated universe. His cheerless, undemonstrative childhood had made him self-contained, absorbed in his own thoughts, distant from the lives of those around him. The isolation eased somewhat when, in 1928, he married Margaret Leathes, the daughter of a Sheffield physiologist. Though Penrose rarely discussed personal subjects even with the four children who eventually came along, he bubbled with childlike enthusiasm to them about mathematics, science, Mozart, and chess—especially the mental version with no board but the players' minds—and about wonderful toys and puzzles, physical and mental. He kept a small pedal-saw at home with which he constantly fashioned intricate wooden games and devices. Through the toys, the games, the logic puzzles, and the chess that so occupied him, he gave vent to the emotions that as a child he had been taught to suppress. The seeming diversions were also how he made human contact—with children, friends, colleagues, whomever. He held that the best way to strike up a conversation on a train was to take your watch apart with a nail file and put the pieces in a matchbox. Sooner or later, strangers would ask you what you were doing. There was no distinguishing Penrose's playful inventiveness from his character as a human being or as a scientist. In the late nineteen-fifties, he pedalled his pedal-saw to produce an ingenious alternative to the Watson-Crick DNA model of genetic reproduction. The wooden units, resembling interlocking pieces of a puzzle, were capable of mechanically reproducing themselves. "I wish I had thought of that myself," J. B. S. Haldane announced when he saw them. "An insult to nucleic acid," Francis Crick snapped. Penrose was, of course, aware that such a model's function is to suggest ideas, but for him there was no sharp break between devices for play and for serious science: what started as one, whether the product of mind or saw, might turn into the other.



Penrose early objected to the foundations of mainline eugenic doctrine, and particularly to the assumption that social pathology was genetically determined. He twitted theorists of the Mendelian inheritance of a propensity for crime by pointing out that in Jukeslike families the incidence of criminality was far higher than Mendelian theory would allow on genetic grounds. Mainline eugenics also offended his acute moral and social sensibilities. Eugenicists might claim that the "degenerate mind" was inherited; Penrose found "considerable variation in opinion as to what constitutes a degenerate mind," as he remarked to a lecture audience in Birmingham in 1933. "It is customary to use the term to designate the peculiarities of individuals belonging to a social sphere different from that of the user," he noted. "In the upper classes, poverty is sometimes regarded as evidence of degeneracy. Similarly, the poor can complain of the degenerate, idle and dissolute behavior of the rich." To his mind, the so-called "menace of the feebleminded" was no menace at all. There were not that many. All of them, he insisted in "Mental Defect," a book he published the same year, could be given the institutional care they needed at a public cost totalling no more than five per cent of what Britain was then spending on armaments.

At the end of the Second World War, Penrose would be appointed Galton Eugenics Professor, and head of the Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics, at University College, London; there he constantly irritated the Eugenics Society by, among other things, relentlessly contesting Cyril Burt's theories of intelligence and the renewal of the claim, by Burt and others, that the British national intelligence was declining. The case for the decline hinged on the fact that I.Q.-test surveys showed that in larger families children's test scores were on the average lower than in smaller ones. No matter, Penrose objected. Given the mean test scores from the 1932 and 1947 Scottish surveys, it was obvious that the national intelligence had not fallen. More important, the



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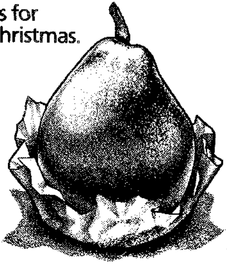

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inverse relation between children's test scores and family size had been observed for decades. Something was keeping the average intelligence level constant; "otherwise," Penrose remarked at a Eugenics Society symposium shortly before the 1947 Scottish survey was completed, "by now there would be nothing but defectives left in the population."

WITH his humane Quakerism, precision of mind, and implacably skeptical temperament, Lionel Penrose began work at Colchester in 1931 oriented against the simplistic ideas of so many of his predecessors in the field of mental deficiency and endowed with considerable sympathy for the unfortunate human beings he was to investigate. He found a supportive spirit in the superintendent, Dr. Frank Douglas Turner—a kindly man, in Penrose's recollection:

> His manner was direct and could be forcible but he was benign and his modesty seemed to be emphasized by a slight forward stoop. The domain over which he ruled contained more than one thousand idiots, imbeciles and feeble-minded people, for so we used to designate them in those days. . . . The first medical superintendent, Dr. P. M. Duncan, invented the classifications idiot, imbecile, and simpleton for the patients of different mental levels and gave a very early description of a patient now recognizable as a mongol. The next superintendent, a layman, Mr. Millard, was accustomed, on the occasion of each new patient's admission, to kneel in prayer with the parents. Dr. Turner seemed doubtful about the value to the patient of this procedure but agreed that it shared the responsibility if treatment was unsuccessful.

Though it did not accept the insane, the Royal Eastern Counties' Institution housed, at the time of Penrose's arrival, "defectives" of all grades and numerous varieties. It was Penrose's task not only to get to know each of the patients but to ascertain everything that might illuminate the nature and the causes of their deficiencies—especially whether these were primary or secondary in origin. He quickly recognized that, as he put it in an interim report in 1932, "there are a great number of different types of retarded mental development, many of which have almost nothing in common with one another except the inability to perform those functional acts which society regards as being an index of intelligence." But making reliable distinctions among the various types required reliable criteria of difference. Penrose rejected out of hand legal grades of mental deficiency, which hinged on

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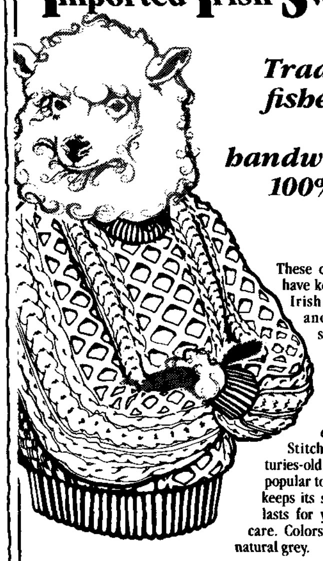

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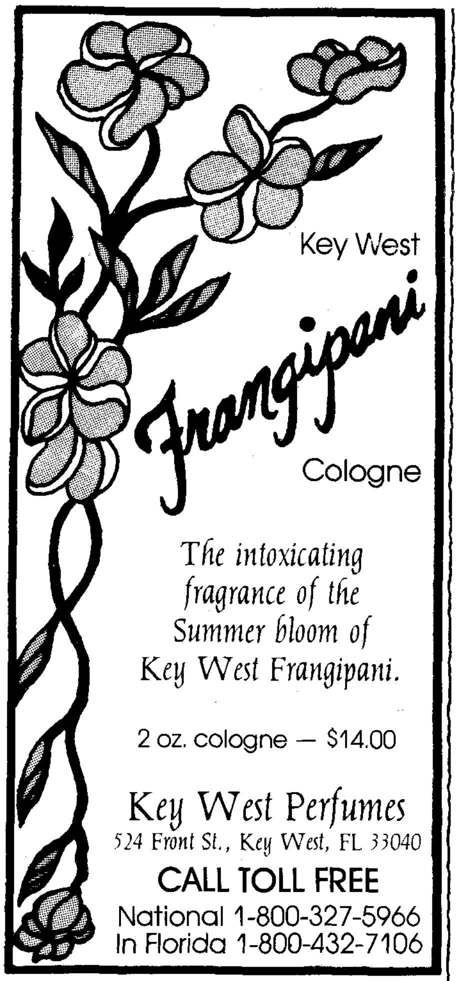
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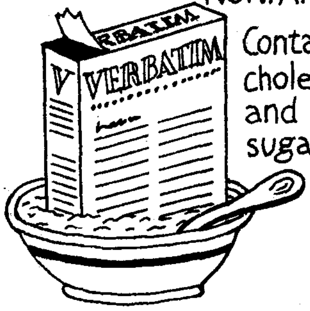

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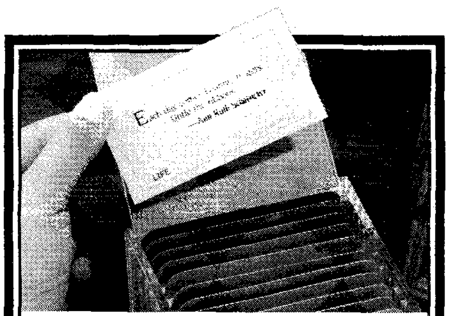
social aptitude, as scientifically worthless. ("They are about as much use from the biological standpoint as a classification of aquatic organisms based upon their suitability for consumption as articles of human diet.") He insisted upon approaching the study of mental deficiency as "a branch of human biology," preferring a set of criteria expressive more of the patient as such than of the patient's interaction with the social order.

Edmund O. Lewis, a veteran at struggling with the problem, had ventured such a scheme. His version divided mental defectives into two types: one, which he called the "subcultural" group, consisted of people who fell on the low side of the intelligence distribution of the general population, and the other consisted of people made mentally deficient by disease. Penrose saw a certain guiding utility in Lewis's system; the Colchester patients included people who, though intelligent, were mentally deficient by reason of epilepsy or psychosis. But Penrose found the system inadequate to his rigorous scientific purpose. Intelligence was distributed *in continuous grades* through the population, from the highly capable to the mentally deficient. A line drawn at any given point excluded or included numerous borderline cases arbitrarily. Besides, the pathologically afflicted might also belong otherwise to the naturally low-intelligence group, and the naturally dull might also suffer from such physical diseases as syphilis or such mental disorders as severe neurosis. In short, the categories "subcultural" and "pathological" could often be applied to the same people. Penrose noted that three-quarters of the Colchester patients could be classified as belonging to either group.

Penrose's preliminary investigations at Colchester revealed that the origins of his patients' afflictions were indeed confusing. Superintendent Turner thought that mental disorder was too often attributed to heredity, and Penrose was inclined to agree that environment played a major role in the etiology of defect. But Penrose recognized the possibility that hereditary factors might "enter significantly into every case of mental deficiency." If environmental determinants were involved in nearly every case, too, then any attempt to classify mental deficiency as primary or secondary—genetic or acquired—was, in his opinion, "foredoomed to failure." He proposed to start from a classificatory tabula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rasa—to sort out as far as possible all the pure clinical types, then to determine whether any given patient was an example of a pure type or a mixture of two or more.

To identify the types and untangle their causes, Penrose gathered extensive clinical data on all the Colchester patients. He also oversaw the investigation of each patient's social background and family history. The work was laborious, long, and, at times, frustrating—some families, afraid that the Colchester investigators were the harbingers of a sterilization program, refused to provide information. The investigation was meticulously conducted through interviews with patients' relatives, friends, schoolteachers, and ministers. Investigators took note of the family's social class and of such home conditions as the number of rooms per person. A psychologist administered intelligence tests—designed, at Penrose's instigation, so that the results would depend as little as possible upon the extent of the test-taker's education—not only to the patients but to members of their families. Along with E. O. Lewis, Penrose knew that "apart from hereditary likenesses, the child's mentality is, in many ways, copied or modelled on that of the parents"—that "the parents' social status and ability determine the physical and mental nutrition of the children."

Penrose was acutely sensitive to the methodological shoddiness that even in the nineteen-thirties continued to plague the field. Although he pursued family medical histories, he understood that queries about whether the patient seemed to be suffering from a hereditary complaint risked "a large initial probability of mistake or concealment in the answer." He laid emphasis on data concerning stillbirths, infant deaths, and the like, realizing that neglect of such information could well produce too low an estimate of a given condition's familial incidence, with the consequence that a disease that was really hereditary might seem otherwise. Although he used mental tests, he believed that one could not rely solely on such devices to assess intelligence. For Penrose, test results were just one item in a much larger evidentiary context, and the family histories were to be sifted, resifted, and, if necessary, gone after again to get at the truth. Penrose made it his over-all aim "to understand, as far as possible, the mental outlook of the patients and to relate this to their up-

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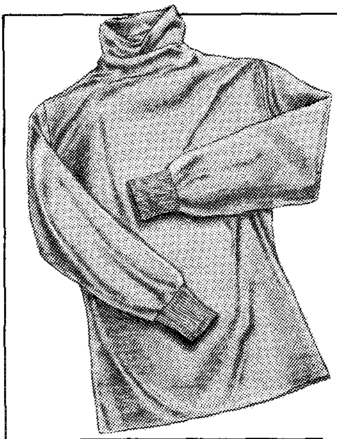

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bringing, [education], and past emotional experiences."

As the survey proceeded, he accumulated evidence confirming the hereditary nature of certain afflictions. Some, including Huntington's chorea, neurofibromatosis, and epiloia, were genetically dominant; others, such as congenital diplegia, microcephaly, cerebromacular degeneration, and cretinism, were recessive. Penrose found particularly interesting—because of the way it unambiguously announced itself—a recessive condition that was identified in 1934 by the Norwegian scientist Ivar Asbjörn Fölling. Fölling had analyzed the urine of four hundred and thirty mentally deficient patients and had found phenylpyruvic acid in ten of the samples. As soon as Penrose saw Fölling's paper, he analyzed the urine of his Colchester patients. If the acid was present, the urine would turn green when iron trichloride was added to it. After four hundred and fifty-one samples were treated, the urine of a teen-age boy revealed the telltale green color; it took five or six hundred more before Penrose found a second. The family histories of both cases strongly suggested that the condition was caused by a rare recessive gene that, when expressed, caused an inborn error of metabolism. It was soon learned that the error occurred in the liver in infancy and that it affected the development of the brain. J. H. Quastel, a biochemist and a collaborator in the study, coined the word for the disease: "phenylketonuria," which was ultimately contracted to PKU.

Penrose recalled in his memoir that at the time, in another English institution, "there was a school of investigators, headed by the eminent anatomist . . . R. J. A. Berry, who believed that mental deficiency could almost always be ascribed to inadequate development of the brain, induced by 'rotten' heredity." He continued:

> Dr. Berry's methods of research included estimating the number of nerve cells in the brains of his patients and relating this to the intellectual capacity. . . . Berry represented a powerful influence, depressing to those who sought to elucidate and to specify exactly the causes of mental retardation. His attitude represented a widely accepted and fatalistic point of view. Against this background of popular belief, it is easy to understand how delighted Dr. Turner was when in 1934 I was able to tell him that a new and quite unsuspected cause had been discovered, by a Scandinavian biochemist, in certain cases of imbecility. . . . The origin of the abnormality seemed probably to be recessive heredity but the mental defect arose be-

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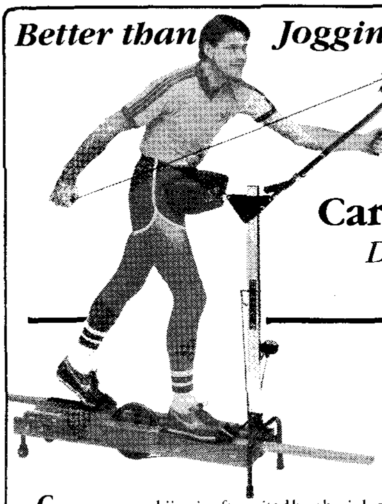
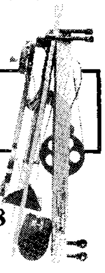
cause the patient had something wrong with his liver, not his brain. I remember how Dr. Turner's eyes lighted up with excitement at this news and we went on to discuss the possibility in the future of rational treatment for such patients by altering their diet at an early age.

The discussion was prophetic, but the dietary treatment for PKU lay many years in the future. At the time, only a comparatively small fraction of the mental diseases that Penrose encountered seemed attributable to so definite a genetic, let alone treatable, origin, either dominant or recessive. Although the prevailing wisdom had it that some eighty per cent of all mental deficiency could be classified as primary amentia, heredity alone seemed to account for only about a quarter of the Colchester cases. A number of the rest seemed to originate from environmental forces, although just what these were was not clear. Notable for the confusion regarding its etiology was the disease then termed mongolian imbecility.

The first systematic identification of the disease had been made in 1866 by the British physician John Langdon Haydon Down. Down described a syndrome that, along with severe retardation, included an enlarged head and an epicanthic fold to the eyelid. In Down's time, Western physicians had observed the syndrome only in Caucasians. Down supposed that the disease indicated a biological reversion in its victims to the Mongols of Asia, whom he thought they physically resembled, and who he assumed were a surviving example of an earlier human type. Down interpreted the "fact" that Caucasians could produce Mongols as evidence for "the unity of the human species"—a liberal idea running counter to contemporary theories that "inferior" human races had sprung from separate biological origins. Down believed the disease to be congenital rather than hereditary, and he speculated that the reversion might be caused by parental tuberculosis. The identification of the imbeciles with the Mongols of Asia—or, at least, with some general primitive type—persisted. In the nineteen-twenties, in the widely noted book "The Mongol in Our Midst," the British physician F. G. Crookshank furthered this view by arguing that the syndrome might derive from a recessive "unit character," a vestige of man's evolutionary past, and that some Mongol blood no doubt flowed in the veins of many Europeans. "It is the 'Mongolism' rather than the idiocy that it is important to





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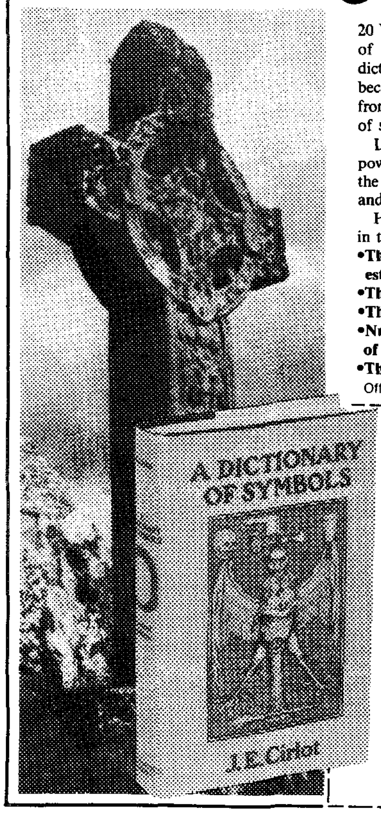

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stress," Crookshank claimed, and he added that a portion of the native British population possessed "a kind of physical and psychical makeup that is coarsely and brutally displayed and accentuated in certain idiots and imbeciles." A third edition of Crookshank's book was published in 1931—by which time Penrose had begun an extensive study of mongol patients. There were only forty-two of them at Colchester; he had to search out others from local and London hospitals and through mental-health organizations, going as far as to track down an afflicted child whom he spotted on the street. He took special care to be certain that each patient he found was an actual victim of Down's syndrome—a not inconsequential problem. Some cases were borderline; one or more characteristics of the syndrome—besides low I.Q., the epicanthic fold, and a high cephalic index, they included a fissured tongue and the so-called simian crease, a pronounced transverse palm line—could be found among normal people. Penrose, confident that Crookshank's ideas were utter trash, surveyed the blood types of one hundred and sixty-six mongols and of a control group of two hundred and twenty-five other mental patients. He found that the distribution of blood types in the mongol group was about the same as that in the control group. The results meant, he wrote to a fellow-physician, that "mongolian imbeciles are no more racially Mongolian than other imbeciles." To Penrose, the very term "mongolian imbecility" seemed scientifically inappropriate; foreshadowing current practice, he came to prefer the phrase "Down's syndrome."

The outcome of the blood-type study gave Penrose special pleasure. He liked mongolian imbeciles. He liked them for their gentle, childlike quality, for what he called "their secret source of joy." He may have warmed to them, too, because their simple, trusting nature encouraged him to break through his normal reserve. Mongolian imbecility remained a major subject of Penrose's research to the end of his career. He set aside Saturdays in later years for work with Down's-syndrome children, observing and playing with them in the kindergarten swirl of the Galton Laboratory. Yet from the beginning he judged that Down's syndrome merited special scientific attention, because it seemed so likely to be a product of action on the fetus by the intrauterine environment.

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It was noticed early in the century that Down's-syndrome births were related to the age of the mother, occurring much more frequently among women over thirty-five than among younger women. Nevertheless, there was considerable dispute about the role of maternal age in the origins of the syndrome. Some authorities claimed that what counted was not the mother's age but the father's. Others insisted that the critical factor was the place of the Down's offspring in the family birth order. The mongol was often the last in a long line of children. It was thus theorized that the syndrome resulted from the mother's "reproductive exhaustion." Then, too, a mother often produced a mongolian imbecile long after the birth of her last previous child, so length of time between births was advanced as a cause. Beginning at Colchester, Penrose worked to untangle the conflicting theories. To choose among the important factors in the birth of a Down's-syndrome child, he adopted a simple statistical procedure: calculate the expected number of afflicted offspring on the hypothesis that one factor (for example, maternal age) made a difference while others (for example, birth order) did not; then compare the calculated expectation with the observed incidence. If the two figures matched closely enough, the hypothesis would be demonstrated. The procedure demanded the gathering of complete and accurate family data. Penrose found that official case records of Down's-syndrome patients were of little value. Richly rewarding were personal visits to the families—though some of them rebuffed him—to gather data on the victims' parents, siblings, and other relatives; on numbers of miscarriages, stillbirths, and infant deaths; on the ages of children, parents, and grandparents. In due course, he had extensive information concerning some hundred and fifty families. Analysis of the data revealed that the birth of a Down's-syndrome child did not depend upon paternal age. It did not depend upon birth order. It did not depend upon the length of time that had elapsed since the birth of the last previous child. In most cases, it depended only upon the age of the mother, with the probability of occurrence rising sharply for women over thirty-five.

Just why advancing maternal age raised the probability of a Down's-syndrome birth, no one—not even Penrose—could say. The prevailing

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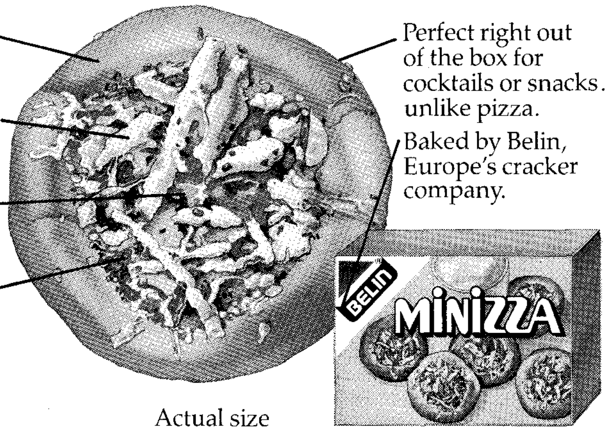

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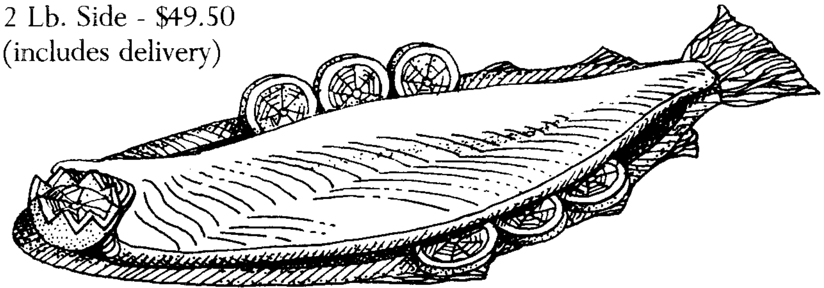

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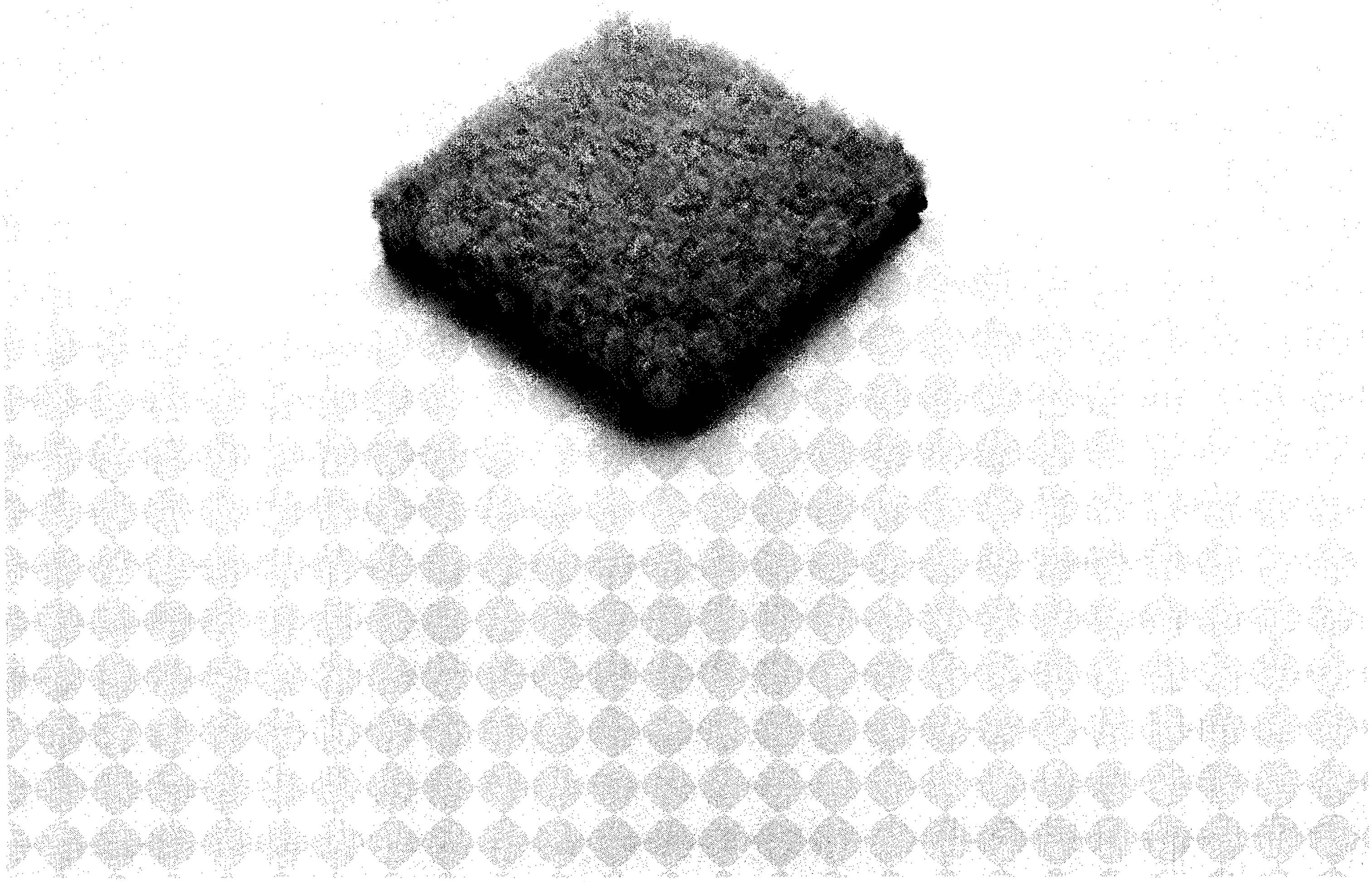
medical speculation included degeneration of the ovum or an inadequate supply of nutrients to the fetus. Penrose himself wondered whether, at least in some cases, genetics might be at work. The evidence for a genetic role in Down's syndrome was slight but real. It consisted mainly of the facts that some mongolian imbeciles were identical twins and that the syndrome sometimes manifested itself in more than one child in a family or occurred with higher than random incidence among the offspring of cousins. Yet there was no way to distinguish between a genetic and an environmental hypothesis. Down's-syndrome children born to the same mother gestated in the same intrauterine environment. The explanation for both random and familial occurrence would have to await the development of human chromosomal genetics in the late nineteen-fifties. Although Penrose was unable to clarify the causes of Down's syndrome completely, his conclusions about its dependence on maternal age and about its likely genetic origins in cases of familial incidence were definitive and rapidly came to be recognized as such.

In 1938, seven years after he had begun, Penrose published the full results of his Colchester survey in "A Clinical and Genetic Study of 1280 Cases of Mental Defect." Apart from his conclusions concerning Down's syndrome and phenylketonuria, he reported that, unlike either of those disorders, most of the Colchester cases were in origin not principally environmental, pathological, or genetic but some combination of the three. In his summary view, "the aetiology of mental defect is multiple, and a facile classification of patients . . . into primary or secondary . . . cases would only have led to a fictitious simplification of the real problems inherent in the data." Penrose had hoped from the outset that the Colchester survey would take the field of mental deficiency far beyond the simplicities of mainline eugenics. E. O. Lewis felt that in the survey Penrose had succeeded handsomely, and said so in a letter to an official of the Medical Research Council: "I know of no other investigator who has made such a thorough genetic and clinical analysis of a large group of mentally defective patients. Unless I am much mistaken this work by Penrose will be the basis of most researches in mental deficiency during the next few decades. His definite findings on a large number of specific problems are valuable scientific contributions, but it seems to me the chief merit of the work is the new orientation it gives to our genetic approach to this complex problem."

By the early thirties, most geneticists had come to understand that eugenic sterilization could not rid society of the eugenically undesirable. Sterilization might sharply reduce the incidence of dominant hereditary traits, like Huntington's chorea, but its effectiveness with the numerous recessive genetic diseases was, to say the least, debatable. One could reduce the incidence of such diseases by sterilizing people who were homozygous for the recessive trait—that is, who carried two genes for it—and in whom, consequently, the trait was expressed. But single recessive genes would continue to be transmitted by the heterozygous majority of the population, in whom the trait was not expressed. Mating at random, the heterozygous majority would once again produce a certain number of homozygous progeny.

In 1924, Ronald Fisher, the British mathematical geneticist and eugenics advocate, had posed the question, What reduction would the sterilization or segregation of all the feebleminded produce in one generation? Proceeding from a polygenic model of mental deficiency, and aware, as well, that the feebleminded tended to mate not randomly but assortatively—that is, with each other—Fisher calculated that the segregation or sterilization of the feebleminded of one generation would yield a thirty-six-per-cent reduction of incidence. This was, he asserted, "of a magnitude which no one with a care for his country's future can afford to ignore." Thanks to Herbert Jennings, Fisher's estimates were not ignored, though he may not have liked the way they were noticed. In "The Biological Basis of Human Nature," Jennings reported Fisher's assortative estimate of the reduction in the incidence of mental deficiency, but in his discussion he also drew upon an alternative estimate of Fisher's which was made on assumptions of random mating and single-gene inheritance—and which led Jennings to declare that only about a tenth of the feebleminded in each generation were born of feebleminded parents. What took hold in the United States was Jennings' inferential observation—Fisher had never made the point explicitly—that approximately nine out of ten children



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mentally deficient by reason of heredity were the offspring of normal parents. In 1932, the New York *Times*, citing Jennings' rendition of Fisher, editorially summarized the view increasingly common on both sides of the Atlantic: "The evidence is clear that normal persons also carry defective genes which may manifest themselves in an insane progeny. . . . Even if we discovered the carriers of hidden defective genes by applying the methods of the cattle-breeder to humanity, the process would take about a thousand years."

J. B. S. Haldane noted that estimates of the proportion of the mentally deficient who derived from "defective" parents ranged from five per cent to fifty per cent. Population geneticists now knew that the rate and effectiveness of selection for a character depended in a complicated way upon whether the genetic trait was dominant or recessive, sex-linked or not, polygenic or not. Thus, estimates varied concerning what the rate of reduction in the incidence of mental deficiency would be under the drastic policy of sterilizing all the allegedly feebleminded in each generation; Haldane thought that it would come to no more than twenty per cent. Whatever their disagreement on the numbers, Haldane, Fisher, and most other geneticists could support Jennings' warning: to encourage the expectation that the sterilization of defectives will "solve the problem of hereditary defects, close up the asylums for feebleminded and insane, do away with prisons, is only to subject society to deception." Besides, by the mid-thirties the weight of authoritative opinion concerning mental deficiency was rapidly shifting to the truths that Lionel Penrose was demonstrating: that the term "feebleminded" was carelessly used to cover a spectrum of mental disabilities, most of them ill-defined; that many of the disorders were caused by deprivation or disease; and that, apart from a few deficiencies, little was reliably known about the actual dependence of mental disability upon heredity. Authoritative opinion also had it that the feebleminded were not proliferating at a "menacing" rate; their fertility was on the whole no greater than that of the general population, and the reproduction rate of the most severely ill was in fact much lower.

In 1934, a special blue-ribbon committee of the British government, which had been appointed two years

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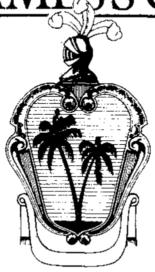

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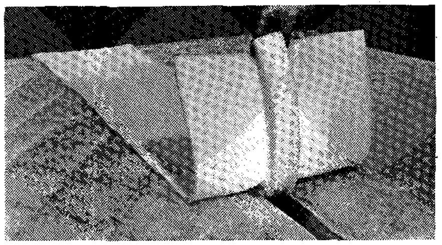

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earlier to look into the sterilization issue, made its report. Chaired by Laurence G. Brock, who was the head of the Joint Committee on Mental Deficiency, the committee included Fisher, Ruth Darwin, and E. O. Lewis, all of whom were well aware of Penrose's work. The Brock report took substantial note of the considerable ignorance and uncertainty surrounding the biological origins of mental deficiency, and observed that "the more closely individual records are examined the more difficult it becomes to fix on one cause to the exclusion of others, or to say with certainty that the genetic endowment of any individual is such that it must produce a given result." In the United States, in 1936, a committee of the American Neurological Association, headed by the Boston psychiatrist Abraham Myerson, also issued a report on eugenic sterilization. The Myerson group drew on the findings of the Brock committee, came to similar conclusions, and emphasized a special point: "There is at present no sound scientific basis for sterilization on account of *immorality or character defect*. Human conduct and character are matters of too complex a nature, too interwoven with social conditions . . . to permit any definite conclusions to be drawn concerning the part which heredity plays in their genesis." Both committees flatly declared that there was no established case for compulsory sterilization, eugenic or otherwise. Both observed that sterilization might be warranted for the few disorders that were demonstrably genetic in origin. Both insisted that any such sterilization should be entirely voluntary.

The two reports commanded widespread attention in informed transatlantic circles. The Myerson report helped arm anti-eugenicists in the United States. But in Britain, where still no law permitting sterilization existed, the Brock report was welcomed by eugenicists for its endorsement of voluntary sterilization in cases of indisputably hereditary disorders. Even if the reduction in the incidence of mental deficiency would require many generations, in the view of British eugenicists it was worth voluntarily starting down the long road. In 1931 and 1932, the Eugenics Society had seen to the introduction into Parliament of two bills to legalize voluntary sterilization; neither had stimulated more than back-bench debate, or even reached formal consideration. Now the society, embracing the position of

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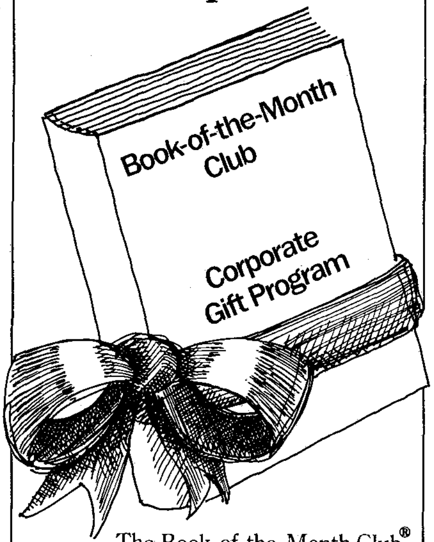

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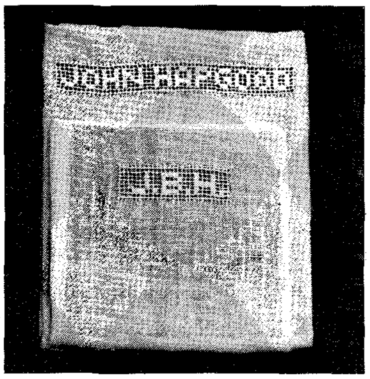

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the Brock report as its own, renewed the campaign for legalization. It was joined by mental-welfare workers, who believed that the mentally deficient capable of caring for themselves ought to be permitted to live in the general community. Sterilization was considered advantageous for these people—not only because it would prevent the transmission of heritable disorders but because many of the deficient, though able to care for themselves, were unable to shoulder the responsibilities of parenthood. Voluntary sterilization also won the endorsement of Julian Huxley and Lancelot Hogben, of some Labour groups, and of women's organizations.

Legalizing voluntary sterilization was said to be a matter of social justice and—like birth control then and abortion later—of a woman's right to control her own reproduction. But the British public was divided on the issue. Voluntary sterilization was denounced on the floor of the House of Commons as anti-working-class. J. B. S. Haldane, though recognizing in principle the utility of voluntary sterilization, reminded Parliament and the public that although numerous European monarchies were riddled with hemophilia, no one advocated the sterilization of royalty. It was axiomatic to Haldane that "any legislation which does not purport to apply, and is not actually applied (a very different thing), to all social classes alike, will probably be unjustly applied to the poor." Haldane's axiom was consistent with the sterilization record in the United States. State sterilization laws applied only to inmates of public mental institutions, whose residents were disproportionately from lower-income and minority groups. (In Virginia, the overwhelming majority of those sterilized were poor; perhaps as many as half of them were black. In California, more than half the insane males sterilized were unskilled or semi-skilled laborers. The foreign-born were more likely than the native-born to be admitted to state mental institutions and to be sterilized once there. While they accounted for about a fifth of the California population in 1930, they represented at least a third of the group compelled to undergo the sterilization procedure.) George Bernard Shaw, tossing his insouciant tuppence into the debate, attacked sterilization of the "unfit" on the ground that if it had been practiced a few generations earlier he would not have been born. More important, with Colchester Su-

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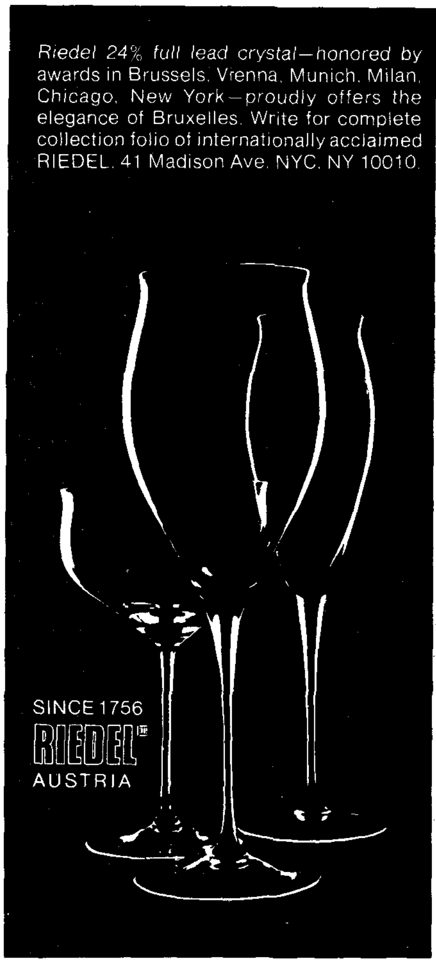
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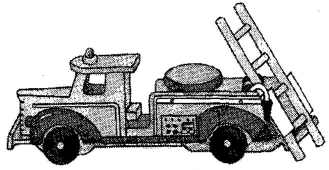
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perintendent Frank Turner, many *mental-health authorities* wondered just what "voluntarism" could mean in the case of the mentally deficient; despite the insistence of its advocates that sterilization should not be a condition of release into the community, might it not become precisely such a condition in practice? It was charged that what was advanced as voluntarism today might turn into compulsion tomorrow—compulsion exerted not simply on the mentally deficient but on everyone whom eugenicists had for so long been deeming "unfit."

The spectre of compulsion gradually overshadowed the legalization fight in Britain. It provoked rising opposition from the political left and from religious groups—especially Catholics. These people formed an increasingly potent anti-sterilization coalition on both sides of the Atlantic. The debate over sterilization also called attention to the point that vasectomy or tubal ligation did not diminish sexual energy or capacity. The publicity given that fact of life perhaps helped undermine enthusiasm for sterilization precisely in the mainline constituency where sexual repressiveness was so entwined with eugenic ardor. The Brock committee had cautioned *that sterilization might foster promis*cuity. Catholic theologians rejected sterilization not least because, in the same manner as contraception, it permitted sexual indulgence without procreational consequences, and Pope Pius XI condemned it in the same encyclical that attacked birth control, divorce, and companionate marriage.

The forceful American Catholic liberal Father John A. Ryan, among others, warned that once the sacredness of the individual was weakened all human rights were in jeopardy. Compulsory sterilization of the mentally deficient might well lead to compulsory sterilization of the "socially inadequate," then to "the killing of all sorts of incurables." From Germany, it was reported that authorities in Saxony were demanding the sterilization of twenty thousand children yearly; that, in Kiel, a girl who had cheated in school had been sterilized; that zealots in Freiburg were going after "moral defectives" as though they were psychopaths; that sterilization was practiced upon otherwise sound people with webbed fingers or club feet; that some enthusiasts were calling for the sterilization of diabetics in the interests of racial health. It was estimated that sterilization killed between

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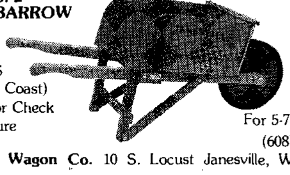
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one and two per cent of the healthy German women who underwent the operation. Twenty-eight thousand women were said to have been sentenced to the procedure in 1934 alone. The reports from Germany joined with the scientific, the political, and the religious opposition to turn the tide against eugenic sterilization. In Britain, the move to legalize voluntary sterilization failed utterly and was dead as a legislative issue by 1939. In the United States, Catholics, in particular, mobilized to beat back the passage of new state sterilization laws and to block the enforcement of those already on the books. Enforcement of United States sterilization laws plummeted sharply in the early forties and was minuscule by 1950.

—DANIEL J. KEVLES

(*This is the third part of a four-part article.*)

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CLEAR DAYS ON THE EDUCATIONAL SCENE

[*Memorandum distributed in School District No. 9, Granite City, Ill.*]

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At the direction of the Board of Education, I am hereby rescheduling the Teachers Institute for Tuesday, September 4, 1984.

On Tuesday, the 4th, you are to report to your respective buildings.

If the Institute is not held on Tuesday, September 4, you are hereby officially notified that it will be rescheduled on a day to day basis until such time as it is officially held. There will be no further notification regarding Institute Day by mail or other means of communication.

BY ORDER OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION on this 31st Day of August, 1984.

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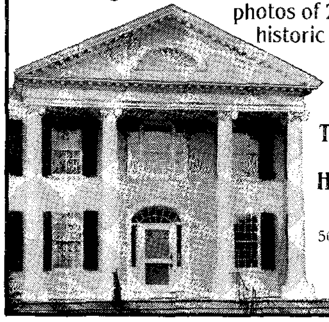

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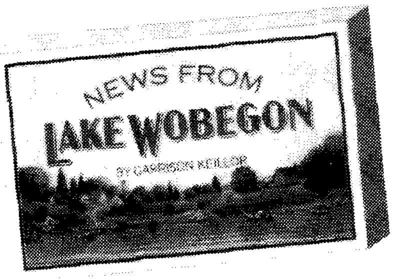

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THE THEATRE

Hard Times

“Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom,” at the Cort, is an excellent melodrama, and I am all the more eager to recommend it because it is the first New York production of a play written by a poet, August Wilson, hitherto unknown to me. Mr. Wilson gives every indication of being a born dramatist; we are sure to hear from him again. In such cases, it is always a welcome task to make the earliest possible acquaintance with the playwright’s work and to follow it as it develops over time. “The Glass Menagerie” startled us when it first came to Broadway—startled us not least because of the ease with which it proved capable of moving us in spite of certain awkward dramaturgic mishaps on the part of its youthful author. “Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom” is also startling, and in something like the same fashion. Mr. Wilson has mingled farce and tragedy in oddly unequal proportions, and there are moments when we observe him wrestling with that bugbear of any beginning playwright: how to get his characters plausibly on and off the stage when it is indispensable for him to do so. No matter! This is a genuine work of art, every turn of whose little plot we follow with interest (a pair of new shoes proves to be every bit as important in the telling of the story as Queequeg’s sea chest is in “Moby Dick”), and its climax, unlooked-for and of extreme violence, is a stunning one.

The setting of “Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom” is a dreary, makeshift recording studio in Chicago; the time is the late twenties. The black singer Ma Rainey, popular among her own people but unknown to whites, is about to record some of her songs, including a celebrated rendition of “Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom.” Ma’s manager and the operator of the studio are a pair of down-at-heel white entrepreneurs—why else would they be willing to deal with notoriously unreliable colored folk?—and Ma Rainey, aware that she is their chief asset, rejoices in her ability to dominate them. She also dominates, though less despotically, the four backup men—piano, trombone, trumpet, and bass—who accompany her; a young woman who is her unruly lover; and a stuttering nephew, who has been brought along to provide, if he is able to, a spoken introduction to the songs. Much of the play is devoted to the conversation of the four backup men as they desultorily rehearse the numbers that Ma Rainey is about to sing. The four have been brilliantly drawn by Wilson, each of them being totally unlike his colleagues and yet in close rapport with them. Each has suffered from his blackness in a white society, and each has survived at a cost that we perceive only gradually, behind the funny and harsh insults and reveries that make up their badinage.

The cast of “Ma Rainey” is superb. Charles S. Dutton, as Levee (oddly pronounced both “Leevy” and “Levvy” throughout the evening), plays the most taxing role, and therefore, I suppose, deserves the greatest praise for the skill with which he has brought it off, but I trust he will share it with Theresa Merritt, as Ma Rainey; Robert Judd, as Toledo; Joe Seneca, as Cutler; and Leonard Jackson, as Slow Drag. Lou Criscuolo and John Carpenter play the two entrepreneurs (Mr. Carpenter a trifle too vehemently for my taste), Aleta Mitchell plays Ma’s lover, and Scott Davenport-Richards plays the stuttering nephew. The fittingly ugly scenery is by Charles Henry McClennahan, the lighting is by Peter Maradudin, and the costumes are by Daphne Pascucci. The confident, hard-driving direction is by Lloyd Richards, dean of the Yale Drama School and artistic director of the Yale Repertory Theatre, where “Ma Rainey” was given its première last spring. Wallace Stevens wrote a poem entitled “An Ordinary Evening in New Haven.” The première of “Ma Rainey” is not likely to go down in history as an ordinary evening in New Haven.

“Kipling,” at the Royale, is a one-man show starring that formidably gifted actor Alec McCowen, who really *could* keep us spellbound by reading a telephone directory. It would not, however, be an easy feat for him, and neither is the feat of keeping us interested in—to say nothing of spellbound by—the script that has been prepared for this occasion by Brian Clark. Mr. Clark, author of “Whose Life Is It Anyway?,” has attempted to make a virtue out of a defect, which is that the *echt* Kipling took every precaution to remain a private figure, though a famous one; thus, the only activity that can be said to serve as a plot in this drama is the absence of drama. Again and again, McCowen-Kipling tells us that his work is the one place where we may hope to come to grips with him, but even of this work we are offered ideally unsuitable samples. We fail to take the measure of Kipling either as a man or as an artist by hearing McCowen recite, with strenuous eloquence, “Gunga Din,” “The White Man’s Burden,” “The Law of the Jungle,” and—the least revealing and surely one of the most vulgar of all Kipling’s poems—“If.” Oh, God! My father used to recite it to me endlessly when I was a child, and, indeed, bribed me with cash to memorize it; I didn’t believe a word of the poem then and I don’t believe a word of it now.

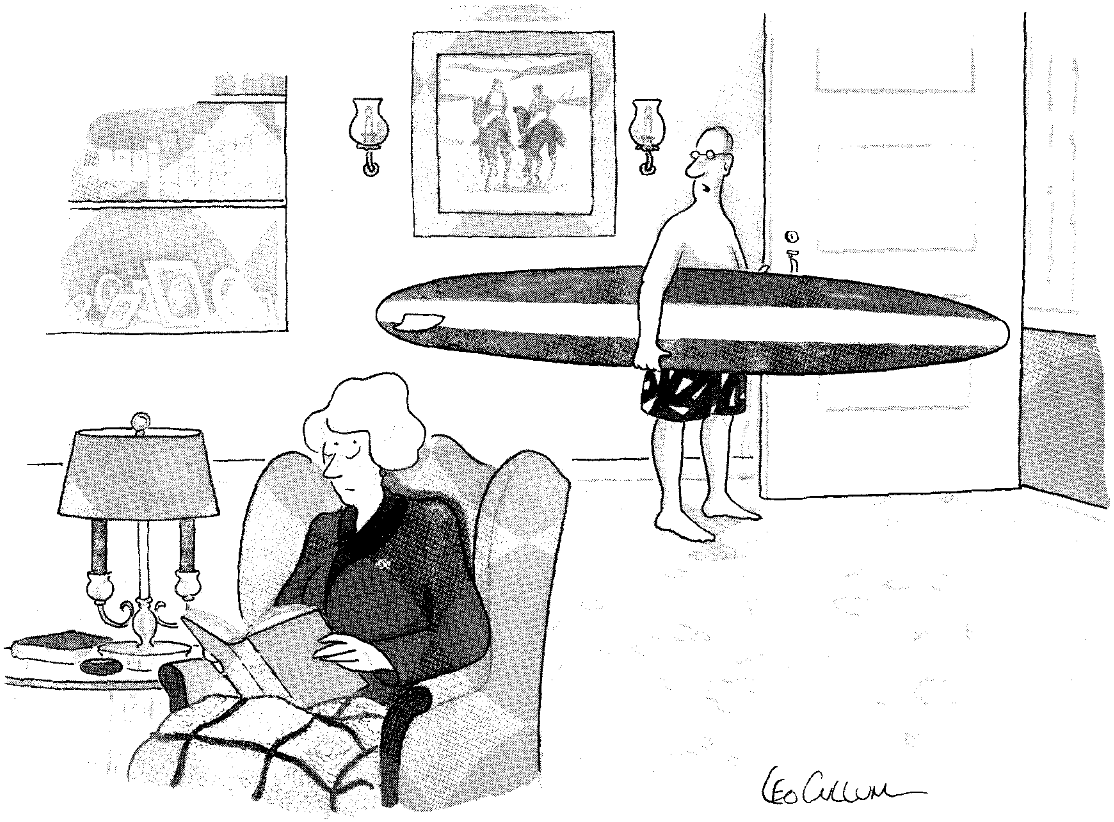
The uninspired direction of “Kipling” is by Patrick Garland, the lighting is by Neil Peter Jampolis, and the setting, which purports to reproduce the library at Bateman’s, Kipling’s handsome country house in East Sussex, is by Pamela Howard. From time to time, we hear recorded snippets of Kipling’s rousing “On the Road to Mandalay,” which was set to music by an American composer, Oley Speaks. Speaks was one of the timidest men I have ever known, and whenever I hear the song I recall with pleasure the speed with which at the first rumbling of a distant thunderstorm Oley would leap up from his chair and hasten to conceal himself in the nearest closet. —Brendan Gill

OFF BROADWAY

Love Conquers All

“Love’s Labor’s Lost,” at Circle Rep, is set on a bare, carpeted stage with a bench in the center.

While the audience is still being seated, Jack Davidson, who will later appear as Dull, pushes a lawn roller around, salutes a few customers, picks up a bottle and a book, and leaves. He is dressed in a white tropical shirt and matching shorts, and he wears a pith helmet. Music begins. Under bright, sunny lights, enter the King of Navarre, with Berowne and the two other courtiers, in white Edwardian summer sports clothes. They sign an oath (after some protest from Berowne) that for three years they will lead monastic lives—no women or other treats—and just study. Enter the Princess of France and her three ladies-in-waiting, on a visit to set right some matter of land between the King and her royal father. Goodbye oath and we're off. This early play of Shakespeare's is so beguiling that it becomes irresistible; even though this rendition goes dim or becomes cluttered for large stretches of the first act, the play wins out in the end. The performance, under Toby Robertson's direction, is, God knows, frolicsome, but I often wished that the busy actors could have just played it lightly and clearly, and left the laughs to Shakespeare. There is, however, some good work, too. The music, by Norman L. Berman, as sung by the cast and played by a quartet on a platform above the stage, is charming, and so is the choreographed movement. Some of the acting is strong enough to make up for a general lack of eloquence. Michael Higgins is absolutely right as the pedant Holofernes, acting him with a quiet gravity—never begging for laughs but very funny—and not overdoing the pathos during the pageant. When he is cut down and cruelly baited by Berowne and the other courtiers, he gently rebukes them and lets it go at that. He is the best Holofernes I've ever seen, and could hold his own in the most polished production. Michael Ayr has his moments as sharp-tongued, witty, amorous Berowne (has everyone always seen him as a first sketch for Benedick?), and Edward Seamon is fine as Boyet, the courtier in attendance on the noble ladies, affecting a lisping "r," which is legitimate and funny. He is awarded the final verse of the play—"When icicles hang by the wall"—and the closing line, and he is worthy of them. The great comic role of Don Armado, visitor to the court from Spain, elaborate of speech and gesture, could have been much livelier in more experienced hands. His scene with Holofernes ("I smell false Latin") is amusing, but not amusing enough. Trish Hawkins has the spirit and mischief and style for the Princess, but no eloquence at all. By the end of the evening, though, all reservations have melted away; the play and its atmosphere, the beauty of its poetry and the gaiety of its doggerel, and its gorgeous, bawdy jokes prevail through the shenanigans. The admirable scenery is by Franco Colavecchia; the equally estimable lighting is by Dennis Parichy; and the fine costumes are by Laura Crow.



"Goodbye, Alice. I've got to get this California thing out of my system."

• •

"BETWEEN RAILS," by Eric Hertz, at South Street, is a monologue that takes place inside the head of an aging black woman named Willie-mae. Dressed in her Sunday best and carrying a large bag with a cat in it, she is sitting on a moving train during a snowstorm. She has been a domestic servant in New York, and now, after forty-six years, she is returning to her home in the South. She reminisces about her childhood, spent in the country with her brother and a friend of his; we learn that her mother is still alive, and that Willie-mae's brother and sister-in-law (with whom she doesn't get along) live with her, and, most important, that she has had to leave the family she has been working for because of trouble with the older daughter. (The trouble concerns the cat, and is artful and nasty.) By the time she is through, a whole life has been set out. Mr. Hertz's script is believable most, but not all, of the time. I have no reservations, though, about the performance, under Hal Scott's skillful direction: Thelma Louise Carter, seated in one position from beginning to end, is able to capture our attention and never let it go. The set was designed by Mark Haack and is lighted by Shirley Prendergast. Miss Carter's splendid dress was designed by Karen Perry.

—EDITH OLIVER

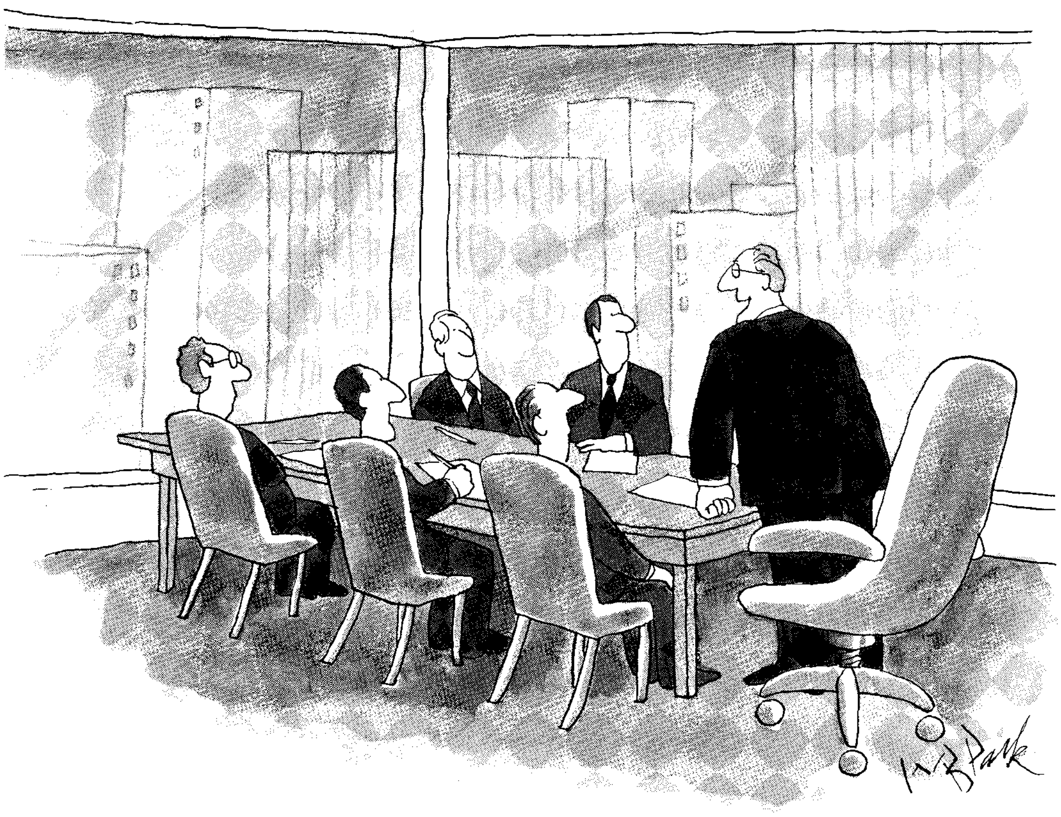
DANCING

"Giselle, ou La Fille des Bayous"

DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM, at the City Center, has done its first full-length classic: "Giselle." The first act is set on a Louisiana plantation, with a white porch and white barns overhung with plenty of Spanish moss, and with a black farm girl betrayed by a rich landowner's son, also black. The second act takes place in the bayous. Like some other D.T.H. transpositions, the production is pictorially and emotionally so satisfying that we gladly excuse a few implausibilities. And, anyway, what are a few more implausibilities in "Giselle"? The music isn't what you'd have heard in the American South of a hundred and fifty years ago, but then we listen to the score of "Giselle" less for its local color than for its melodramatic and sentimental efficiency. The only passage of music and dance that seems wrong is the peasant pas de deux, a traditional interpolation that takes its flavor from folk-based steps. In the context of this "Creole" production, the effect is the reverse of what it usually is: instead of two field hands showing off to the local gentry, the dance seems to be displaying imported Paris finery—the steps themselves look gentrified. (Maybe a few tambourines banged on the sidelines à la Bournonville would reinforce the intention.) There are some implausibilities the production would be better off without. The fine folk for whose benefit the pas de deux is danced: shouldn't they all be invited by Mme. Berthe to sample the scuppernong? Instead, as in the traditional production, a meagre glassful is doled out to the two kingpins while their "court" stands about stiffly. On this point and on several others concerning the manners of Act I, I agree with Deborah Jowitt's review in the *Village Voice*. Albert's sword is sheathed in a gold-headed cane, but it's hardly the mark of caste that Albrecht's sword is. And why, confronting Hilarion, should this same Albert grope for a missing sword at his hip when he doesn't carry it that way? The staging, by Frederic Franklin, makes almost no concessions to the new setting, and thus passes up several good opportunities to reinvigorate a stereotype.

According to copious historical notes provided by the company, caste among the free blacks in the Louisiana of the eighteen-forties was determined chiefly by the number of generations a person could count up from slavery. Though Giselle, whose mother was born a slave, is three rungs lower than Albert, the difference between them is not so great as the difference between a peasant girl and a duke, and a Giselle who goes mad and kills herself when it turns out her fiancé is engaged to the belle of Plaquemines Parish is insecurely motivated unless it can be shown that she's unbalanced to begin with. Or pregnant. The pregnancy-of-Giselle theory has long been entertained by some students of the ballet. It's the real reason, they think, that Berthe keeps cautioning her daughter against dancing. I doubt if anyone has actually played out this interpretation on the stage. Yet, unlike a related theory—that Giselle has lost her virginity and is "ruined"—it is playable; it is something that can be shown as well as known. (And shown simply, with no more clinical detail than "weak heart"—Giselle's usual condition, though not in this production.)

Carl Michel, who compiled the historical background of this version and designed the sets and costumes, and evidently was very much a moving force, achieves his greatest coup in the second act, with Albert being poled through the swamp in a flat-bottomed boat toward the tomb of Giselle looming through the wisteria. (It is set above the ground, Michel tells us, like most Louisiana graves, because of the high water table.) The scene recalls the river Styx with Charon the ferryman—an image appropriate to a ballet whose libretto parallels the descent of Orpheus and his encounter with the bacchantes. The whole second act moves in the heavy dead air of "Thanatopsis." There would appear to be a tomb for Myrta, too, with her statue mounted over it like a civic virtue, grim in crown and sceptre. Instead of ballet skirts, gray tattered shifts are worn (Giselle, the novice, is in white), with an effect of shrouds, like the draperies in Pavlova's production. Michel has omitted nothing. But his colleagues have. The lighting (by Shirley Prendergast) is weak in those atmospherics



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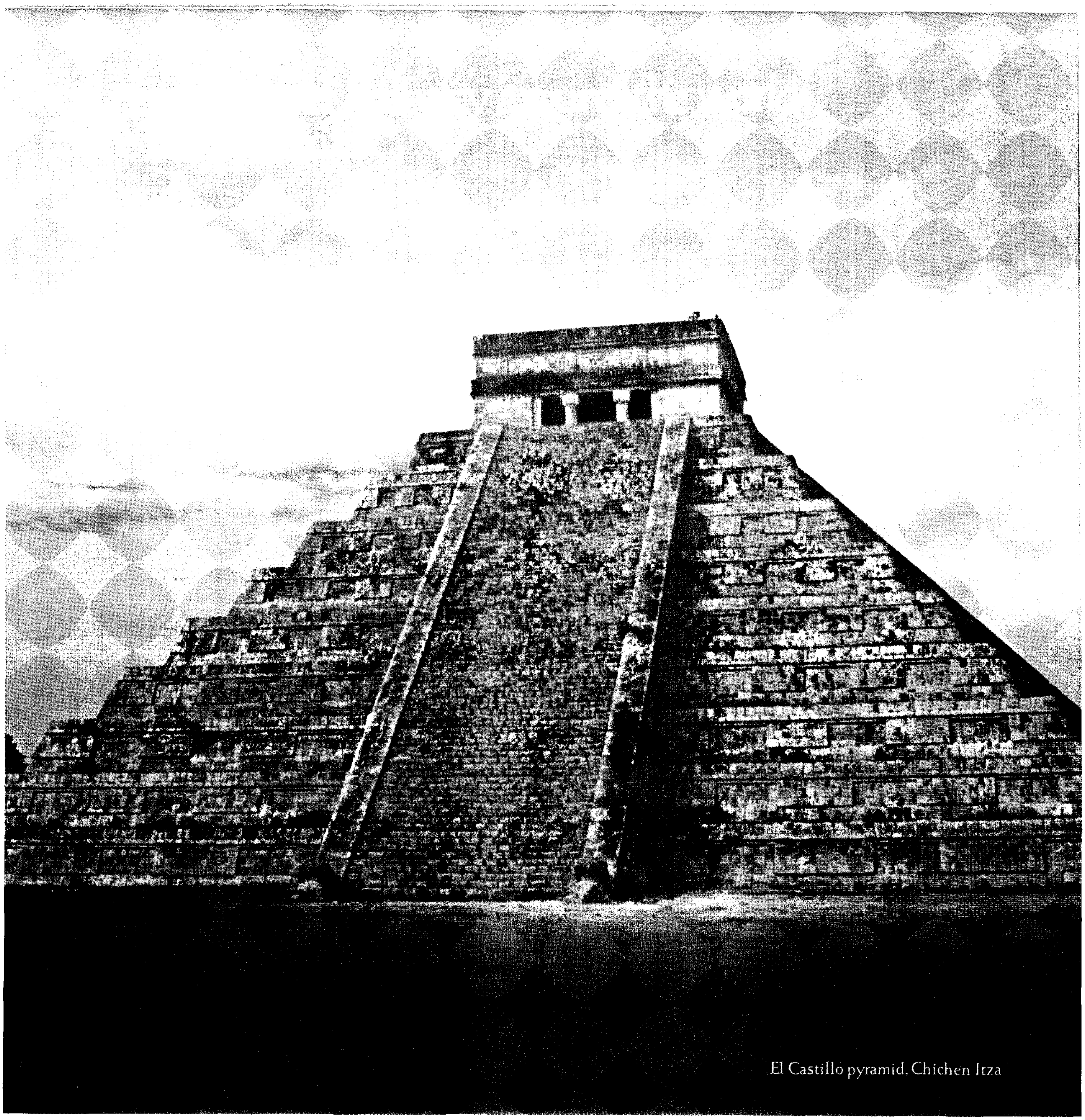

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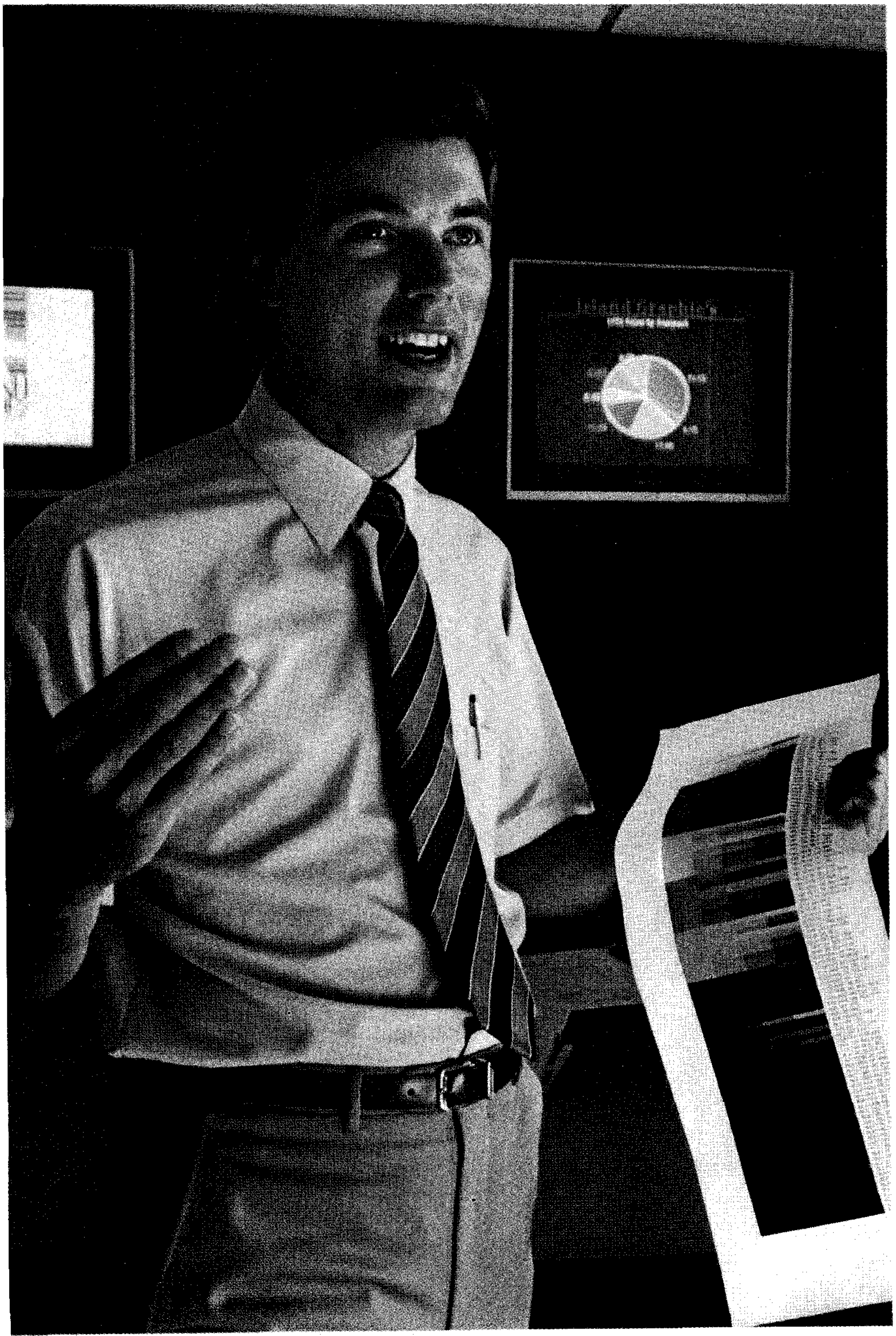

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which should startle the villagers at the beginning of the act, and totally negligent when dawn arrives to save Albert from the Wilis. Act II is a ballet d'action from start to finish, not the abstract ballet with a few set pieces of narration which we are used to seeing. Franklin's staging of the choreography is routine. Beyond those set pieces, it rationalizes none of the action from a dramatic point of view; it omits the travelling in Myrta's travelling arabesques, has her declaim the same mime speech over and over, has Giselle enter before Albert is finished praying for her to do so and then fudges the steps she performs on entering, has Hilarion enter, chased by Wilis, before the stage is clear, and has the women push him so sedately up the line and off you'd never guess he was being thrown to the crocs. Franklin also poses his Wilis with their hands fanned out behind their backs, as if indicating the waist wings their costumes don't have. The gesture is a throwback to ancient productions in which the Wilis were flown on wires. But why should they have flown? These women are the undead—creatures of the earth, not sylphs of the air. (They're called Wilis in the program, by the way; the term derives from a Slavic word for "vampire" and is probably too indelibly associated with the ballet to change. Myrta's two lieutenants are called Miseries.)

The two casts of principals are quite different and are thoughtfully balanced. Virginia Johnson, delicate and dutiful, is paired with the forceful Eddie J. Shellman; Stephanie Dabney's fervor is modulated by Donald Williams' reserve. All of them dance better than they mime, perhaps because the direction makes so little of its chances dramatically. But Cassandra Phifer is one of the best Berthes I've ever seen; she mimes colloquially. Lowell Smith and Keith Saunders both do a dignified, manly Hilarion, and both are good. Theara Ward is Bathilde, in a top hat wound with a veil, a wing collar, and a riding habit with a full white skirt; she looks ravishing but acts unassertively. (Michel, who also composed biographical sketches of the ballet's characters, may have put her off with his suggestion, unnecessary to the action, that Bathilde is capricious and hard to figure.) Ward is one of the company's striking assortment of big, handsome women. Her counterpart in Act II is Lorraine Graves, who plunges barelegged through the role of Myrta and fills the stage with untrammelled power. Graves is so beautiful in arabesque it's a shame to deprive her of those voyagées. She heads a corps whose collective performance is the triumph of the production—huge in scale, avid in attack yet plangent in rhythm. Dabney's Giselle reflects the corps's voracity, and she has some marvellous impulsive moments. Bolting from the wings into the supported temps levés en arabesque, she actually brings off the illusion of displacing her partner's faltering strength.

"Agon," the Balanchine ballet, was danced as a curtain-raiser, and I'm sorry to say that it's no longer the shining, taut "Agon" we used to see this company do. Taut has become stiff; formerly elastic phrases have hardened, fractured, and been rejoined in odd places. The mock-ceremonious manners of the piece are exaggerated. Ward and Shellman are physically magnificent and technically able in the pas de deux, but their timing is gauche and the moves are all out of shape. Ward has a quality of excess that's exciting. It's not the dry stylistic exaggeration we see in other dancers—it's sheer anatomical abundance flowing in all directions, not all of which are appropriate to Balanchine's choreography. A good coach could edit the flow, but for the moment I'm almost glad to see it bursting out; it distorts Balanchine, but not as much as it defeats the rigid controls on expression now being imposed on the dancers in this and other classical ballets. The imposition is carried out, I am sure, in the name of discipline, and I don't know what to make of it. It's both benevolent and hurtful. It energizes a wonderful Wili corps in "Giselle" but tightens the life out of "Agon." Dancers seem caught in a vise—encouraged to dance on a generous scale but also with a prissy correctness. Attending D.T.H. these days can be a bewildering experience. It's exuberant—flamboyant, even—one night, dauntingly respectable the next. Respectability is not the worst of virtues, but it's no substitute for elegance. There's a lot of talent in this company being made to mind its manners too much of the time.

—Arlene Croce

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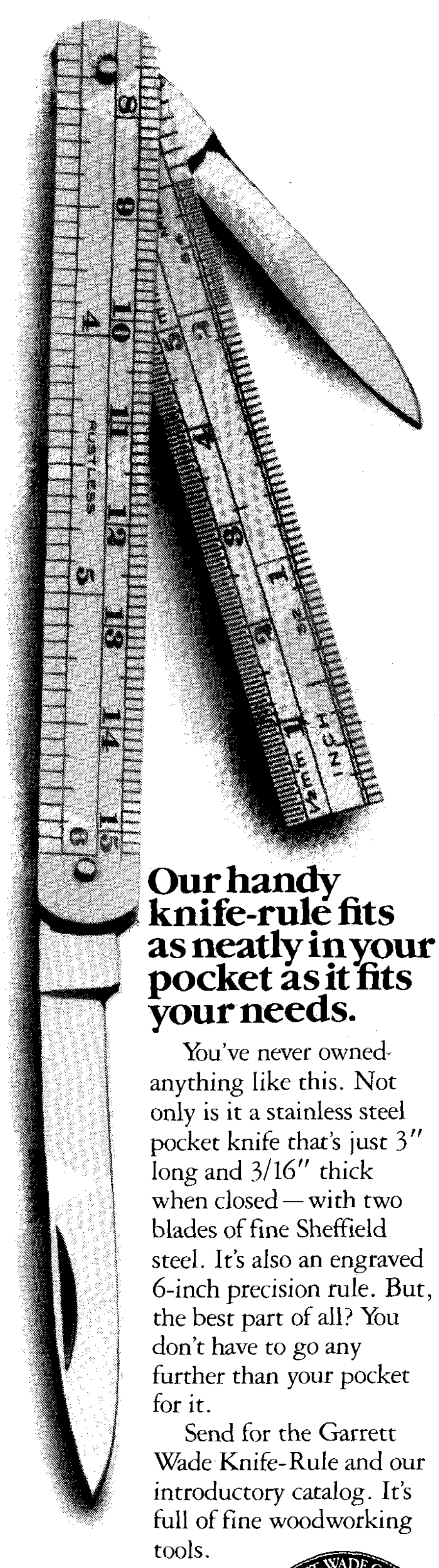

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BOOKS

Nothing but the Truth

THE books, drawings, and paintings that Barbara Maria Stafford examines in "Voyage Into Substance: Art, Science, Nature, and the Illustrated Travel Account, 1760-1840" (M.I.T.; $39.95) record what was then a new kind of journey: a *voyage undertaken for the purpose of* scientific discovery. In that less specialized era, science was a hobby of many educated amateurs, and scientific discoveries were speedily diffused to the literate public; travellers' reports not only were read widely but were part of the required intellectual equipment of cultivated Europeans. The author includes the reports of balloonists as well as those of explorers by land and sea. All these trips were as novel in their period as space travel is in ours, and were quite as dangerous. Miss Stafford, who is an art historian at the University of Chicago, believes that travel reporting focussed the purposes of the age and evoked new methods of observation and new styles in literature and fine art. Scientific travelling also brought a new kind of personality to public attention—an idol who in the next century became a caricature. Miss Stafford quotes the nineteenth-century photographer Nadar, a passionate aeronaut, making fun of boastful globe-trotters, and, of course, we remember Groucho Marx as Captain Spaulding the African explorer. Eighteenth-century discussions of the new styles were, as the book's title suggests, debates about matter as well as manner; these arguments bequeathed us some hardy misconceptions, among them that science is somehow "hard" and masculine and superior, and art "soft" and feminine and inferior.

The intellectual background of the immense physical undertaking of discovering, mapping, and portraying areas, landscapes, and phenomena remote from European experience—ice fields and jungles—is the Enlightenment. Though the partisans of exploration maintained that their ideals and ideas were modern, they looked back to Sir Francis Bacon's program of planned discovery, by then more than a century old, and they often found their philosophical underpinnings in classical or Hellenistic speculations, and sometimes reverted to animism or hylozoism—early, or even primitive, notions that matter is somehow alive. Despite these retrospective borrowings, which are probably inescapable in all human endeavors—avant-gardes tend to look over their shoulders—the author convinces us that there was much that was genuinely new about scientific travel, such as the demand that governments support science as well as art. And it was also new to regard nature and natural phenomena as interesting and valuable in themselves, and not primarily as mirrors of man, sources of metaphor, or allegories with ethical messages.

At the outset, we recognize that the stylistic enterprise (Miss Stafford calls it a housecleaning of language and art) changed both writing and painting but failed to accomplish its goal of producing a perfectly accurate transcription of reality—one that suppressed the self and the fancy in favor of the fact. "Truth telling was elevated to aesthetic status," the author says, and readers today will sympathize with the longing for the innocent eye and the transparent expression, possibly because both remain beyond our reach. In the eighteenth century, the drive to record, understand, and appreciate the natural world often devalued art as meretricious. Where a man of the Renaissance, Leon Battista Alberti, thought that the artist's job was to select and arrange the most beautiful elements in nature, the new aesthetic of fact maintained that all aspects of nature—her terrors as much as her symmetries—were more impressive than any work of art. (This conviction, we remember, survived to be satirized in "The Mikado," in Katisha and Ko-Ko's duet "There is beauty in the bellow of the blast.") The passionate pursuit of reality took eighteenth-century people into appalling perils. Sir William Hamilton, who survives in popular memory mainly as the complaisant husband of Lord Nelson's Emma, diverted himself from his diplomatic duties at the Court of Naples by studying volcanism, and Miss Stafford mentions his "hair-raising walk along a red-hot, bubbling 'river' of lava" on one of his many explorations of the crater of Vesuvius.

Miss Stafford points out that explorers' reports offered the best chances to see nature with freshness and without even unconscious reliance on older stylistic conventions, because they were records of the unknown. Nonetheless, she tells us, travel writers and painters often complained of the difficulty of attaining the new, plain, factual, scientific style, and the book's quotations and illustrations (both are abundant) bear out those complaints. Though the writers do not rely on goddesses, they find themselves forced to use such adjectives as "magical," and though the artists refrain from adorning "magical" scenes with wizards or enchantresses, their work has, to our eye, a period charm and the idiosyncrasy of personal flavor. Nor could reporters be wholly truthful without mentioning at least some of their subjective responses to unprecedented experiences—absolute silence, for example. Honesty also demanded that travellers admit that their adventures might be boring; Georg Forster, who travelled with Captain Cook, reported that that famous explorer found the landscapes and seascapes of Antarctica monotonous. Then, too, philosophical as well as scientific issues kept popping up at the moment of recording—optical illusions, for example, bedevil epistemology and psychology as well as travel by land and sea. The search for the exact could not be confined to objects that were solid and well defined; indeed, an entire art of portraying the evanescent (the author reminds us of the steam rising from Chardin's teacups) derives from the effort at scientific transcription. A more serious problem—an insoluble one—for scientific artists and writers seeking pure fact was that their philosophy and their science began to go astray. Thinkers progressed from celebrating nature to adoring matter to endowing it with lifelike qualities. Sex, purpose, sentience, playfulness—these properties, ascribed to matter, are metaphors. So is conceiving of gravity or electricity as a spiritual or occult force. But metaphor was precisely what the new precision hoped to banish. My hunch is that the difficulty with the mechanistic, materialistic, atheistic cosmology was not that it was illogical but that it was lonely. We human beings seek responsiveness—from our gods, from our pets—and I have the impression that most of us, if our philosophy left us nothing else, would reach out and

"Your sake's getting cold."

make "nice kitty" or "good doggie" to atoms in the void.

I do not mean to belittle the intellectual and artistic efforts Miss Stafford describes. The achievements of this age remain astonishing. When it opened, very little of the globe was known, and few scientific specialties existed; when it closed, Australia was in place, and so was meteorology. These accomplishments involved practically every philosopher, scientist, writer, and artist of the period whom we have ever heard of (and many we have not), for Miss Stafford's work demonstrates in a specific and detailed way how the most rarefied abstractions permeate a culture, so that even styles of gardening reflect philosophers' definitions of matter. She is primarily interested in high art, but whenever she mentions popularization we cannot help filling in details from our own experience. Trickle-down may not be effective in economics, but it is evident in the arts, whether we see the ghosts of old dramatic forms in television plays, or specialists point out that the composition of a nineteenth-century naïve painting comes from an eighteenth-century professional one, or we reflect that the visions of the nineteenth-century Aesthetic Movement live on in our color-coördinated kitchens and flower-printed paper towelling. When Miss Stafford describes eighteenth-century travellers' infatuation with rock, its formations and singularities, we think of our own natural bridges that are popular tourist attractions, and of folklore rocks—Plymouth Rock, for instance. Folklore also retains or reuses personalities. Though the explorer became a figure of fun once the world had been mapped, the character of the eighteenth-century scientific traveller—an intrepid investigator who runs risks to uncover truth and enlighten stay-at-homes—was revived in the twentieth century as the glamorous foreign correspondent.

In many respects, we feel, Miss Stafford's era is not quite over and done with. Yet its goals and values went into eclipse when the generation of romantics began to rebel against what she calls "the hegemony of the external," and to exalt imagination over reporting. Miss Stafford describes a fascinating instance of this generation gap: Goethe, in the eighteenth century, looks at the Harz Mountains and decides that the works of nature are greater than any work of art, while Heine, in the nineteenth century, looks at the Harz Mountains and decides that nature works like a poet. It is more than likely that the attempt of Enlightenment science to do away with anthropocentrism diminished man's place in the universe beyond what our egos could bear. In any case, in both revolutions of taste the note that the rebels struck was earnestness. Miss Stafford tells us that the taste for discovery was first thought of as an "antidote to triviality;" the romantics, in turn, thought the collection of fact a trivial pursuit that impeded the discovery of truth, although they did translate the ideal of exploration into technical or artistic experiment. Artistic and intellectual generations inevitably seem unjust to each other—as, in our own time, during the upheaval of taste that began in the sixties. High seriousness as an intellectual or aesthetic posture seems at odds not only with eclecticism but with tolerance and getting other people's points.

Miss Stafford's appreciation of style, its sources, and its purposes is acute and refined. She sets out the general problem and follows it with a multitude of appropriate examples, many of which still have the power to touch us, for the dream of immersing ourselves in reality and of knowing things in themselves coexists with our complicated skepticisms and sophistications about matter, substance, and our own perceptions. Unfortunately, despite the author's sensitivity to other people's styles, her own style is resolutely academic, so that she sometimes writes of topics that profoundly affect us all as if she were preparing us to pass a test or demonstrating that she had passed one. Still, her record of our culture's perplexities about art and nature, fact and fiction, reality and fantasy work on our imagination. Her book helps us appreciate the work of the arts in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; it illuminates the process of stylistic change in our own period; and it enhances our ability to look at ourselves as we try to see the world.

—Naomi Bliven

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

West of Sunset, by Dirk Bogarde (Viking; $16.95). "Anything, they say, can happen in Los Angeles," an Author's Note advises. "Anything, and everything, does." Anything, and everything, happens in this asinine novel, set in Los Angeles in

January, 1981, and most of it happens twice. There are two debonair English bachelors, one of them eligible; two charming Englishwomen, one of them an orphan; two precocious schoolgirls, one of them an Anglophile; two dirt-poor black women; two seedy White Russian crones, one of them a spy; and two plots, both of them riddled with flashbacks, relating all these duos to a dead man who led a double life. With each of his three novels, Mr. Bogarde has strayed a little farther from the gently haunting territory that he explored in his three volumes of memoirs. Here, as far west as he can go, he seems in need of more than mere directions, as when he has one of the two Englishmen ask, "Why in the name of God don't they have egg-cups in America?" "Full of moths," as a woman says of an old carpet to a visiting Yugoslav chef and moviemaker whose role in all this nonsense is central and defies explanation. "You like it?"

GENERAL

THE NEW AMERICAN POVERTY, by Michael Harrington (Holt, Rinehart & Winston; $17.95). This brief work is crammed with essential information—especially with knowledgeable analyses of widely publicized statistics that have been used to mislead and lull the public. Mr. Harrington demonstrates that the Johnson Administration's war on poverty was not exorbitant—it never spent anywhere near what the original estimate of need had been—and was far from a total failure. He also points out that all forms of social spending are indiscriminately lumped together in public debate by those opposed to it. Thus, taking the income figure called the "poverty line," the welfare-cutters insist on how much the government is already doing to keep the population above it, but misleadingly count in Medicare and Medicaid; though the cash value of public support through a lingering terminal illness may be considerable, it is a special case and has little bearing on what the public thinks of as the problems and cost of welfare, poverty, and unemployment. Mr. Harrington also shows that as our economy has faltered the public has been taught that "full employment" means more unemployment than it once did—from three or four per cent in the nineteen-sixties to seven per cent in the

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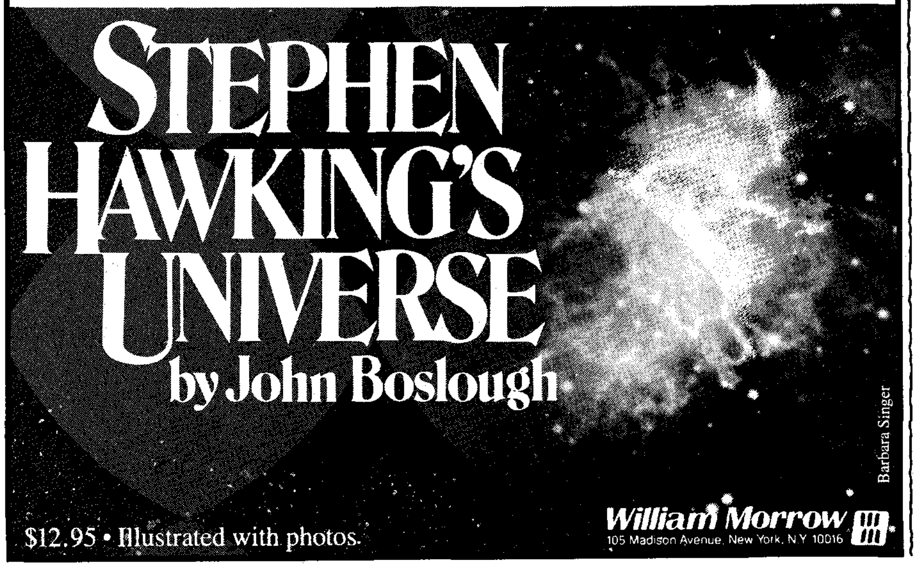

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nineteen-eighties. His assessments are not merely statistical. He illustrates what unemployment means by taking us on a visit to unemployed steelworkers in Pennsylvania, and he discusses a number of theories about poverty and the poor. He argues persuasively that there is considerably more distress in this country than many politicians admit.

Otto Klemperer: His Life and Times—Volume I, 1885-1933, by Peter Heyworth (Cambridge; $34.50). Otto Klemperer conformed to the traditional longevity of famous conductors, and attained during his last two decades an almost legendary status in England as the permanent conductor of the Philharmonia Orchestra, not least for his many splendid recordings of Beethoven, Mahler, and other masters. It was Mahler himself whose brief laudatory scribble on a visiting card opened all doors to the brilliant, lanky beginner. He suffered throughout his life from an extreme manic-depressive temperament, and compromised his Hamburg operatic career at the outset by an open love affair with the young and captivating soprano Elisabeth Schumann and a consequent public scandal with her husband. It was more than a decade later, in 1927, that he took control of Berlin's third opera house, the Kroll; he made it for the next four years a revolutionary center of dramatic culture under the Weimar Republic. The coming of the Nazi regime—whose nature he was slow to grasp—condemned him, as a Jew, to permanent exile. Peter Heyworth, the well-known music critic of the London *Observer*, tells the story in illuminating detail and with an exemplary grasp of both the musical and the political issues, reserving the conductor's relative eclipse in America and his eventual British apotheosis for a second volume, which is eagerly awaited.

Blue Remembered Hills, by Rosemary Sutcliff (Morrow; $10.95). What do "Emily of New Moon," "The Wind in the Willows," "The Tailor of Gloucester," "The Lady's Not for Burning," and "Cyrano de Bergerac" have in common? They share the bedroom windowsill of Rosemary Sutcliff—herself the author of books for children and for adults—as she tells the uncommon story of her first twenty-six (or so) years: the years between the 1920 snowstorm in which the stork delivered her to Mr. and Mrs. Sutcliff rather than to their neighbor Mrs. McPhee ("who had, said my mother, made ready whole drawers full of baby-clothes including tiny kilts") and the day the postman delivered a letter from Oxford University Press informing her that a story of hers, about Queen Elizabeth ("a book for little girls, too cosy and too sweet"), had been accepted for publication. There is nothing too cosy or too sweet about her too brief memoir. Around the time she should have been toddling, she was crippled by juvenile arthritis, which "if it did not kill one first, burned itself out, leaving havoc behind it." "Perhaps," she concedes, recalling the day she donned "the hideous blue cotton tunic, yellow tie and squashy blue hat" that were the Girl Guides' uniform and marched up to the County Commissioner to receive her Fortitude Badge, "I was slightly above average in the gentle art of bearing pain." She is above average in the art of conveying pleasure, whether the source of it is the sight of "ermine edgings" of frosted leaves on Tooting Bec Common; the "almond paste" smell of pink and white flowers on the downs near Brighton; or the sound of cockcrow in North Devon—"a sound with a bloom on it, like dew, and shaped like a fleur-de-lys."

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Blood Group O, by David Brierley (Summit; $9.95). Cody (no other name), Mr. Brierley's British-born, C.I.A.-educated, Paris-based freelance secret agent, and the only woman of her kind, is once again pressured into doing a dangerous job of work for Chief Inspector Crevecœur of the Sûreté Nationale. The job, to put it as simply as possible, is to somehow recover the young daughter of a Dutch diamond merchant who has been kidnapped by a terrorist gang called Blood Group O. Cody accomplishes her mission with the fullest helpings of death and destruction, stumbles into pitfalls and hairbreadth escapes from oblivion, and, having lost one lover in the first chapter, finds another in the last.

The Twelfth Juror, by B. M. Gill (Scribners; $11.95). An English (London) courtroom drama that brightly revitalizes that aged genre. The principals, for once, are not the opposing counsel but the accused, a

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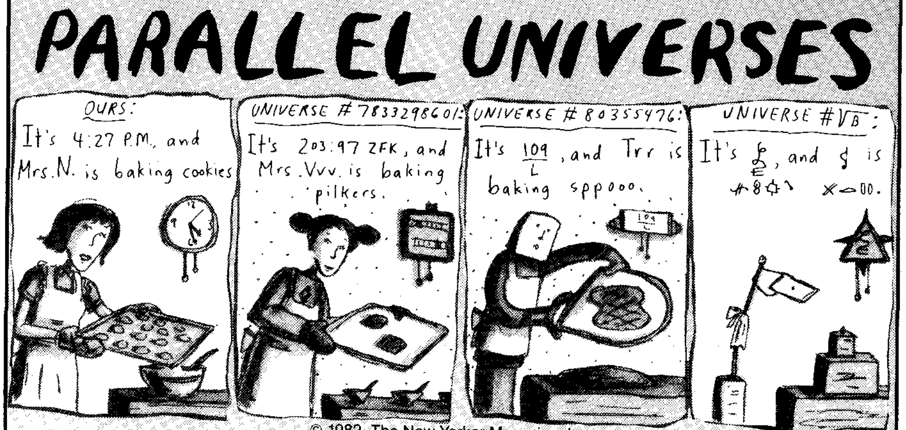
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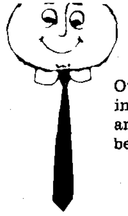

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popular television actor charged with murdering his wife; his wayward nineteen-year-old daughter, who is in hiding to avoid testifying at the trial; and the members of the jury, chiefly a former newspaperman in whose house the daughter has happened to take refuge. Although Miss Gill spends much time inside the actor's head, she most deftly keeps the matter of his guilt or innocence in gripping question. This is fine, and agreeably intelligent, entertainment.

FIREFLY GADROON, by Jonathan Gash (St. Martin's; $11.95). Lovejoy, Mr. Gash's less than honest but wholly dedicated antiquarian, seems with every new adventure (this is his eighth) to get poorer, scruffier, louder, and generally more objectionable. Here he is reduced to getting about in a donkey cart, and wearing a serape made out of a blanket. He is, however, triumphant in his mastery of the silversmith's intricate gadroon technique, and he also comes upon a big lump of alexandrite, a valuable gemstone that changes color with the quality of the light. Moreover, he breaks up a gang of antique thieves. But he pays a good price for these satisfactions. We leave him taken into custody, charged with a dozen crimes, including murder. There are those of us who are beginning to find Lovejoy tiresome. Is his creator tiring of him, too?

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer*]

The present president is about to receive a gift: a rug made from a 320-pound black bear killed by a hunting friend of Ronald Reagan.

The Maine black bear was killed last September in the Maine woods by Boston-based cardiologist Dr. Saul Cohen, who also does medical work for the White House.

Cohen said he decided to give the rug to Reagan "as a show of my admiration for him and as a demonstration of his concern for the environment."

•

THE UNITED METHODIST WOMEN September meeting will be on Tuesday, Sept. 18. A garden luncheon at Marge Browns (rain plans are made). The theme is "Thankful Beginning." Make plans not to attend and bring a friend. You will be called in September with more details! —*Bulletin of Trinity Church of the North Shore, Wilmette, Ill.*

More details won't be necessary, thanks.

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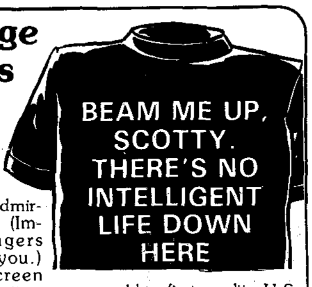
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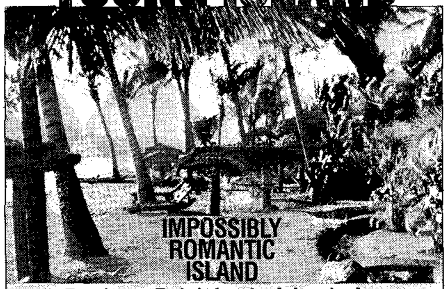
YOUNG ISLAND



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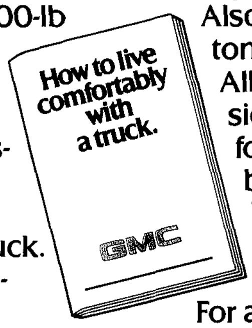
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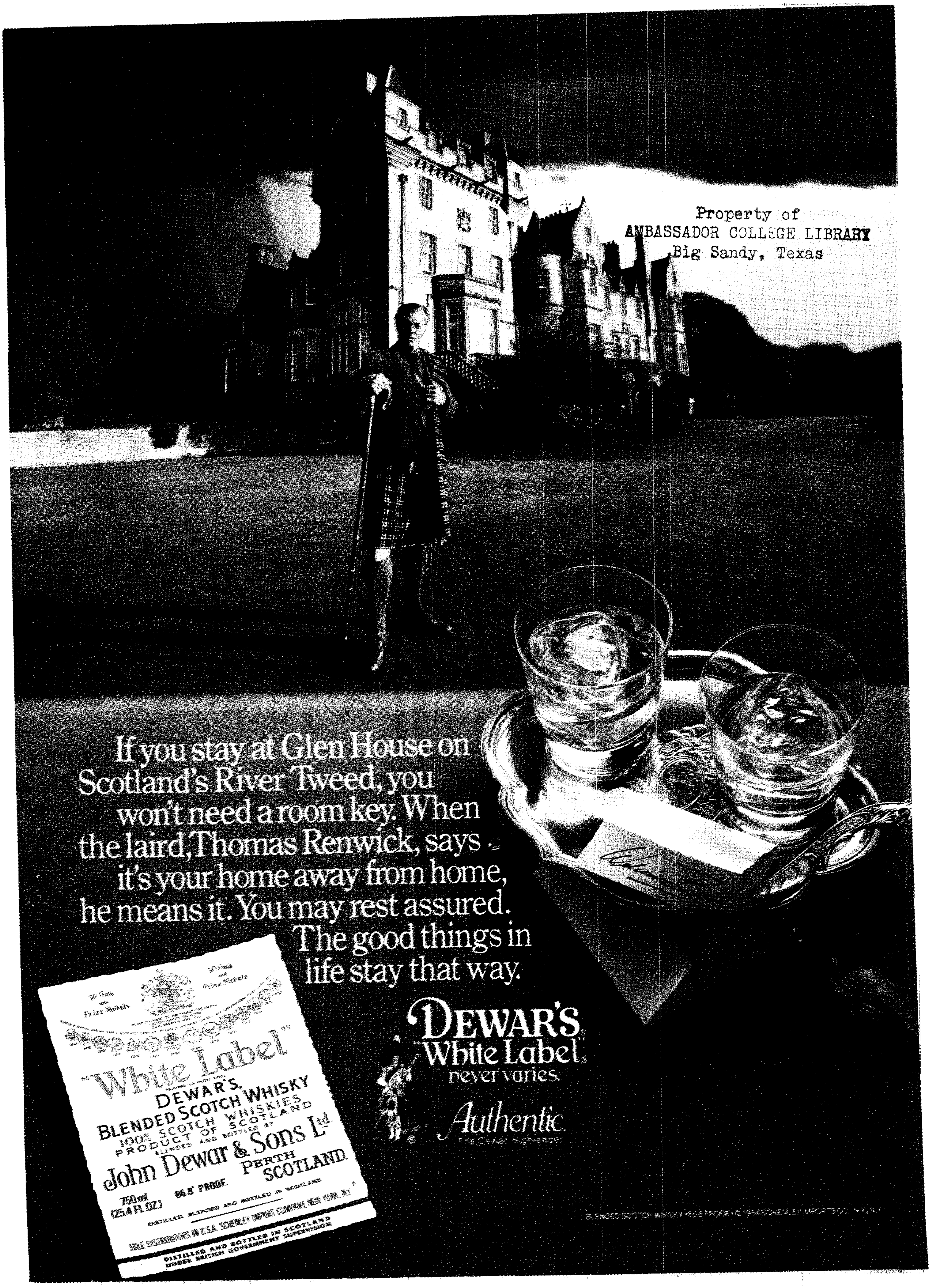

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